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A VISTA OF ARCHES.

## SANTA BARBARA FLORAL FESTIVALS.

BY MISS S. A. HIGGINS.

THERE is hurry on the streets. High in the air, as birds flying, parti-colored streamers obliquely cross the street. Hundreds arrive by regular and by special trains. Looking up the street through the eleven arches, no two alike, the triumphal and the welcome arch, in pampas simulating stone, and the palms as if lining an avenue, the perspective resembles that of some quaint old foreign city. The eager throng press forward. Those who do not care to walk take the horse cars, although

the two little mules look like sorry motive power, for cars are loaded even to standing on the rail; however, the momentum proves effective and a halt is made at the pavilion.

Each year it has been said that the acme has been attained, and each year the vast pavilion presents new attractions. Here, as elsewhere, the bases of all decorations are palms, the pampas, the olive, the bamboo, the pepper, and the gray moss; the latter serving also as portière or drapery, in heavy folds, or with the delicacy of lace. Artists

abandon their palettes and brushes to make exquisite studies in flowers or bits of local landscape with these materials obtained direct from the Master's hand.

Our visitors linger longest over the wondrous display of roses, and over the named wild flowers and shrubs. Has aught been

It is high noon. The country people come from all directions, and swell the throng. All church steps, balconies, all available look-outs are promptly pre-empted as free seats. Occasionally a horseman dashes up and down the street; a bicycle whirls by in silence. Kodaks flit back and forth secur-



A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION.

omitted, from the scrubby chaparral of the hill-side to the golden-back fern, or tiny cup moss nestling in the shade? For here we find the *Eschscholtzia*, or *tasse de oro* (cup of gold), enhancing the purity of *las hermanitas*, or the Matilija poppy. The name is fitly bestowed, for its fringed petals of white crêpe wave in the wind as do the flying bonnets of the Sisters of Charity, from whom the name is taken. Native and foreign ferns from a private collection with exotics and orchids are here; and many other exhibits of admirable design and finish. Fruits are not wanting. Date palms are in blossom; loquats in full bearing, Villa Franc lemons amid their glistening foliage; oranges in variety; ripe strawberries; sweet limes and lemons. Is it strange that our visitors exclaim, "The best of the feast is surely first served"?

ing snap views. And hither surges the crowd burdened with flowers, till ten thousand people are seated on the tribunes; and all is exhilarant expectation. At last, the band begins to play. The marshal, aides, and musicians advance, all gay with flowers. Even the horses seem to know that they are on parade. Do they catch the odor from the unusual trimmings on bridle and blanket that they prance this way and that, seeking our admiration? Back and forth the brilliant pageant passes. At first, in silence, the eyes of the multitude scan each element of the parade. Look! A *boutonnière* is tossed to a handsome aide; yonder a bouquet speeds on its mission to a sweet-faced girl, who returns the compliment, and the battle has begun. Friend greets friend with flying flowers. Now the contest is no longer be-

tween acquaintances; the fragrant missiles thicken the air as they shower from tribune to parade, or the reverse.

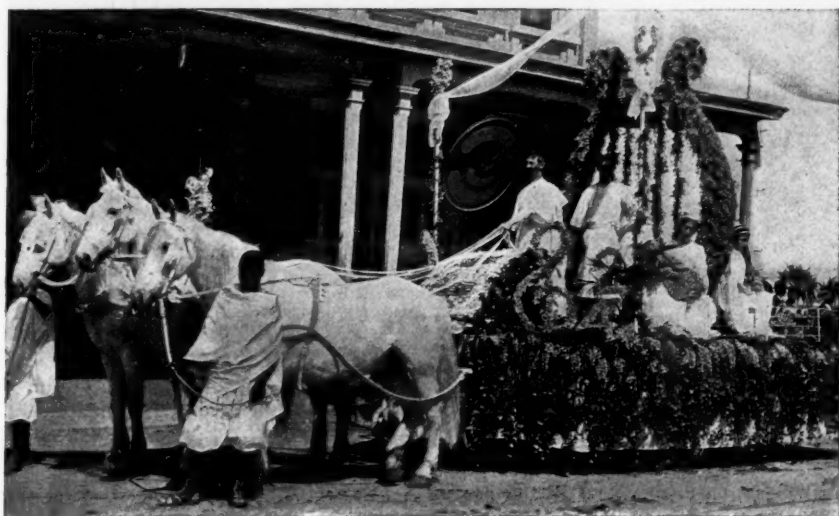
The float of Flora heads the list, drawn by four horses, with attendants in eastern dress. Beneath a gilded canopy it bears in shell-like boats, with gilded oar, and sails full set, four little maidens who together bring the offerings of the four seasons, as typical of the locality. Anon, the Queen of Roses has grown wealthy and prosperous. She comes in grandeur; golden dragons emblazon the sides of her float. Even swan and cupids increase her retinue.

The Marines, one hundred and twenty strong, from the U. S. Cruiser *Olympia*, as guests and yet participants, with military step and beaming faces, escort a miniature *Olympia* in flowers. Japan contributes a bamboo pagoda in a garden with pretty Japanese girls flitting among the flowers.

large scroll of white roses rests against the lyre, on which a melody is written in the same flowers; and four Greek maidens, each on her chosen instrument, are giving an interpretation to the score. Trumpeters and driver, also in Grecian costume, complete the picture.

Is this a trophy from the Columbian Exposition, this Venetian gondola so symmetrical in proportion and so finished in detail? There it lies, on the blue waters of wild lupine and wistaria, made of white rosebuds, and stripes of red roses, a dream of the White City. See the gondoliers in their spotless suits outlined with red. Notice the poise and sweep of the uplifted oar, then listen to the tinkle of the mandolin and guitar by troubadours under the canopy.

Gorgeous this open carriage in scarlet carnations, a blaze of color; coachman, decorations of horses and carriage, a solid fiery



MUSIC.

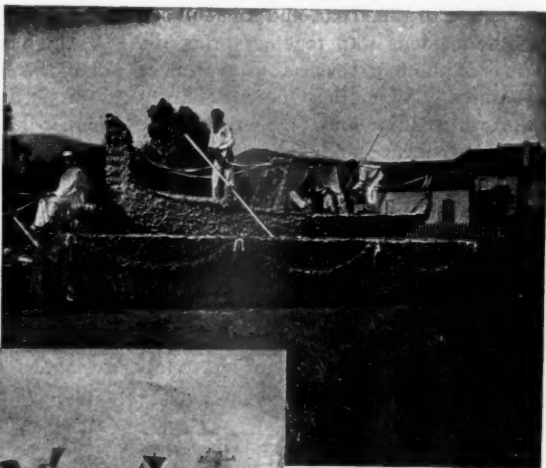
A lyre of wistaria with smilax strings occupies the center of the float entered as Music. Lavender and white are the colors in bunting in all the costumes and in the flowers. Around its base runs a musical staff with wistaria notes scattered along its measures; 2-4 time is plainly indicated. A

mass; the only relief, the hats of the two ladies in geranium green. Even the running gear of this *recherché* affair is covered with pink La Infanta carnations. Feathers of the same hue intermingling heighten the effect. Harness, lines, whippletrees, all in pink; a heavy collar of carnations and a

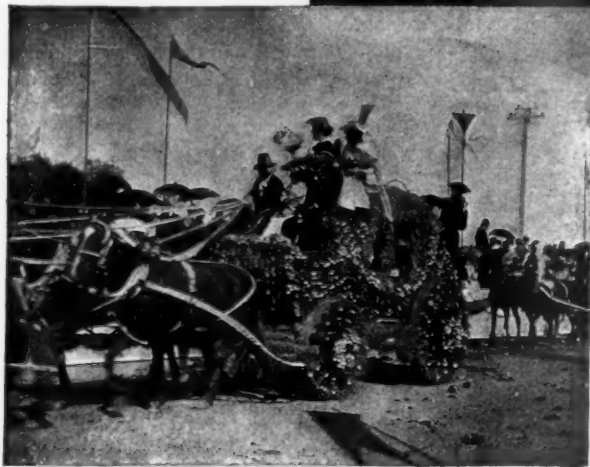
sprinkling of them in the manes of the four spirited black horses. The driver in pink and silver stands, yet keeps tight rein on his prancing steeds, and there are six Spanish outriders in costumes resurrected from their household cedar chests. A young woman, every detail of her attire in perfect harmony with the pink lining of the carriage, is the sweetest flower of all.

Side by side, in a Roman chariot of yellow marguerites and driving their cream colored horses abreast, stand two graceful maidens under a yellow canopy, which springs from a slender standard in the

eyes sending forth darts none the less dangerous because dancing with merriment and the hands pelt with precision from such an altitude. During the progress of the battle, the stately "Head of the Nation" leans out



GONDOLA OF WHITE ROSES  
TRIMMED WITH RED.



GEORGE WASHINGTON AND PARTY.

rear, and is fringed with Egyptian papyrus. Their close cut hair is bound in golden fillets, their dresses harmonize, and they have three Nubian attendants.

The coach and six of the Father of his Country is of duchess roses and wistaria. The hand that guides the steeds belongs to a well preserved, well presented gentleman in revolutionary garb. George Washington himself and wife, with friends, are out for a parade. So many are within the coach that three young women are seated aloft, where they carry on a double fusillade, the

comes vivified, returns the shot with vim, and as ammunition becomes short, drops lightly as a cat to the street, there gathers both hands full to overflowing with flowers, bounds to his place, re-enters the fray, and, all this while, the general-in-chief utters not a reproof.

Graceful and brilliant is the effect of the wild mustard used for a double phaeton and its occupants.

A dainty turn-out that wins applause at every round, is in marguerites. The young woman and her three little companions are

to direct his aim upon some recognized acquaintance, and Lady Washington dodges to avoid that which might misplace her cap or flatten her silvery coiffure. The two footmen, as like as any two peas, at first seem wooden statues, clutching at the top rail at the rear of the coach. Suddenly one be-

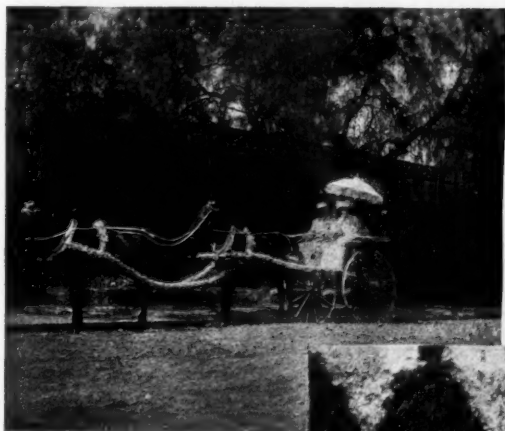


all in white. She drives a span of white horses, and the horses of her two escorts and out-rider are also white, while pink ribbons give the needed color.

In striking contrast to the foregoing comes

shower the gold and silver dust wherever it may fall.

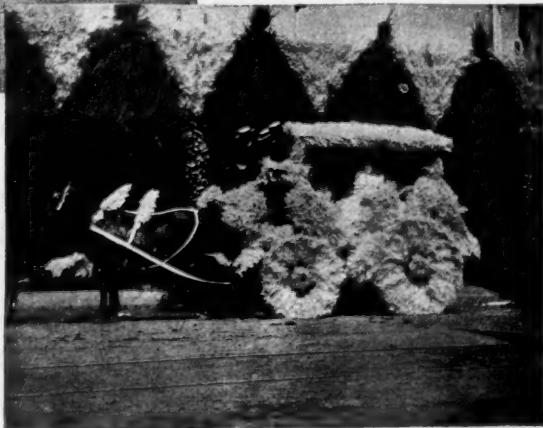
A—h! in prolonged delight is the outburst as the *Monitor* appears on the scene, built of callas, rail of wistaria, and revolving turret of duchess roses. She is manned by seven little "middies" all of a pattern in size and make-up. The cannon fires its floral shot on friend and foe, as she steadily steams along. When at last the first prize is passed over to the victorious craft, a piping little voice, directed downward through the flowers, betrays the unseen gunner, by, "Oh, papa! We've got another kind of a different flag on our boat now."



A TANDEM IN PINK.

an elegant affair, black horses with harness of deep orange. The top of the carriage is extended into a canopy on the apex of which an eagle with fluttering wings holds in his bill the orange satin streamers that glisten in the sunshine. The carriage is a compact mass of marigolds on the outside, its lining is of orange bunting, and the young women wear empire gowns of the same rich hue. Wheels, shafts, whip, every detail in perfection, it rolls along a blazing epic in topaz.

A picture of Spain in violet and white with an occasional glint of yellow, is drawn by four white mules, covered with violet nets. The party aboard, in royal purple and gold, at first ignore all passing events. They laugh, chat, sing low love songs to their tuneful guitar, or strike the merry tambourine. Now, they rouse to consciousness, and with shout and sally toss from an immense basket the *cascarones* that shiver in bits and



PAMPAS DECORATION.

See this tally-ho coach and its eight superb gray horses with pink and white satin favors. There are eight little boys and eight little girls with their chaperone inside the coach, which is a mass of callas. The father drives the horses, and on the same seat the mother holds a parasol over an immense calla, made out of numberless ordinary ones, in the center of which laughs the baby girl.

Transplanted into a southern garden, a polar bear who has borrowed his fur from the pampas plumes stands guard over a hunter and his equipments, who fires bouquet hold-

ers, filled with flowers, upon the spectators.

Here is a triple fountain, each tier respectively of callas, roses, and forget-me-nots; the fountain sprays rose-water and from four connecting drain pipes throws out poppies, verbenas, and heliotropes in profusion.

Among the bewitching carts is one in Caroline Center roses; the golden coppery shades are carried throughout, even the horses' hoofs being bronzed.

Here come the equestrians. A party

looks shyly\* and demurely from under the white broad-brimmed hat fastened under her chin. White and airy, her dress falls over the saddle blanket of Marguerites. Beneath the parasol which he carries they exchange glances and bits of confidential chat, while a little piper in tasteful corresponding dress pipes merrily as he walks by the horse's head.

Here is a man in white corduroy whose saddle blanket is a solid mass of white carnations. There are groups of horsemen



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MARGARET OF NORMANDY AND HER LOVER.

picturing "Robin Hood, Mayde Marion, and all ye merry men in gold." There is the Indian girl with her baskets and flowers, and the woman with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, so disguised that even her riding horse refuses her acquaintance.

Here, too, are Margaret of Normandy and her lover. Their steady black horse carries a double burden, not as in olden time, one behind the other, but side by side in chairs of Marguerites. He is dressed in blue dress coat, yellow knee breeches, three-cornered hat. She is a picture of dainty purity. She

and maidens. Here is a dog that keeps his seat behind his little master, with never a bark, even though a stray shot strikes him straight on his ears. Two bicycles are favorites, a father with his infant son, the little fellow, with the gravity of a judge, knowing so well how to keep his equilibrium that he seems a part of the wheel. The other, a pair of bicycles bearing a schooner, with flower-strewn crystal sail between them.

There is always the grotesque as well as the picturesque in these wars of roses. So we see "Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Di-

nah," besides numerous Arabs on horseback, and clowns on wheels, as well as miners in camp and vagabonds who find something to ride. There are girls who ride finely without disguise and those who keenly enjoy a masquerade once a year. There are baskets of human buds and a wagon of animated little callas, then a bird's nest running over with the rosiest of little girls, and there is the white mule in enormous pantalons.

Up one side of the street and down another the vast procession moves, till ammunition seems exhausted and there are no more prizes to award. The winners wave their banners. Victors and vanquished tread out the fragrance from the remnants of the affray in the crush of roses fetlock deep, and with the spectators wend their homeward way in one prevailing mood,—that of general rejoicing.

Fine music is a prominent feature throughout the festivities, including evening concerts. Only those initiated obtain entrance to the Pavilion at the closing reception for the Dance of the Flowers and similar characterizations. The dance chosen this year is the minuet of the French *régime*, so much in vogue during the reign of Louis XVI. The uniformity of dress, in fashion as well as in tint, the precise mechanical step, the slow stately movement, the dignified bow, the low sweep of the profound courtesy, the deliberation of every act, are in striking contrast to the impetuous dances of the day, and cause one to wonder what would the actors on life's stage at that period have thought had they been obliged to adopt the civilian dress of the present time.

More in keeping with the conception of these anniversaries is the Dance of the Flowers, which contains both Spanish and American figures and has never been performed elsewhere. Two thousand people gather at the Pavilion to witness this event. Under a rose-colored canopy, studded with gold and silver stars and edged with moss, that hangs like drapery to the irregular line of the electric lights, a bevy of butterflies flutter. They pause a moment, then take wing for further flight. And hither, as if

borne on the breeze, come two little pink roses. A spray of rose leaves ornaments the shoulders, the waists are green and the skirts are fluffy pink puffs in large scallops. The little creatures keep time in feet of bronze with the throbbing music. In search of sweets, two bees appear; they are stylish fellows in suits of black, with a triple girdle of yellow around the waists. Their hooded heads have protruding eyes, and they scent the little roses and seek their acquaintance. The roses dance away, the bees follow. Bees, roses, and butterflies are but the prelude to the entrance of thirty-eight flowers, modest, stately, or striking, as their nature may be. The representations are apt; a glance reveals their identity. A Cherokee rose, full blown, rests over a face that is frank and sweet. The pansy wears a cluster in her hair and in *appliqué* on the bottom of her skirt. The simple wild flower and the rarer bloom of hothouse are here.

The poetry of motion is wedded to music as they advance, in groups of four, and drop their offerings at the feet of delighted visitors. Then they retreat, separate in pairs, advance, unite in circles, cross over, all the while in graceful bewildering movement. The scene is fascinating. You follow one figure to leave the rest. You are only conscious that they bow, they bend, they sway, and are gone. The audience recalls, and the flowers return with heavy ropes of smilax. One of the dancers bears a basket containing a thousand violets, another a fan of freesias and *Coreopsis lanciolata*. A second fan is composed of tritonas and orchids, blended with *Asparagus plumosus*. One ring contains five hundred lilies of the valley. Another six dozen white carnations. And still other favors are in roses and maiden hair. Again the entrancing movement, in perfect harmony, some of the time performed under the full glare of the electric lights, anon under the shadow of the calcium. Once more the delighted applause—yes—over and over, as the tropical Passion Flower, embodying the spirit of inherited grace and romance, renders the captivating Spanish *cachuca*, and thus reaches the climax in the *finale* of the evening.

## THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTERS.

BY A. C. WHEELER.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE were four of them and it might as well be said at once that it is the most difficult of all human undertakings to deal with them accurately and candidly—which is just the undertaking that this narrative assumes. If they had been anything but the delightful, uneventful, well-bred, conventional American daughters, there would have been little trouble, for nothing is easier than to photograph the aberrations of mankind and, with fairly good acumen, to depict the always interesting vagaries of exceptional womankind. But these daughters, I dare say, could have been duplicated in temperament, character, environment, and beauty, not only in every city, but in every village of the United States. They belonged to the mean of healthy, undemonstrative, and influential American life. The only question at the start is whether that life is worth depicting and, as I have endeavored to tell this story, you will understand at once that I think it is. Nay, you might as well understand that I think it is the only life that is really worth depicting.

Now let me begin with the genesis of the Senator's Daughters. In 1860, Banaias Van Houghton, then twenty-eight years old, furnished the preface of the whole business in the simplest and most natural manner by falling in love with a Puritan seamstress in New York. He belonged to a stalwart stock of Van Houghton's in Rockland County, was himself a tremendously vital fellow with broad shoulders and girth of loins that promised great visceral proportions at maturity. At twenty-five he had undertaken to read law, but a studious life suppressed his vital nature and he broke away into local politics. The moment he had a chance to execute and organize, his faculties expanded along the vital lines and he became a man of affairs. Politics at that time was colored

and intensified by the war; appointments and contracts went together. Men of affairs raised regiments and manipulated government deals and in two years young Van Houghton was prosperous and a rising man of influence. In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature and in 1860 he was speculating in Boulevard property. I have a picture of him before me taken at this time. It is that of a handsome, robust man with big brown eyes, a broad florid face; a short, dark, flat curl hanging over his forehead and his coat buttoned over his capacious breast. On the whole it is a healthy and benignant face with no fine lines in it, but giving you the impression of hearty honesty, large natural appetites, and somehow associated with redundant physical power: just such a man as becomes a popular leader; able to use the ringing sentences that are comprehensible to a crowd or to knock his man down in a personal encounter; fond of good living and not at all abstemious, and not destitute of strong elemental emotions.

This energetic young man of affairs, full of blood and ambition, might have become in time a boss of New York or one of the local Warwicks who lay and work wires that reach to Washington—and even have gone there himself, a wealthy and not overscrupulous politician—if he had not, as I said, fallen in love in 1860. That he should have proved himself quite a Romeo in the suddenness and ardor of his passion is not at all unaccountable in such a temperament. But that the Juliet should have reciprocated the tender interest, seeing that she was not at all of the Veronese type, is perhaps the most inexplicable part of it. Inexplicable matters are often the most familiar. The Puritan from some provincial, English, psalm-singing stock of humble Dissenters, cast in her lot with the burly, hearty politician.

From this everyday confluence of unlike

streams, springs the wondrous necromancy of human life.

Banaia Van Houghton came to this crisis of his career equipped for it only with impulses. Something inscrutable in the pale oval face of the woman, something perhaps in the very antithesis of her character, may have wrought upon his nature. But all that he was conscious of was an attraction. Doubtless if the truth were known, the absolute womanliness with its charm of exterior weakness, seized upon his masculinity. Such natures need superior or inferior mates. To one they give courtly obeisance—to the other magnanimity. Equals they do not care for.

Having married Naomi Larned in the parsonage of a Methodist chapel in Allen Street, to the surprise of all his acquaintances, with an unobtrusiveness that was unexampled in his experience, this aggressive and positive man, without knowing it, set about becoming the most patriarchal and conservative of men. The magnificent devotion which he gave to the young bride is very well remembered by some of her early acquaintances who are still alive, and the brethren in the Allen Street church recall with great satisfaction how he became a regular attendant there and how he lifted the mortgage off the church before his honeymoon was over.

One of the first things he did when he discovered that his wife had a tender love of the country and shrank from the coarse city turmoil of his life, was to take her into Rockland County where they hunted up the old Van Houghton farm, boulder-strewn and neglected, and spent nearly a week in the late spring like two very unworldly and romantic lovers in the old red-sandstone house, one of them drinking in the wild charm with a glad and thankful heart and the other planning how he could convert the place into a home worthy of his wife. In climbing over the rocks she had impulsively said the place ought to be called ups and downs. And that you know, if you have ever been in Rockland County, is the name of the fine estate and the handsome big house that stands on the commanding elevation. It

was two years building. There is nothing left of the old red-sandstone farmhouse but that bit of kitchen screened by towers and hidden by porches.

It was on this generous estate that Mrs. Van Houghton gave birth to four daughters and one son. The city house saw very little of her during the ten years in which this family was arriving, and in the natural order of events, when Mr. Van Houghton was sent to the Senate, he gave up his town house and made Upsandowns his home. To this he returned in the intervals of political excitement and thus grew up all the associations and occurred all the events which fasten a man with tendril tightness to a locality.

One need hardly be told that the Van Houghton progeny was an exceptionally fine looking group. It is out of the contrarities of human nature that the natural forces summon the best examples. Louise was born in 1860 before the new house was finished and she was held up to the window of the neighboring farmhouse where the mother was lying, and had the already magnificent proportion pointed out to her before it was at all certain that she could see anything beyond the reach of her little arms.

As Louise grew up to womanhood under the influence of her mother, one saw that mother in her under a rosier light, as it were. The oval face had more color, and the soft hazel eyes lacked the mystic light and were always wider open. She had, like her mother, a tall slender figure, but it was more erect. Something of the father had displaced the lurking humility of it. Perhaps she had not bent it by being on her knees so much. She was a handsome woman with a brave, sweet face, great quantities of wavy brown hair, which she wore, either by natural bent or by reason of the wearer's taste, in a very simple fashion.

The senator's position and wealth, to say nothing of his inclinations, would have brought this young woman into New York society, if it had not been for the influence of the mother that somehow modified her whole life. Endowed as she was with a keen intellect and an anxious, serious mind, she



nevertheless became the mother's own agent in the household, instinctively understanding that mother's desires and unconsciously adopting her methods in effecting them. The other girls were sent to seminaries and colleges, but Louise only felt the mother's pride in their attainments and was content to stay at home and share the maternal burden of looking after the interests of the household.

It was thus that there grew up about the senator four of the handsomest women in Rockland and in the course of time he became, under the gentle pressure of the establishment, a very much modified man. He gave up many of his old companions and habits, conformed to the wishes of his wife, and really reared a family altar.

Of these girls two inherited in unlike degrees the qualities of the mother. One was the oldest—Louise. The other was the youngest—Cicely. The other two—Naomi and Kate—retained all the vital exuberant qualities of the father, were impulsive, rather self-willed and demonstrative, and, I fear, rather undisciplined in spite of the mother's influence. But the group, it must be confessed, presented a most attractive contrast of qualities and the fame of the senator's daughters spread not only in the county, but attracted all kinds of attention in the city during those winters that the family spent in the big house on the Avenue. Before Louise was twenty-one, she had received three offers of marriage, one of which was made by a wealthy Englishman. All three had been quietly but firmly declined in spite of the father's successive declarations that each one was a most eligible match. It was always understood in the family that Louise followed her mother's advice, and, in fact, the robust father who was in the habit of declaring himself occasionally, came as near as he ever did come, to a disagreement with "mother" about the matter. The senator had a magnificent air of proprietorship about him. He assumed a large and showy authority which certainly became him. But "mother," who never disputed and who looked very meek and helpless while his efflorescent egotism lasted, always had her

own way, and it must be said to his credit, that he always acknowledged afterwards that mother's way was undoubtedly the wisest, although his acknowledgments were never as pronounced as his declarations.

There was one little thorn in the paternal side. He had a great animal love for his offspring, but he wanted a boy and it looked as if the Van Houghton's were to give only girls to the world. When therefore in 1870, Banaias was born, two years after Cicely, a new era set in at Upsandowns. On such occasions the father, whatever his age, betrays some possibilities of dotage, and the senator, who was somewhere in the South on a government job which secured for him in that region the name of a "carpet bagger," hurried home to the neglect of all patriotic duties and gave instant evidence of having renewed his youth. The little red lump of humanity effected a festive change in Upsandowns. There was a showy christening in the good old English style with a houseful of company, very elaborate godfathers and godmothers, and state dinners in the big dining room and much merriment for a week, into which the senator entered with a jovial and liberal spirit that made everybody wonder again.

During this period of rejoicing, the stately mother looked on with a kindly tolerance. Some of the gustatory festivities were rather convivial. There were a great many toasts drunk in expensive wines, to the young son and the mother and a great many speeches made in the dining room by clergymen with good voices and expansive stomachs, and by judges and senators who knew how to turn resounding phrases and make witty remarks—all of which the men had to themselves, for the mother withdrew like a grand dame, and I have it on the best of authority that when the noise was loudest and the wine most copious, she was on her knees in her chamber with a wet face and the door locked. But it must not be supposed the senator overrode his wife's prejudices with a high hand. He was often inconsiderate perhaps, but one appealing look from her when they were alone brought him metaphorically to her feet.

As Banny the boy grew up into a big blue-eyed cherub, with flaxen curls slightly red in hue at times, the father went through all the stages of irrational devotion. Ponies were sent up for him to ride before he could stand alone. Photographers arrived with corps of assistants and posed him on the lawn in a glittering dress against the hemlock background and seated on the back of his pony, where Martin, the man of all work, held him while he kept himself out of sight behind the flanks of the animal. Silver cups were coming for a month. He had regular levees and sat in state or was rocked in exhibitory pride for all the dames and damsels in the county, who agreed that he was an "amazing fine boy" and the picture of his father.

Probably this period of their lives at Upsandowns was the hey-day, as there is a sunny time in all families when hope and peace reign, and innocence on the one side and the zest of possession on the other, give a vernal hue to existence. The family saw a great deal of the father. He had to look after the boy, always remarking that he was afraid the women would spoil him and ruin his health with coddling. So he managed to take vacations frequently and his presence gave distinction to the humdrum affairs of the house. During the ten years that passed peacefully away, Senator Van Houghton modified many of his characteristics and gave up a good many of his city habits, becoming in fact the figurehead if not the essential head of a Christian home, marching at the head of his brood on Sundays with fine patriarchal dignity, looking into the affairs of Rockland County, fraternizing with some of the country gentlemen, developing quite an interest in horses and dogs, and planning all sorts of improvements of his estate.

And in all that time there was not a happier or more admirable family circle anywhere in the world.

## CHAPTER II.

BANAIAS marks the first point of departure. That youngster having been to all intents and purposes irremediably spoiled

by his father before he was put into short clothes, grew up, not indeed the tyrant, but the disgrace of the family. His exuberant animal forces broke through all the well planned restraints of a female household where the father's influence was irregular and at best indulgent. At twelve years of age, he was the licensed outlaw of the little community. He was sent to a village school to encounter his first discipline and to defy it with an audacity that sprang entirely from his kindlier nature. What he could not do was to submit to any kind of restriction. The imprisonment of the classroom galled him beyond endurance. He was not dull or vicious, but his impulses were irrepressible. His sensibilities swayed him. To study arithmetic while the birds were sirening him through the open window was not in his nature. The insurgent forces of the young animal broke through all restraints. He openly rebelled when he did not secretly avoid the discipline with evasions and deception. Complaints came fast and thick. He was a truant and even got the name of a bully, for he whipped one of the boys at recess and both of them were sent home with bloody faces and torn clothes. At such crises the father was sent for and he arrived with a breezy air of finality to straighten out matters. Then there was the regular scene in the study; the father looking very judicial and the mother very meek, whereupon came incidentally to the surface something of the divergent natures which were responsible for this young outlaw standing there in penitent attitude and trying to comprehend why he was regarded with so much severity.

It was in vain that the mother tried to convince the boy's father that the lad needed a strong disciplinary masculine hand, or that she intimated as gently as possible that these impulses were the inheritance of a great generous nature and were perilous for his future career. The father with a kindly masculine superiority invariably said, "You're entirely too hard on the boy, mother. We cannot make a girl of him and we don't want to. All these aggressive impulses are peculiar to the gender; he'll out-

grow them. I know how it was with myself. We must turn them to good account. Our domestic machinery is gauged to the finishing of girls and very fine girls it has made of them, my dear. But when it comes to a boy, you'll excuse me, but I think we'll have to broaden our patterns a little and increase our power. I'll send the young rascal to a military school. He'll get a man's discipline there, I'll warrant you."

Mrs. Van Houghton did not concur heartily nor did she on this occasion, any more than on others, rigidly oppose her husband. She dissented from him but acquiesced. "What Banny needs," she said, "is self-discipline. He has never been taught to deny himself. His desires take possession of him. He cannot perceive the consequences of his acts and I am afraid that nothing but Divine Grace will ever save him."

"I grant you," the senator would say with unconscious pride, "that the young ruffian has got a great deal of the old Adam in him. Of course he has and he comes honestly enough by it, my dear, and we'll have to flog it out of him when it gets too aggressive. Yes, sir, none of your penitential looks, sir; I mean it. We'll have to dispense with moral suasion and employ a horsewhip. How does that strike your sensibilities, sir? You see, my dear, we must give him a taste of a man's severity. I'll pack him off to a military school and I'll give the principal instructions to trounce him if he kicks over the traces."

There was a fine flavor of severity about all this and Banny was packed off to a military school at Sing-Sing about the same time that Cicely, who was two years older, was sent to a girls' college in Illinois.

The senator gave himself a day's outing on this occasion. He and Banny went to the city, stopped at a hotel, purchased a great outfit, took dinner together at Delmonico's and went up to Sing-Sing like a couple of hale fellows out for a lark. Cicely had been consigned to the tender mercies of a Wesleyan institution a thousand miles away without this paternal guardianship.

When the father and son separated, it was quite a pathetic scene. The senator held the boy by both hands while he gave him his parting advice. "Now then, Banny, I expect to hear that you will be a brave, manly fellow and no mistake. Your life-work's begun, and everything depends on yourself. I want you to write to me every week and no nonsense—mark you. God bless you, my boy—good-by." When the senator went away he left a deep impression on the teachers and scholars, of official grandeur, and Banny was known among the boys for a long time as *The Senator's Son*.

It is much to be regretted that Banny did not try to preserve the respect due to the son of such a magnificent father. At the end of six months he was charged with robbing a room-mate. The principal investigated the matter and out of regard for the senator and for the school had the matter compromised by restitution and hushed up. Banny wrote to his father and by means of a plausible deception he got the money to make good the theft. Exactly six months later he organized a company of runaways and abandoning the school, set out with his followers to seek his fortune in the world. The expedition was summarily interfered with in an adjoining county by a deputy sheriff who arrested the whole party and had them arraigned for petty larceny. As the school refused to take Banny back, he was sent home and for nearly a year led a vagabond life on the farm. During the greater part of that time his father neglected him. An indignation, which however soon dissipated itself, at first vented itself in extravagant reproaches and a threat to disown Banny, ended by his listening once more to Mrs. Van Houghton and then the senator decided to take the young man to the city and make a business man of him.

This was the one step that was needed to complete his disreputable career. The father gave him nominal employment in his own office where there was indeed little business other than a retired gentleman keeps up by way of ornamental industry,

and thus left in a great measure to himself with the understanding that he was to read law with a young attorney who occupied the same office, Banny plunged at once into the temptations of city life. There was nothing unusual in his career. The father supplied him with money and there was a tacit understanding that the mother need not know anything about it. He made his own acquaintances and they were not selected for their honesty or their respectability. One event did indeed hold him up for a while and it is that event which determined the future of the whole family and brought about the circumstances which furnish the ground-plan of this story. It is with that event and its consequences that we have to deal.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a bleak morning in late April and the gray light was marking the heavy waves of Lake Michigan with a pallid distinction, when Cicely Van Houghton got out of her bed without waking her room-mate and went to the window. The scene was dimly cold and forbidding and she held the little curtain aside and stared at it with an unconscious attitude of shrinking. The little dormitory room was chilly and the pressure of the east wind fluttered the curtain round the seams of the sash. The girl looked at her little watch—it was half past five and she wondered what it was that had made her get up at such an hour. Then she went back to the bed and stood there looking at the face of Mary Geike as the weird light from the window touched the sleeper with melancholy hue.

The contrast of the two faces was very remarkable. The sleeping girl with her arm under her head lay with her face turned up. Her closed eyes robbed the countenance of its chief attraction and the slightly opened mouth made two lines visible on either side that were enhanced by the cold gray light. It was a hard, sad face almost sallow against the mass of jet black hair that had broken away on the pillow and the prominence of the cheek bones and the strong maxillary muscles had never struck Cicely

so forcibly as they now did in that cold and almost horizontal light that poured in at the window.

An expression of musing pity showed itself on Cicely's face as she stood there, a picture of beauty bringing its own inward light. Her pensive gray eyes with the lids half dropped and the soft round face and neck with the flush of healthy youth tinting them in spite of the chill of the external world; her tall willowy and gracefully draped figure half bending over the sleeper, must have suggested to an observer a picture of the conventional angel at the bedside.

Suddenly the sleeping girl put her disengaged arm out upon the pillow as if feeling for her companion. Then she gave a little start, opened her eyes and sat up in the bed.

"Why, you are up," she said. "What's the matter?"

Cicely laughed. "I don't know," she replied. "I seem to have had all the sleep that was obtainable and so I got up."

The girl sprang from the bed and went to the little stove. "And there's no fire," she said. "You'll freeze."

In a second she was poking at the dead ashes and making a hurried attempt to light a fire. Cicely had gone to the window again and was looking out. But even in that short lapse of time a visible change had come over the lake. Its sullenness was exaggerated in the increasing light. The interminable waves of lead color with their crests sharply defined seemed almost carved and they moved in diminishing lines far into the pearly distance. Everything looked wan. The campus wore an ashen aspect and the long board walk had a grim grizzly severity. A few early gulls were flashing over the dark water and the steady moan of the surf reached her like a heavy bass in the minor mode.

Cicely turned to her companion and said, "Yesterday Professor Norris told us that Nature got her hue of melancholy from our condition. I don't understand it. I never saw Nature look so dismally pathetic and I am not melancholy."

Mary Geike, who was on her knees at the stove with a poker in her hand, turned round.

"Oh, my dear, you can be melancholy without knowing it. I am often enough."

"Without knowing it," repeated Cicely. "How can that be?"

"You couldn't sleep. Something was worried. I don't say you know what it was. I've often wakened suddenly in the middle of the night as if something was going to happen and I always believe that it would have happened if I had not wakened. You'll get some bad news to-day."

Cicely let a look of kindly contempt for this superstitious opinion flit over her face and tried to change the subject. "Don't bother with the fire," she said. "Dress yourself warmly. We'll go out and see the sun come up."

The girl got up and obediently began to dress herself. But she clung to the train of thought.

"I missed you before I woke up—a curious impression that you were gone—gone forever, came into my mind and woke me." She suspended her work of dressing a moment and looked at Cicely as she added, "Suppose you should go away—what would happen to me?"

Cicely laughed again. "I must go away sometime and I am sure nothing can happen to you because I do."

"How confidently you say that. I never dare to think of it."

"Why, you are far more self-reliant and courageous than I am. It sounds almost absurd for you to say you lean upon me."

"I suppose it does," said the girl musingly, "and yet there is a mysterious something in your nature that I can't do without now. I've often tried to find out what it was."

"Well, you'll never find out if you make it a mystery. I suppose it is only our unlikeness."

"Yes," said the other. "I am always trying to find out things. You always accept them—that's the difference. I wish I could do that."

"You do it oftener than you know. Put on your coat and let's accept this sharp morning. Come along."

Not long afterwards the two girls were

walking along the gray wet sand in the early morning, their skirts fluttering in the stiff wind from the east, and even as they thus strolled on the margin of the noisy lake, the contrast of their figures was marked. One had all the easy grace of a sylph and being considerably taller than her companion, who strode at her side with shorter and more laborious steps, seemed to look down upon her when she spoke to her.

There were other external differences that would have caught the eye. One wore an expensive fur cape and a trim tailor-made suit of dark blue cloth and her feet were encased in handsome walking boots. The other wore a black pilot-cloth jacket with a red handkerchief protruding from the side pocket. Her head was covered with a derby and her shoes were heavy, ungainly, and soiled with earth. But there was nobody to observe them at that hour and they walked briskly along in the keen air until the color came into one handsome face and made the black eyes of the other snap with a magnetic spark.

The shore of the lake was not at all picturesque. The unending sand and rugged bank with its storm-torn cedars and dead wire grass blown into inextricable tangles stretched for miles, but the sun breaking through a bank of pearl-lined clouds glorified even this bleak prospect; the lake grew iridescent and warm in the yellow light and even the cedars took on fine deep shadows and wreathed their dead limbs against the dark western sky like spirals of gold.

The two girls gave little thought to the external world. They sat down on a stone under a clump of trees and became confidential.

"I suppose I am a problem to you," said Mary Geike, "and you're the only person I ever met who accepted me without a solution. Let me tell you something about myself. It is so far removed from your experience that it will interest you. My parents and grandparents were hard working peasants in Bavaria. They spent their lives in the field. My mother has placed me under a hedge when I was an infant while she drove the plow. For generations my ancestors drudged and fought—were taxed, conscripted, and killed. They



saved and denied themselves and died cursing the government and the world, but leaving me a few hundred dollars that was to take me to America and educate me. I came here when a child with a penurious uncle who is a common laborer. I never heard a word about God except in blasphemy until I was old enough to wonder at it. I think my mother's father was a man of some kind of natural genius, but he lost his life in the service of the state. When I was old enough I was sent to school and the pittance that was to educate me began to dwindle. But I must have been precocious, for I found out very early that I had my own fight to make and no one on earth to look to. I inherited a deep instinct that the world was made up of my enemies; that the system of the universe was awry; that the best we could do was to fight and die and give place to other wretches. I have learned since that this is to be born a pessimist; that I brought over into my life the fruits of hopeless toil in other lives. I never had the slightest suspicion that there was any other view of life till I met you and although you never tried to convince me of it, you were a continual assurance of it to me. You see I have learned the terrible lesson that some people are born to hope, just as others are born to despair, and even that is better than to believe that all are born to desolation."

"I don't understand such doctrines," replied Cicely, "I have been taught that we are all born equal and disobedient and must achieve our destiny with heaven's help. You are giving me credit for virtues that I do not possess."

"Oh, but you have told me yourself that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Do you mean to say that the virtues of the fathers are not? It seems to me that is very unjust to your God."

"No, I do not mean to say so. I only mean to say that no virtues that I may have inherited will count in making me happier or better. I think it is altogether a matter of free choice with heaven's help."

Mary Geike shook her head reflectively. "You are happier than I am," she said, "and it is not a matter of free choice, but

of temperament, inheritance, destiny—what you will."

"Oh, happiness, as you call it," replied Miss Van Houghton, "is of less consequence than character. Some of the unhappiest of people have the most influence and worth. Don't you remember what the dean said last Sunday—it was very forcible. 'If God had thought more of happiness than of character, there would not have been any suffering in the world.'"

"I wonder," said Miss Geike, "if I will ever see things clearer. When you talk to me, you are like a sibyl and I accept what you say. When I am alone, I begin to doubt. I hope you will not leave me."

"What makes you say that? You mentioned it before."

"I don't know. Did I speak of it before? It must be because of that impression that woke me up. I had a feeling that you were gone. It gave me quite a shock. Isn't it strange that I should cling to you so—it must be because I never had anything to cling to before."

"I'm afraid you have selected a reed, my dear," Cicely said. "I don't suppose that there are many women who have so many of the weaknesses of their sex as I have."

"Yes, that's your strength. I've noticed it. Everybody, even the dean, defers to it."

When they were walking back Miss Geike said rather abruptly, "You will not ridicule me if I tell you something. Have you read Carlyle?"

"No, not much."

"Well, have you read Taine?"

"Only in the studies."

"I was going to say that I feel sometimes as England must have felt at the Renaissance. Everything is so new at times—so exultant. I seem to have awakened after three generations of sleep and nightmare—but you will not understand me. I take a great liberty in always talking to you about myself, but you've been, in some sort, a guardian angel to me."

"Don't say that, for some day you will experience a great disappointment."

"Yes," sadly, "I suppose so."

Then they passed into the great college building while the bell was ringing for the chapel. Half an hour later they answered the call for breakfast. In the dining hall the dean called the names of those for whom there were letters and among them was Cicely. She went to the dean's table, took her letter, saw that it was without postmark and came back to her seat placing it beside her plate. Miss Geike, who sat beside her, called her attention to it when the meal was nearly over. Cicely then took it up and carelessly opened it expecting to see an invitation from some one of their immediate locality. It was a telegram carelessly put into a blank envelope by the operator. The moment she saw it her countenance changed. It was from her sister.

"Come home immediately. Mother very ill.

"LOUISE."

She got up from the table and left the room, Miss Geike following her and overtaking her on the stairs. There the two faced each other and Miss Geike said, "You are going away."

"Yes," replied the other and handed her the telegram.

#### CHAPTER IV.

In a few hours Miss Cicely Van Houghton was flying eastward on a fast train. Some occasional thought of the schoolmate she had left behind mingled with a vague pity, but it was difficult for any of her own affairs to dislodge the weight of calamity that made her both anxious and impatient. And thus as she approached Suffern on the Erie Road, vanished from her mind entirely all thought of the girl from whom she had been suddenly and unexpectedly separated, but who was to play such an important part in influencing her after life.

Martin was at the depot for her and as she rushed up to the vehicle, her eagerness broke forth in an exclamation, "How is my mother?" before she had even saluted the man.

"Mrs. Van Houghton's quite comfortable, Miss; the doctor's much encouraged."

This swept away one possibility that had kept her sleepless over the journey. She

was not too late and mother might not be as sick as she had imagined. So she rode along the familiar route with a sense of relief and did not fail to notice how beautiful Rockland looked with its gray rocks, the tender salad greens, and the brooks tumbling through the valleys flushed with the spring rains. Her heart gave a jump when she saw the gray tower of Upsandowns above the distant trees, for to her all her early associations were yet fresh and vivid. There was the old blacksmith shop in the turn of the road where she and Banny had been caught in the shower and sat on the workman's bench and watched with wonder his brawny and sooty arm swinging the sledge and saw the merry sparkles dance round the dusky place at every strike. There was the blackberry field where Banny had killed the blacksnake and insisted on dragging it home to her terror and disgust; there was the pond under the willow where they had sailed their miniature yachts, and there was the rock from which Banny had fallen, with the same dogwood tree whitening it with blossoms.

As she approached the house, certain unmistakable signs were noticed by the girl's quick senses; first a stillness—none of the bustle round the stables and in the fields; then the curtains were all down save in one well-known upper room, the sashes of which were up as if to admit air. There was tanbark on the gravel in front of the house. Louise and her father came out to meet her. She noticed that Louise's eyes were red and that she tried to conceal it. Her father kissed her on both cheeks and she ran past them, up the stairs and into her mother's room where she dropped on her knees at the bedside and winding her arms about the recumbent figure, kissed her in a woman's spasm of grief and affection.

"My child," said the mother, when the first outburst of emotion had subsided, "you have come a thousand miles—you are tired and must control your emotions. The Lord has been very good to me. Go and change your dress and get some food and rest—then I can have a long talk with you."

But it was some time before she could be

prevailed upon to leave the room and when she did she went to her own familiar chamber, flung herself upon the bed and wept herself into a restless sleep. When she woke, Louise was sitting by the bedside waiting for her.

"How beautiful you have grown," the elder sister said almost involuntarily. "You've got an entirely new expression."

"Tell me," said Cicely, "about mother. What are we to expect?"

Louise was silent a moment. Then she said, "Cicely, we have got to make up our minds to the worst. Our mother will never get well. She has told us so herself. Her dear old heart has given out."

Then they both broke down and it was some time before the conversation was renewed. Finally Louise said as she wiped her eyes, "She's just waiting. Oh, my dear, it will amaze you to see how calmly and completely she has finished her work. There is a beautiful pathos in it and I break down whenever I have to go over her things for her. She appears to have been quietly arranging everything for months and none of us knew it. Then I saw the disposition of her personal effects—what you are to have and what I am to have—and—her marked Bible—you know the morocco book with the big type, all full of marginal notes, is to go to Banny. It breaks my heart, Cicely; just think of it, Kate had a houseful of company here two weeks ago—you know what kind of people they were. They did nothing but play lawn tennis and drive and sing opera music, and all the while mother was settling affairs and thinking of this."

Here the two women relapsed for a moment abjectly into the sorrow of the moment and wiped their eyes a good deal before Louise continued:

"Yes, she has thought of everything and everybody except herself. I came across her little private account book when I was looking in her *escritoire* for an old photograph that she wanted to see, and there I saw the provision she has made for helpless people we have forgotten. Everything is balanced and consummated—Oh, Cicely, and there's nothing more to do—except—"

"Yes," said Cicely, "except—"

"One thing is unfinished and she is waiting—don't you know what it is?"

"No. Tell me."

"Banny. She's waiting for him to come."

"And you have not sent for him?"

"We don't know where he is," replied Louise softly and with just the least hint of evasiveness; then a moment later, "Oh, Cicely, when Banny comes, everything will be finished."

"We must find him," said Cicely. "We have some of our mother's spirit, Louise."

"He disappeared two months ago. I wrote you about it. The fact is he committed a crime."

"Yes," said Cicely, "he committed a crime, but he is our brother and his mother wants to see him."

Louise gave her head an almost imperceptible shake. "Father will not make an effort. You have no idea how stubbornly bitter he is."

"Yes, I have. It is the bitterness of disappointed affection only. It is our duty to save Banny, Louise. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I have and have given it up. Banny has turned his back on his family and when none of the duties of decency could hold him, a sister's affection will not count for much."

Cicely resented this with quiet dignity. "He is my brother. I will never give him up," she said.

For a moment there came into her gray eyes a steady light and Louise recognizing the mother's look, got up and kissed her but said nothing in reply. Some of the thought which passed ill-defined through these women's minds could not be put by them into words. They perceived in a vague way that a crisis in the family had arrived. The sudden withdrawal of the mother, now that they had to contemplate the possibility, disturbed in some way all the unity and security which for years had made the family a center of affection, of mutual interests, and of undisturbed peace. It was impossible to define the anxiety that made the background of their thoughts and so they had great emotional gaps of silence when it came up,

and they sat clasping each other's hands and looking into each other's eyes as women will at such times.

It was not long before they were interrupted by the entrance of the other sisters and then the whole aspect of the conference changed. Kate, now Mrs. Colney Blood, was the first to burst in upon them in full spring attire, having, she said, just come in from a drive, and she brought with her an exuberant air of high health and a pervasive odor of lilacs.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "how long have you been here, and I didn't know it? Wait till I take these flowers off. I want to hug you."

Disengaging the enormous bunch of flowers from her corsage, she gave it a careless toss and proceeded to embrace her sister in the most effusive manner. "How you are changed, and I suppose you know it all—Latin, Greek, and everything. Hasn't she improved, Louise? Look at her eyes. Why, you've grown two inches—stand still—isn't she two inches taller? It's like old times to have the family all together again."

Then she rushed to the door and called, "Naomi, here she is in the gray room," and forthwith there appeared at the door Mrs. Roland Bland wearing her hat and carrying a wrap on her arm, she having also been driving. Another scene of embracing ensued and then the four women gave themselves unrestrainedly to their own intimacies. Seen thus together the two streams of consanguinity reappeared. The married daughters were unmistakably the father's daughters and the two unmarried daughters were the mother's. The contrast was apparent at once in their faces and it grew apparent in their characters as they talked.

"How is ma?" was Mrs. Bland's first exclamation when the sisterly greeting was over, and it was noticeable that two of the women invariably said "ma" and the other two as invariably referred to Mrs. Van Houghton as "mother."

"There is no change," said Louise. "She does not suffer and is calmly waiting to see Banny."

"We can spare her that shock at least,"

said Mrs. Bland, "I hope you haven't said anything to her about him, have you, Cicely?"

"No, I have not, but I certainly shall. He ought to be here."

"Then you haven't heard?"

"Yes, I have. Louise wrote me."

"My dear," said Mrs. Blood, who had picked up the lilacs and was sitting on the edge of the bed with her nose buried in the blossoms, "we have concluded that to send for that boy would only distress her and the doctor says it would only be superfluous cruelty. As a doctor's wife, I have learned to put sentiment aside in the execution of a painful duty."

"It isn't necessary to be a doctor's wife," said Mrs. Bland, "to learn that." She put an entirely unnecessary accent on *doctor's*, and then tossed her head a little. "Pa has decided not to send for Banaías and he is master in his own establishment."

"I'm not so sure of that, Kate; I think you disturb the notion very often," Mrs. Bland retorted.

"If I knew where Banny was I'd go and fetch him," said Cicely quietly.

"If you knew where he was, I don't think you would, my dear," said Mrs. Bland.

"Do you know?" asked Cicely.

"No, and for my own comfort, I don't wish to know, but it isn't hard to imagine."

On such occasions, Louise fell into the position of moderator by virtue of seniority. "I don't think Banny's circumstances or character have anything to do with it except to make the duty of bringing him to his mother more urgent," she said, "but it is useless to argue about it when we do not know that he is in the country."

Here the conversation took a sudden and purely feminine turn. Mrs. Blood presently announced that she must get her things off before dinner and Mrs. Bland wondered, as she looked at herself in the glass, if that dreadful country parson would stay to dinner. She disliked him because he had such a horrible mortuary manner.

The moment the little council broke up, Cicely went in search of her father. She found him in the library walking up and

down with an unlit cigar in his mouth. The family knew by many observations that when he was perplexed or worried, he smoked immoderately.

"Well, my child," he said gravely and without intermitting his walk, as Cicely glided in and sat down in one of the great leathern chairs, "I expected to see you home again in pleasanter circumstances. Mother has made up her mind to leave us."

"What does the doctor say, father? Nobody appears to have any definite information."

"The doctor, I am sorry to tell you, does not speak hopefully. Mother insists that she has finished her work and she has made all her arrangements to depart. It is of no avail for the doctor to contradict her. She says the Lord has summoned her."

"But there is no immediate danger of her dying suddenly?"

"The doctor says that she may pass away quietly any night. Her great heart has given out, my child, and she refuses to take any stimulants. I fear we shall find it very difficult to adjust ourselves to a home without a mother—such a mother."

"Father," said Cicely, "is there nothing we can do?"

"There appears to be nothing but to be resigned and wait."

"Isn't there something that she wants us to do?"

"I think not. We are all anxious to gratify every wish that she expresses."

"She wants to see Banny, father."

"Ah, yes—I had forgotten. But that scapegrace has drifted out of our view." He said this with something like a suppressed sob and Cicely noticed it. A moment later that weak indignation which attempts, in a man, to cover up a wound, got the better of him.

"If the scoundrel has lost all interest in his family, does not hesitate to disgrace it,

and sets at defiance the commonest laws of decency, we cannot so far forget our self-respect as to go into his circle and coax him to pay us a visit, can we? We cannot go to him with our affliction and try to cajole the consideration that he never gave to our love—can we?"

This outburst did not dismay Cicely, though it may have surprised her. All that she said was, "Yes, father, we can."

"Can we condone the blackest ingratitude and forget that we have all been injured ruthlessly?"

All that Cicely said was, "Yes, we can, father."

"Can I, who have poured all the wealth of love in a father's heart upon that boy and built the dreams of my life upon his future, to see them dispelled and my old age wrecked by an infamous and unparalleled course—can I ask this disgraced alien back into this pure home?"

"No," said Cicely, "you cannot do it, father—but I can, for I believe in Banny yet."

The father stopped walking and looked at her with some surprise. The library was dimly lit and the soft light from a bay fell across her face and brought out her pensive profile in sharp distinction against the dark background of books. She expected him to go on with increased vehemence, but the face that he saw touched some old chords. It was the glorified counterpart of a face away back in the red-sandstone farmhouse—the same soft equable light glowing in it. A thousand precious memories flashed into consciousness. He laid his cigar down and going to Cicely put his arms about her and kissing her on her forehead, said in a broken voice, "My darling, I dare say you are right—perhaps you can help to heal the heart that boy has broken."

Then he strode out of the room as if ashamed of his own emotion.

*(To be continued).*



## LIFE AND ITS ENVIRONMENT.

BY E. MANCINI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

FROM the moment the seed begins to germinate, or the embryo form in the egg, the conditions of their environment begin to exercise an immense influence on the vital functions of the youthful organisms. Certain conditions of light, temperature, pressure, humidity, electrical tension are necessary to the vital manifestations. But if any one of these conditions happens to change, the individual will also present, more or less rapidly, modifications in his external structure or internal makeup. The modern biological sciences, by making use of rigorous observation and experimental research, are now directing their efforts toward decomposing, so far as possible, the sum of the external influences which form this environment into their elements and then to study the elements themselves separately. The problem is a complicated one, precisely because the elements to be examined are numerous. Also it is still in dispute whether characteristics acquired through the action of these influences are hereditary or not.

The domestication of animals and the cultivation of plants offer most striking instances of the ease with which living things change their form and adapt themselves to new surroundings. The ancestors of many vegetable and animal species are no longer understood by us. We do not know what were the original plants of which rice and wheat are now the descendants. In certain cases slow but constant action leads to profound physiological variations. Dollinger has succeeded, after a series of five hundred thousand generations, in bringing monads, minute infusoriæ which live in water at fifteen degrees Centigrade, to endure a temperature of seventy. In other cases we meet with unexpected transformations, where animals brought up in salt water are gradually, by tempering the saltiness, fitted to live in ponds.

Such modifications are sometimes advantageous to the organisms and sometimes otherwise. In the first instance, by the aid of natural selection after the Darwinian hypothesis, a change has taken place which assures the existence and prosperity of the species.

The animal itself can be improved in various ways,—now with food or diet and training now with exciting the activity of certain organs in the way of development, or again by selecting the best races and in these races the best individual specimens. Thus by having recourse to the so-called "functional gymnastics" you can notably increase the product of milch animals; and it is by means of wise selection and cultivation that we have recently obtained certain kinds of beet-root which are capable of yielding twice the amount of sugar which was formerly obtained from the unmodified species.

Among the various causes of modification in the development of living beings light occupies one of the first places both through its intensity and its colorations. The steady action of light can bring grain to maturity in northern regions in ninety days, while in our fields one hundred and forty are necessary. Light is also indispensable to plant life though not to animal life. There is no flora at great depths of the sea or lakes, while there does exist a fauna both there and in dark caverns. The sun's rays practically cease to affect the photographic lens at the depth of two hundred meters in lakes and four hundred in the sea.

Again, the intensity of light can profoundly modify vegetable forms,—a fact which is easy to observe by merely contrasting the structure of leaves on the outside of trees, which thus receive more light, with those on the inside. In the same way vegetable growths are affected in different regions. For instance, the intense light and the dry

soil of arid regions cause the leaves and branches to grow out as thorns, instead of expanding naturally. But let certain thorn-bearing plants be put in the shade and kept fairly moist there, the thorns will disappear very quickly, and their leaves return. Color also has much to do with the effect of light on plants. If you subject them to the rays of the solar spectrum in which the red has been eliminated the plants cannot live, but die in spite of the light which is left. Vines cultivated in hothouses having violet glass will produce an especially excellent kind of grape, and flowers under the same color will be better perfumed and longer lived.

The analogy that electric light has with solar light in its stimulating force can make us fancy a doubly rapid growth of plants, by night as well as by day. Many hopes are founded on the assumed utility of electric light in certain winter cultures or in the precocious maturity of some other crops of prime necessity. Experiments in this direction have been carried on for many years but the results obtained are still subject to dispute and the new forced cultivation has had no applications in practical use. Plants exposed for some time to electric light gain in certain respects but end by dying, or if their development continues, their form changes in such a manner as to render them unrecognizable. Accurate experiments made in the United States at Cornell University confirm the stimulating action of electric light. Still it is too soon to establish a complete analogy between its influence and the influence of solar light on the phenomena of life.

More important than these results were the results obtained by studying the influence of the different rays of the solar spectrum on animals. There it was readily ascertained that the violet rays increased the nutritive phenomena, so that under their influence animals live more intensely and therefore are worn out the more rapidly, unless an abundant nourishment repairs the losses of the organism. Beclard conceived the idea of putting wasps' eggs under colored glass. He noticed in the larvæ great differences of development, so much so that those born in blue light were three times as large

as those born under green light. The same may be said of Schnetzler's investigations in regard to depriving frogs' eggs of white light and again of green. We all know how great is the mortality of animals in aquariums that have green plants on their sides. It has been found that red is unfavorable to frogs, and that they grow better in darkness; while on birds, mammals, and amphibious animals the action of azure-violet light is superior to that of white light.

Certain rays exercise peculiar influence on micro-organisms. The light of the sun is very destructive to microbes. The custom of exposing cloth to the sun, the popular saying that where the sun enters, the doctor does not, the traditions which tell us that great epidemics were attended by a gloomy and cloudy sky, show how correct common observation is in certain instances. Experiments have confirmed these views and have also shown that the micro-organisms are more easily destroyed by the sun's light during the summer than during the winter, because the summer sky is more blue and thus increases the power of the light.

Sunlight kills micro-organisms scattered through the water but only to a certain depth. If the water is muddy the light cannot penetrate so effectually. Thus the typhus bacillus can develop very well with the summer heat in turbid water, while the germs floating in the air, as Pasteur and Miquel have recognized, are almost always dead and rarely reach the pure air of mountains alive. The bunches of grapes the highest from the ground and receiving the most light are covered with a smaller number of those ferments which succeed best in wine-making. The sun's light and violet and ultraviolet rays disturb the fermentation of vinegar.

Many minute organisms, pollen seeds, fungus spores, are provided with a natural defense, consisting in their yellow or red tint which protects them from violet rays. The leaves also hinder the bluish rays from reaching the cells, and thus injurious modifications are occasioned in them.

Colored rays show well defined influences on the higher organisms also. The red rays are the most exciting of all. It has been shown

that the measure of strength, which is at twenty-three in white light, rises to forty-two under the influence of red light and descends to twenty-four with blue light. This has been tried in the treatment of the insane. In this connection we may well ask ourselves whether the preference shown by the black race for blue and green, while the white race prefers red, may not be due to the inborn indolence of the negro.

Light and color favor intellectual activity also. Balzac would never write except in a brilliantly lighted room. Wagner had to be surrounded by brilliantly colored tapestry. The same holds true as to the influence of light on muscular action. Humboldt cites a Spanish lady who lost her voice regularly at sunset, to recover it again at dawn. All know that night marches are much more fatiguing than those made by day.

Other senses can be made more acute by the action of light upon them. This is demonstrated by the common example of smokers, who, when in darkness, cannot tell by smell or taste whether their cigar is going or not. To avoid any loss of force in consequence of luminous excitation stock-raisers keep their animals in the dark in order to fatten them. It has also been noticed that horses who are always kept at work in the galleries of mines become especially fat and stout. Light and color have also much to do with the appearance of insects, as butterflies, and of certain animals such as parasites and fishes, while the absence of light destroys both color and even the organs of vision. The moles which live underground have eyes covered with a membrane. Certain kinds of snakes are blind, as those living in the recesses of caves. In subterranean cavities where the light never penetrates, blind spiders give chase to flies which have no eyes. Sometimes the atrophy is not complete, but certain embryos of blind species are provided with eyes.

Temperature also is a most important factor in the modification of species. The life of organized beings can be sustained within quite distant limits, in which that temperature is to be found which corresponds to the greatest activity of the organism. When

there is a divergence from this standard the organism is necessarily modified. It has been shown by experiments that seeds exposed to two hundred degrees below zero, which is the lowest temperature of liquid air hitherto obtained, do not die. Mollusks are to be found in certain waters, hot springs heated to a temperature of sixty degrees. Man can resist, as the stoker of a steamship, a temperature of sixty-five or even of a hundred degrees, if the air is dry. Or he can live at Verchojansk in Siberia, where the temperature, always very low, descends sometimes to sixty-five below zero. If the temperature rises beyond the point where the maximum of vital activity is reached his activity diminishes and is often followed by a torpidity which is like the lethargy of winter.

A very rapid increase of temperature is hardly endurable to animals, and some deep-water fish, like the sardine, die as soon as they reach the cold water of the surface. But if the change takes place slowly animals can adapt themselves to the new conditions. Yet the adaptation is accompanied by a change of form, as is seen in the case of English bulldogs when transported to India. They become less vigorous, lean, and their muzzle is thinner. Animals often try to resist the cold by sinking into a lethargy which lasts until warm weather returns. Among plants a species which in the warm climates is not an annual frequently becomes such when cultivated farther north. Cold makes animals smaller. Such a fact is observed in regard to the horses of cold countries and the inhabitants of the polar regions. Mammals during the winter are covered with a thick hair which stays in cold climates and becomes, as in the case of Angora cats, a hereditary peculiarity.

A curious and characteristic instance of this modification is found in the ice-houses at Pittsburg. In the freezing rooms where the temperature is always kept at four degrees below freezing there were no mice for a long time. Finally one individual endowed with a thick coat was able to stay there and give birth to a litter of others provided with extraordinarily long and thick hair. To

fight the rodents recourse was had to cats but these all perished by the cold, until a female was found which could survive, thanks to her thick coat, and bring forth a special race made up of robust individuals, covered with heavy hair, having short tails, and eyebrows and mustaches quite developed, so as to serve without doubt as organs of touch in the darkness of the room.

Passing to another element of our environment, humidity, we notice that this has particular influence on vegetation. When it is absent, the modifications of organisms are better attained. Seeds and eggs appear to be endowed with an extraordinary resistance to the lack of the moisture and air necessary to their growth. There is no need of speaking of the famous seeds found in mummies and which were said to be capable of germinating after a lapse of forty centuries. For it is not a fact. The seeds in question were first scalded to insure their preservation and their germs were killed in the process. But recent experiments have shown that mustard and clover seeds could be kept in a vacuum or in non-respirable air, and then be planted and sprout in the usual way. Many illustrations have been adduced of mountain plants which remained stationary for several years in a dry atmosphere, and afterwards when placed in a moist place began to vegetate.

So the smaller inhabitants of pools and muddy places when the heat dries up the moisture, fall into a kind of latent life, and exist with scarcely any changes in their external conditions. Other animals, like frogs and tritons, lead a life on land when the moisture is lacking, substituting pulmonary respiration for cutaneous. In certain batrachians the absence of water is compensated for by the eggs developing in the body of the female until she has found a pond, or the young remaining in the egg even to the adult state.

Other important modifications are produced in vegetable and animal organisms by changes in atmospheric pressure. On the eggs of silk worms the effect of compression is almost as efficacious as the effect of a low temperature, without which they cannot

hatch. By this pressure the lowest organisms are endowed with greater resistance. Microbes have been known to endure a pressure of from two to three thousand kilograms. Milk kept under a pressure of seven hundred atmospheres was still liquid at the end of twelve days, and not sour. The albumen and the yellow of an egg keep good for eighteen days. Thus it seems probable that bodies which fall to the depths of the sea and support thereby enormous pressures do not putrefy like bodies remaining in the atmosphere of earth, though it may be that at these depths there exist microbes accustomed to great pressures and suited to decompose organic substances.

For land animals adaptation to changes in pressure is limited and takes place but slowly. We all know of the mountain sickness, so called, which attacks those who ascend to great heights. It appears at an elevation of three thousand meters sometimes, always at five thousand. On the other hand, aeronauts who pass beyond this height, perhaps with a less expenditure of strength, feel only slight disturbances. Why this sickness occurs is still in dispute, but it is certainly due in great part to the slight tension of oxygen existing in rarefied air. The blood corpuscles attain only an imperfect union with the oxygen, and thus deprived of the element indispensable to organic combustion, no longer furnish the muscles with the necessary aliment.

Yet man can accustom himself to great heights. Among the inhabited places of Asia Thokdjoloung is 4,977 meters above sea level, and Kursah 4,541. An interesting observation made during the construction of the Peruvian Central railway, which ascends from Lima to 5,756 meters above sea level, proves that the labor of man undergoes great reductions with the altitude. In fact labor ceases to be normal at 3,000 meters elevation. Between that point and 3,650 meters it fell off one quarter to one third. At higher points one hundred men could do the work of only fifty at sea level.

The electrical condition of our environment also affects organisms. After a hurri-

cane it has been noticed that the coveys of birds hatch out more rapidly and vegetation appears more active. The electrical tension of the atmosphere during storms aids the coagulation of milk through the consequent pressure of ozone in the air, and increases the perfume of roses and flowers in general. Trees struck by lightning are often covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and earthquakes have been followed by the same rich and precocious growth. Experiments of applying electricity to plants have been followed by a quick development of vegetation, and great hopes have consequently been founded on the application of this agent to agriculture. But the results obtained have often been contradictory. By creating a difference between the electrical state of the soil and that of the atmosphere the vital functions of plants are stimulated. Therefore it seems possible that at some day cultivation by electricity may be practically applicable. The treatment of frogs' eggs by electricity has also proved that their maturity was hastened, and they hatched more quickly.

In America they have attempted a kind of electroculture of the human body, and it is affirmed that the weight of the muscles can be increased forty per cent when exposed to the repeated action of an electric current. Thus an *active* repose might be substituted for gymnastics and even when asleep we could gain in vigor. In all this there is a modicum of truth. We see that currents rhythmically broken produce a beneficial effect by exciting a regular contraction of the muscles, analogous to the effects of ordinary exercise. But if the current acts continuously and for a long time the excessive effort causes atrophy of the muscles.

Passing now to the consideration of our environment under a more complex form, we may take into consideration the modifications of organisms dependent on conditions of rest or motion. The movement of water affects quite strongly aquatic plants, but it also has a certain influence on animals. In running water certain mollusks present an elongated form which is rounder in quiet waters. The *Rana muta* of mountain regions has in running water a broader and longer

tail than it has in quiet water, so that it may swim more easily against the current. Running water also increases the size of mollusks.

The fauna of rapid water courses is composed of swimming fish or those which attach themselves to the ground and hide themselves there. On coral reefs the harder and rounder species are on the outside to defend the more delicate against the waves. Where strong winds blow, on islands and coasts, are found those animals most highly endowed with organs of flight. Almost all island insects have lost their wings and become crawlers. Movement in the higher animals may be an indispensable agent in determining phases of life. It has been shown that artificially hatched eggs kept completely immovable do not develop the embryo, because it does not come in contact with the substances contained in the egg. For this reason the hen frequently moves the eggs she is hatching out. On the other hand, if the movement is continuous, the embryo dies or presents monstrosities—phenomena verified by eggs which have undergone railway transit.

So also from the world outside, the living being gets the elements necessary to its development. These elements, by a series of transformations, prepare in their turn the internal environment in which is developed the life of other elementary organisms which go to make up the more complex organism. Food, color, the chemical constituency of the environment, as salt and fresh water, the extent of space in which the organism moves, as shown in island horses and dogs, are the principal factors in affecting the shape and appearance of the being on which they act. To follow out the results of all these influences is an interesting task and capable of unlimited extension. The study of life, the possibility of improving it, of making it broadly productive, of solving grave economic questions and attaining that altruism, that social Utopia, which nature herself forbids our reaching at the present day, is the spur and the reward of the scientific men, the scholars and investigators who are joined together, throughout the world, in one common effort and toil.



## THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA.

BY J. K. OHL.

"WELL, one thing is certain," the president of the United States is quoted as having said, "and that is that no other city in America could have accomplished it."

The president had just learned that Congress had given to the new Exposition movement at Atlanta its formal approval and had made an appropriation of \$200,000 for a government exhibit there. He had known something of Atlanta and of Atlanta's ways, and his tribute to the push and energy of the men who have made this the chief city of the South, he felt to be deserved.

It did seem a stupendous undertaking. The government had made very heavy appropriations to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago; the period of industrial depression was at its height throughout the country; and the spirit of the men who are at the head of the government in its legislative as well as its executive departments was for the most rigid economy.

A short while before, the telegraph had spread throughout the country the news that another Exposition movement had been inaugurated. The announcement was received with a good many grains of allowance by the newspaper readers through the North and West as well as throughout the South. For it has been a sort of a proverb through the South that Atlanta is inclined to blow her own horn, and it was for that reason that the first news of this last enterprise was smiled at. "It is Atlanta's way," said the citizens of other southern cities where there is more or less envy of the success which has marked the career of the chief city of Georgia. Yes, it was Atlanta's way; and with characteristic push and energy all Atlanta got behind this Exposition movement, and now success is assured far beyond anything its first promoters anticipated.

To the outside world, first a few words about Atlanta.

The northern traveler who starts out to make a tour of the South will see Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, and St. Augustine; New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, and perhaps Macon; and then coming to Atlanta will exclaim, "Here is the Yankee city of the South." He will note the lack of evidence of the old southern methods which he found in the other cities. He will notice that the slowness which is proverbial with these typical cities of the Old South has given way to the movement and "hustle" which he naturally associates with New York and Chicago and other of the large cities of the East and West making that association; it is natural that he should use the term he does,—“the Yankee city of the South.”

Yet Atlanta is not a Yankee city in any sense of the word. Atlanta in its progress, in this very push and energy that is noted by the visitor, represents more truly the Georgia spirit than does any other city of the state, and it represents that spirit more than it represents anything else. It does, however, look very much like a prosperous western city. There are very few of the landmarks of the days “befo’ the wah” and for the very good reason that the war itself wiped out all of those landmarks. In speaking of the city of my adoption I always refer to it as the greatest city of its size in the world. I believe it is that. There are several points of advantage which Atlanta possesses over any other city of its size in America and which it must, therefore, possess over any other city of its size in the world. In the first place, it has a climate which is absolutely unrivaled. I know that almost every town and village in America makes that claim, but Atlanta has demonstrated time and again her right to talk of climatic advantages. Only two other cities of its size in this entire country have an altitude equal to that of Atlanta. She is 1,100

feet above the level of the sea, and that, as I remember my physical geography, means that she is on a mountain-top. When those dread scourges, yellow fever and cholera, have been sweeping through the southern country, as they have at various times in the past, and when the terrified residents of city, town, and village have been enforcing a most rigid shot-gun quarantine against the helpless creatures endeavoring to flee from the dangers of the pestilence, Atlanta's doors have ever been thrown open.

Yellow fever has been brought here but could never get a foothold. The sanitary arrangements of Atlanta are such that cholera has never been feared. The city is, therefore, the haven to which the people of the low country have come both in the milder days when it was simply a desire on their part to find a climate more pleasant than that of their localities in the summer time, and in days of pestilence. Atlanta has enough winter to give the purification to the atmosphere which seems necessary to every well regulated locality but her summers are never as hot as those in the cities of the North; and lying on the top of a mountain, she has, in Kennesaw on the one side and Stone Mountain on the other, peaceful guardians from which come the evening breezes to drive away the heat of the day and make blankets comfortable the year round.

So much for her climatic advantages. Take your map and the figures of the census, and you will see that from Richmond up in Virginia to New Orleans on the gulf, and southeast of a line from Memphis through Nashville and Louisville, Atlanta is the greatest city. All of that vast territory is tributary to Atlanta. In point of business importance, I am not claiming too much for the city when I say that south of Baltimore and of Louisville, it is the foremost city—the foremost city in a territory covered by thirteen states. Certainly no other city of Atlanta's size can claim such advantages.

I am inclined at times to become perhaps unduly enthusiastic over Atlanta, for it is natural to delight in demonstrating, or endeavoring to demonstrate, the truth of the claim that she is the chief, the foremost city

of her size in the world. But the traveler who visits the city may not care for statistics of this kind. He will, however, be deeply interested in the busy scenes which he finds surrounding him as soon as he steps from his car at the Union Depot.

If directly from the north, the large proportion of black faces which greet him will strike him as a novel feature; if, however, he has stopped on his way at any of the other southern cities I have named, he will notice that a smaller percent of the population belongs to the black race than he found elsewhere. He will be told that Atlanta has a population of 110,000 people, and in all probability his first question will be, "Is that all?" For he has heard of Atlanta all his life; he has seen Atlanta's name in the newspapers every day as one of the most important news points in America; and noting the evidences of push and prosperity about him, he will naturally conclude that the city's number of inhabitants must be two or three times as great as he has been told.

If a westerner he will probably criticize the character of the retail stores as he goes through the business portion of the city, for with few exceptions the business blocks are not the lofty piles which he has seen in Chicago. The reason for this lies in the fact that something over thirty years ago, a gentleman from Ohio, accompanied by a good many thousand gentlemen from other northern states, came here and wiped from the map the then thriving little city of Atlanta. He was Mr. Sherman, and you will remember that Henry Grady has referred to him as "a little careless with fire."

After the siege of Atlanta—when Mr. Sherman's bombs and cannon balls and the accompanying red fire had razed to the ground all of the buildings that he found here—after he departed, continuing with his march to the sea, the men of Atlanta who were left behind began the work of rebuilding the little city of which they had been so proud. Then when the days of peace came, the work of rebuilding began in earnest and many of the buildings erected at that time stand to-day. They are substantial, adequate structures but are not as strictly

modern as they might have been had the old ones been wiped out by the natural process of decay during the past ten or fifteen years, and new ones then taking their place. However, there are many handsome modern buildings. The hotels are notably fine; two of the three theaters are splendid structures, the Grand being perhaps the finest theater in the country, with the exception of two others; the Equitable Building is a magnificent block, and fine modern buildings are found on every one of the business streets.

Atlanta is specially beautiful in her residence section, and those of you who come to see the wonders of the Exposition about which I am to tell you in a few words will have splendid opportunity for study of this phase of Atlanta life—the home phase which has had so much to do with the prosperity of the city. For Atlanta, like Philadelphia, is a city of homes. People who have made their money in other parts of the South have come here to live and have added to the handsome residences; and it is every man's aim to own his home, however humble.

Atlanta is thoroughly cosmopolitan. While it is true that there are a great many people here from the North, as one of these I must say that the credit for the building of Atlanta is due to men of the South. The men who have been prominent in affairs since the days of reconstruction have been native southerners—most of them Georgians, but many from Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and the Carolinas, Virginia, and indeed from every state in the South. This is what I meant when I said that Atlanta, though a Yankee city in her appearance, derives her greatness from the push and energy of the men of the South. These are the men who are at the head of this Exposition movement. Though there are on the Board of Directors and taking active part in all features of the work men to whom the South is a land of adoption, they are all Atlantians and it is the Atlanta spirit which pervades the whole.

In order to keep the story of this great enterprise within the bounds of a magazine article I shall have to pass over the facts about the inception of the movement, mak-

ing merely passing reference to them. When the men of the South came back from Chicago they brought with them as their most vivid impression a regret that the southern states had not been better represented at the great World's Fair. It was with the idea of overcoming the bad impression which had been made by failure to display her resources at Chicago and with the idea of directing the attention of the world to the South, especially at this time which seems to be the eve of a return of general prosperity, that the men of Atlanta determined upon this Exposition. The newspapers were foremost in suggesting the enterprise. Then it was immediately taken hold of by the business men in all walks of life and from a small meeting at the Chamber of Commerce Hall, the Cotton States and International Exposition has grown to an enterprise second only in importance to that similar enterprise at Chicago which can scarcely be equaled in the world's history.

The main purposes in this Exposition—which is essentially southern in its idea—are: to show to the world the unlimited resources of the South; to show to the people of the South what they themselves possess and what is being accomplished in the rest of the world; and to bring the Central, Southern, and Latin American countries, about which we are all of us so ignorant and which unquestionably promise a vast field of commerce to this country, to bring those countries in closer contact commercially with the United States, especially through the southern ports. Perhaps the name "Cotton States and Pan-American" would have better expressed the idea of the Exposition proposed but "Pan-American" had been so generally used that it was deemed best to employ another word—even broader in its scope—"International."

Mr. Clark Howell, the brilliant young managing editor of the *Constitution*, is responsible for a map which appeared in his paper and which proved conclusively to every Atlanta man, woman, and child that Atlanta was the one spot on the face of the earth for this Exposition. It showed that a line drawn from the city of Mexico to the city of Boston

passed through Atlanta and was bisected here; a line drawn from Havana to Chicago passed through Atlanta, which was its middle point; and a line drawn from the Bahamas to some point in the Northwest, say Minneapolis, St. Paul, or Des Moines, passed through Atlanta and was bisected here. Atlanta is the great railway center of the South, and possessing all these advantages it seemed the one place for this enterprise; so the people took hold of it and in the slang of the day "pushed it along."

The first step was to prove the earnestness of these people in the movement and this was done by the immediate subscription of \$225,000 as a nucleus fund. Then it was decided to ask for the government's recognition and government aid. The securing of this recognition and the \$200,000 for a government exhibit was a brilliant *coup* which at once placed the enterprise on its proper footing. It insured a splendid government exhibit which would of itself be a great attraction, and it placed the Exposition in a position to go before the other countries with a request for government exhibits.

Then came the recognition in the same practical way from the other states of the South, in all of which there is not only active sympathy for the movement but the heartiest co-operation on the part of the government and the people. Almost all of the southern states will be represented by buildings and those that will not, will have exhibits in the building specially appropriated for the character of what they have to show. Commissioners were sent to the South American countries, and of these it is now certain that Mexico, Costa Rica, Salvador, Honduras, Venezuela, Chili, and the Argentine Republic will each have a building and will make an exhibit. The international feature, therefore, is assured; and while the Cotton States and International Exposition will not of course be the equal in size to the World's Fair, it will still be, within its special scope, equally complete, while in some of its special features it will undoubtedly excel that greater show.

The Exposition grounds are just outside the city limits, and within the enclosure

there is a trifle less than two hundred acres. It is known as Piedmont Park, and in a portion of it smaller expositions have been held. The beauty of the ground lies in its rolling character, and the buildings which are now almost completed will be given added attractiveness on account of location. As a whole, the Exposition park, when completed with all of its buildings, will unquestionably be more attractive to the eye than has been any other of the great Exposition parks.

There will be about thirty principal buildings, this number including the structures of foreign nations and of the different states. The supervising architect is Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, of New York, and most of the buildings have been constructed after his own designs. Mr. Walter T. Downing, of Atlanta, designed the Art Building, which is perhaps the prettiest, and the Woman's Building is being erected after the ideas of a woman architect, Miss Elsie Mercur, of Pittsburg.

It is impossible more than to epitomize the character of the principal buildings. In fact the name of each states its character and but little description is necessary. There will be:

The Government Building, which will contain exhibits from the State, War, Navy, Interior, and Agricultural Departments and of the Smithsonian Institution and the U. S. Fish Commission.

The Minerals and Forestry Building under the charge of the government will contain full exhibits of the mineral and timber resources of all of the southern states.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building will contain operating plants of different industries, particularly those affecting the development of the South and southern commerce.

Machinery Hall, the Agricultural Building, the Electricity Building, and the Fine Arts Building will contain exhibits in keeping with their names.

The Woman's Building will, it is believed, be more complete in displaying the work of woman in all branches than was that at Chicago.

Then there will be the Transportation

Building, a Horticultural Building, an Agricultural Implements Building, an Auditorium with a seating capacity of three thousand, a Negro Building, a Building erected by the Georgia manufacturers, an Administration Building of course, a Tobacco Building, and a Fire Building for the display of fire apparatus. These are of course in addition to the different buildings from other countries and from other states.

Not only have the southern states co-operated fully in the work but appropriations have been made for state representation and display by New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maine, Kansas, California, Illinois, and Massachusetts.

A committee of prominent citizens went to Washington in the month of June to extend to the president, to General Schofield and General Miles, and to members of the Cabinet, formal invitations to be present on the opening day, September 18. The Exposition will continue until the last day of 1895.

In stating the Exposition's special claims to recognition, the first thing to be said is that it is to be essentially southern. There is everywhere a poetic or romantic interest in the South—an interest felt by southerners themselves most keenly perhaps but by Americans in whatever corner of the United States they reside. Then in a material sense, the record which the South made in the recent panic has attracted the attention of capital that has hitherto gone to other sections for investment, and it is the special aim of this Exposition to show the outside world what the South possesses in its material resources. Of wide importance commercially is the Pan-American feature, opening, as it is believed it will, those countries south of us to American commerce. Without doubt a great opportunity is there and if the "Atlanta Exposition," as it is familiarly called, succeeds in bringing those countries in closer touch with our own, it will have accomplished a very great work.

Another feature which will be prominent in the Exposition will be the display of the railroads. The southern roads are of course foremost in this, and the Transportation Building will contain in addition to the

usual display of technical production, individual railroad exhibits from these roads. In addition to this there will be several distinct railroad buildings. The Southern Railway, which touches a great portion of the territory of the southern states, will have a separate building, the designs for which have been prepared by Mr. Gilbert; the Plant System will make an elaborate display, one feature of which will be a pyramid finished on the outside with pebbled phosphate and on the interior with Florida woods; the Southern Pacific, the Louisville and Nashville, the Seaboard Air Line, the Mobile and Ohio, the Florida Central and Peninsula, and others of the southern railroads as well as some of the western lines leading to this territory will make exhibits.

From the first the enthusiasm manifested by the women in the proposition to have a Woman's Building has been one of the notable features of the Exposition work.

There was a tendency to laugh at the Woman's Building in Chicago, or rather at the women during the progress of its construction. Then there were many "isms" and much talk, and, judging it from a man's standpoint, very little work in the Woman's Building there. But the Woman's Building for Atlanta has been built on different lines. At the head of the enterprise is Mrs. Joseph Thompson, one of the most prominent women in southern society and one who has demonstrated great executive ability since she took hold of this work. It has been her desire to make the prominent feature of the Woman's Building the industrial accomplishment of women; what they are doing, especially in the line of industrial art, throughout the world. The reason for this has been twofold. First, the desire to show the outside world what women as a class are doing, and second to show to the women of the South the fields into which it is possible for them to find work that will bring remuneration and at the same time will be elevating in its effects upon the workers. The Woman's Building will contain many notable features and will doubtless be one of the most attractive spots on the Exposition grounds.



A great deal has been said in the newspapers and a great deal has been said by the politicians about the oppression of the negroes in the South. In speaking of the members of this race I use the term "negro" primarily because it is a true one, and secondarily because the leading men of the race—the men of brains and of sense—prefer the word "negro," which means something, to the term "colored man," which means nothing. Because of this talk, and because of what the politicians have said, the Negro Building will be perhaps one of the chief interests to Exposition visitors from the North.

It was designed by a negro architect, constructed by negro workmen hired by negro contractors, and within its walls will be displayed the evidences of the progress which the race has made in the thirty years of freedom. That it will be a display of wide interest there can be no doubt, for here in the South the negro has been given the greatest opportunity for progress in lines of industry and the display of what he has done will open the eyes of the doubting. The Building will contain examples of his work in all lines of industry and will show his development better than any kind of description could picture it. The Exposition authorities have had the hearty co-operation of the leading men of the race throughout all the states of the South in the work of preparing this exhibit, regularly appointed commissions of prominent business men, ministers, and educators having charge of preparing what each state will show.

To investors the display of southern minerals and southern timbers will perhaps be most interesting because it is in these resources that the possibilities of quick return for invested capital are best found; to home seekers, the Agricultural Department. The popular idea that everything south of the Ohio River is tropical and that nothing but cotton grows in these states where every product grows to its highest possible development, will be dispelled by a study of the agricultural display, and the people in the North and West who suffer from rigorous winters and fearfully hot summers, will find

that here in the South are the garden spots which they have been seeking.

It might be well in conclusion to say just a word as to the character of the men who have this work in charge and yet it hardly seems necessary. The president of the Exposition Company is Mr. Charles A. Collier, one of Atlanta's foremost business men and capitalists. Mr. Collier is vice president of the Capital City Bank and has large interests in different manufacturing enterprises. He is a man possessing to a high degree the executive ability necessary to such a work as this. A list of the directors is practically a list of the successful men of Atlanta. The governor of Georgia is one of these; ex-Governor Northen and ex-Governor Bullock are actively engaged in the Exposition work, as are the mayor of the city and the men who are most prominent in the city's commercial life. There are fifty members of the Board of Directors and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that in the entire list there is not one who is not widely known throughout the entire South, while most of them are known through their business connection throughout the country. The organization is modeled somewhat after the organization of the Columbian Exposition and the machinery is perfect.

Just a word about the progress of the work at the grounds and then I am through. The contracts call for the completion of most of the main buildings by the 1st of July. During the spring months there have been on an average about 2,000 men at work on the grounds each day and the present condition of the buildings indicates that most of them, if not all, will be completed at the time stated. This means that there will be no delay in the opening. There will have been spent on the grounds by the time the gates are open about \$2,000,000; and although the quantity will not equal that of the World's Fair and perhaps the Centennial Exposition, the quality will be all that could possibly be desired; the salient features of southern life will be there to please as well as to attract the interest. There will of course be all manner of amusements. Pleasure Heights has taken the place of the

Midway Plaisance and in addition to some of the most notable of the amusements of that famous pleasure-way there will be others that are new and equally unique. So that he who spends his half dollar at the main gate will have ample opportunity not only to

study that which will be of interest to him from an industrial and a commercial standpoint but will have ample opportunity of enjoyment.

It will be an Exposition worth coming a great many miles to see.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[August 4.]

"Like master like man."

**I**DEALS are the world's masters. That self which thinks, and judges, and knows, is always in advance of that other self which wills, and acts, and lives; and all the spare capital of the soul—all that is not appropriated to the daily uses and experiences of its life—is invested in ideals—projected into forms where it may be kept, contemplated, and worshiped, as the instituted sources of its inspiration. That which is godlike in men goes ahead of them into some form of their own choosing, to beckon them toward perfection and to lead them toward God. Wherever our affections cluster, there springs up an ideal character. Our ideal may not be up to the character which serves as its nucleus, nor identical with it in any way; but, wherever God sees our love concentrating, He plants Himself in the form of our noblest conceptions of honor, purity, and goodness, that we may be attracted toward Him.

We follow the lines of the flight of our conceptions as bee-hunters follow the flight of bees, for a little distance, and then we pause and let them feed again at our hearts, and follow their flight again, and repeat the process till, deep in the heart of the tree of life, we discover the store-house of the Divine Sweetness. God uses the ideals that we build as the media through which He inspires us. He employs them as agents by which to mold our character, so that if we could know the precise form of a man's ideals, we could know the influences at work upon him for his elevation and purification.

To illustrate the fact that our ideals are framed upon the objects of our affections, or the subjects of our nobler sentiments, and that all their inspiring influences come to us on the lines of these affections and sentiments, let me suppose an instance of the passion of love between the sexes. A man makes the acquaintance of a woman who inspires him with love. His reason, and all his previous knowledge of women, tell him that she is imperfect. His friends may tell him that she has a bad temper, that she is weak, that she is vain. But his love is fixed, and is as strong as a passion can be that lives in his nature; and his imagination springs to clothe her with all human perfections. Her movements are poetry, her eye is heaven, her voice is music, and her presence that of an angel. To him she is a pure, exalted, beautiful being, and he worships the qualities with which he invests her. Now it is very evident that he does not love the woman herself, but his ideal—the creation of his own mind—the embodiment of his highest ideas of womanly loveliness.

Mark how this ideal becomes an active power upon him—how it works a miracle upon him. Impure thoughts are banished from his mind, all inferior and unworthy aims are forsaken, he withdraws himself from degrading associations, and becomes ennobled and purified. This character, made by himself, transforms him. He has made, for the time, a divinity; and this divinity becomes his leader, strengthener, purifier, and inspirer. The God within us seeks for incarnation no less than the God without us; and the philosophical basis of

the influence upon men of the incarnation of God's ideal is identical with that of the influence of their own incarnated ideals.

From this illustration I proceed to the proposition that it does not matter what legitimate passion or sentiment may be called out with relation to an object, the result will always be the same in kind, if not in degree. We may admire, revere, esteem, love, and in many ways enjoy, through the exhibition to us of an infinite variety of characteristics; and our admiration, reverence, esteem, love, and enjoyment become the basis of the structure of ideals which shape the model of our own character, and inspire the life which it evolves.

Idolatry is enthronement of ideals of men ignorant of the true God. These ideals are formed of the highest qualities and conceptions of those who make them. They may be very low, but they shape the life of the people that produce them. Mariolatry is the worship of a very pure ideal, and the tributes offered to the multiplied saints of the Roman calendar are all paid to the incarnations of the noblest conceptions of their devotees. The marvelous gift of song possessed by Jenny Lind makes her admirable to us; so we clothe her with the loveliest attributes, and make her a goddess. The real power of Washington upon the American mind is exerted, not by his simple self, but by his character, modified, magnified, exalted, harmonized, and enthroned by that mind, as the impersonation of its highest conception of patriotism. In the American imagination, he is a demigod—a grand Colossus—before whose august shade we stand as pigmies. "All history is a lie," simply because no man can write it without being attracted to characters in such a way as to make ideals of them, and thus to throw all the facts connected with them out of their legitimate relations.

[August 11.]

I REPEAT the statement, that ideals are the world's masters. They order our life, they dictate the form of our history, they are the very essence of poetry, and the staple of all worthy fiction. Our affections choose

an object, and straightway our imaginations lift it into apotheosis. We garner in it that which is best in our thought, and it becomes a power upon us for the elevation of our life.

I have attempted thus far only to reveal and illustrate one of the most beautiful laws of mental action and reaction with which I am acquainted; and if my reader is as much interested in it as I am, he will follow me into a consideration of its bearings upon Christianity. I do not moot the question of the nature of the Founder of Christianity,—that is, I do not say that Christ was God, or was not God,—but I say, what few will dispute, that He was God's incarnated ideal of a man—that Christ was all of God and His attributes that could be put into a man. It follows, that unless we can fully comprehend God's ideal, the Christ that we hold is our own ideal; and His power upon us is measured and described by the character of our ideal.

"What think ye of Christ?" The answer to this great question, addressed to a soul or a sect, defines the type of Christianity possessed by such a soul or sect. He is what He is, a complete and definite character, but what we think of Him—our ideal of Him—determines the exact measure and kind of power with which He inspires us, and the quality and extent of the development He works in us.

It does not matter to this discussion whether Christ be what we believe Him to be, or a myth. If we admit that He is the first fact in the Christian system of religion, and the primary source of all inspiration to Christian movement and progress, it will follow that every soul and every sect must possess the highest possible idea of Christ before it can reach its highest point of development and its highest style of Christian life. According to our ideal of Christ—in the measure by which we invest Him with great attributes and authority—does He become to us an inspiring force. A person who thinks that Christ was only a good man, with frailties like other men—an individual who lived a very pure life, a reformer—can possess only a very shallow Christian piety, because we can find in his ideal of Christ no inspiration to a piety more profound. A

man who thinks the grand characteristics of Christ were meekness, self-denial, and patience under injury, without apprehending the other side of His character, will be a mean and abject man. A man who thinks that there was nothing in Christ but love—that contempt of all meanness, supreme reverence for justice, displeasure with all sin, and hatred of all cruelty and oppression had no place in Him, will expend his sympathy on prisoners, and build palaces for convicts, and circulate petitions for the abrogation of death penalties.

If the doctrine I have advanced be sound, it is not necessary to refer to history to prove that the progress of Christianity has depended in all the past (nor is the gift of prophecy requisite to the assertion that it will depend in all the future) upon the prevalent ideal of Christ. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Christ, as the inspirer of Christian life, is to the Christian world what that world makes Him to be. He must keep forever in advance of us, or there is no such thing as an infinite Christian progression.

If in the history of any soul its conception of Christ ceases to be higher than its own life, then that soul will have exhausted Christianity, and must stand still. If the history and being of Christ, as delineated by the Evangelists, forbid the world to form of Him the highest ideal which it is possible for it to conceive (which, of course, I do not believe), then those delineations must ultimately, by a philosophical necessity, become an insurmountable obstacle to the development of the highest style of Christianity of which the world is capable. I believe there is no proposition in moral philosophy more clearly demonstrable than this, and I hold myself in no way responsible for the conclusions to which it leads.

[ *August 18.* ]

I BELIEVE in the proverb that any religion is better than no religion, because every man's conception of goodness and duty is an advance of his character; and when this conception is embodied in an object of worship, it becomes an elevating power upon

his life that makes him capable of a certain degree of civilization. All the ideals of all ages have been developed in the direction of the perfect man—toward God's ideal. The shadowy gods that were grouped about Olympus were voiceless echoes of poor hearts crying after this perfect man.

Hugh Miller, the apostle of Science, found the rudiments of Christ in the rocks, and may we not find them in the souls of men? He found Jesus Christ in every lamina of the earth's crust; and as, with faith in his heart and the iron in his hand, he toiled among the old red-sandstone, he saw the fossil flora of his own Scotch hills tipped with tongues of flame and the fauna rigid with the stress of prophecy. It was as if the blood of Calvary had stained and informed with meaning the insensate mass in which he wrought; or as if he were, with a divine instinct, hewing away the rock from the door of the sepulcher where the ages had laid his Lord.

With a vision too glorious for the protracted entertainment of his mighty brain, he saw the varied forms of life climbing through the rugged centuries, and leaping from creation to creation, until they took resolution in the union of matter and spirit in man. But science with a pining heart behind it was not satisfied even then. Not until the complex creature man was united with God was the chain complete. Then, with the last link fastened to the Throne, the grand riddle of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" swung clear in the sight of angels and of men. So, to the delver in the stratified history of the race, do the dead ideals point toward and prophesy the advent and the character of the divine man.

Any religion is better than no religion because there exists in the ideal which inspires it a rudiment of Christ, and there is nothing in any religion that tends in any direct and legitimate way to the good of the soul which entertains it that is not a fraction or fragment of Christianity. Now it is manifest that every soul which gives in its allegiance to a fragmentary ideal of Christ stands really, for the time, upon the plane of pagan-

ism. In the degree in which Plato's ideal man, or ideal god, was greater than any given Christian's ideal Christ, was his paganism better than that Christian's Christianity—better in its essence, and better in its practical power upon life. The moment that a mind definitely circumscribes, measures, weighs, and comprehends its Christ, it limits its own Christian development, by fixing a point beyond which no Christian inspiration will come to it. The moment we cease to grow "in the knowledge of Jesus Christ," because there is no more to know of Him, God's ideal will become inferior to our ideal, for reaching it we shall immediately conceive an ideal beyond it, in accordance with that law of progress which always keeps our conceptions of goodness and greatness in advance of our life. So I ask the question: Will God's Christ answer the purpose of eternal progress, or will the time come when we shall be obliged to make a Christ for ourselves? I let every man answer this question in his own way.

[August 25.]

THIS leads me to a thought which I consider of the highest practical importance to the Christian world, and which I should be glad to develop more fully than my space will allow. If the view which I have presented of the law of progress in Christian life be correct, then theology is a progressive science, and there is, and there can be, no standard of belief and faith good for all ages. As our ideal of Christ grows toward, or into, God's ideal, will that ideal change its relation to all the great facts of theology, as they are now comprehended by theologians. The theological systems of men and schools of men are determined always by the character of their ideal of Christ, the central fact of the Christian system. All the other facts arrange themselves around this ideal, and in harmony with it. Thus, as our ideal advances, gathering new glory and

greatness and goodness, will certain doctrines which we now consider essential recede into insignificance, and others now scarcely insisted upon spring into prominence, and others still, now unknown, will be developed. Preachers and professors, churches and synods, may protest against innovations, but they must come by necessity, if there be any genuine Christian progress. A prescriptive standard of faith in Christianity—a system of everlasting progress—must forever remain an officious and sacrilegious intermeddling with the grand fundamental law of Christianity.

There is a time coming when all the sects which now divide Christendom will be melted into one. Nothing but the blotting out of Christianity can hinder it. My Presbyterian friend has his fragmentary ideal of Christ, my Episcopal friend another, my Roman Catholic friend another, and so on, through Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, and all the rest; but as the world's ideal of Christ advances, and He is apprehended in something of the fullness of His being and character, will the world's theologies approach each other. They must do so, and they are doing so to-day. The best evidence in the world that Christianity is advancing is found in the fact that the walls between the sects are growing weaker, or falling in ruins. When they all come up to the point of anything like a just idea of the sun in the center of their systems, they will find that there is no difference between them.

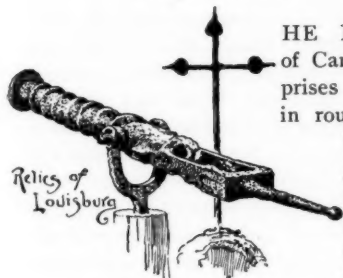
Therefore, let our ideal be kept well in advance, and always in advance; and let that ideal be the law of a man's theology. If my neighbor's ideal of Christ be better than mine, then not only his life, but his system of theology, will be better than mine; and God forbid that I should curb him, or try to impose upon him my ideal and my theology. Ah, these Procrustean prescripts of belief—what unspeakably useless things are they.—"*Timothy Titcomb.*"



## THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

### FIRST ARTICLE.



HE Dominion of Canada comprises an area in round numbers of 3,500,000 square miles. It extends from east

to west 3,500 miles, and from south to north about 1,900 miles. It is forty times as large as England, Wales, and Scotland combined. British India is large enough to contain a population of 250,000 million; and yet three British Indias could be carved out of Canada. Canada is sixteen times as large as the great German Empire, with its twenty-seven provinces, and its overshadowing influence in European affairs.

In the social conditions and political institutions of Canada there are traces of the conflict for one hundred and fifty years between the French and English for the possession of the continent. For that long period the history of Canada is intimately interwoven with that of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and of the Cavalier founders of Virginia. Its story, therefore, is of scarce less interest to the people of the United States than to the Canadians themselves.

The conflict for the continent was focused around a few strategic points. One of the most notable of these was Louisburg, in the extreme east of Cape Breton. Here the French erected at a cost of 30,000,000 livres the strongest fortress in America and one of the strongest in the world, with a wall forty feet thick and a ditch eighty feet wide. Four thousand colonial militia, almost unaided by the mother country, in 1745 reduced this stronghold. The fall of the strongest fortress in America before a little

army of New England farmers and fishermen caused the wildest delight at Boston and the deepest chagrin at Versailles. On the conclusion of peace Louisburg was given back to the French and was again captured and completely dismantled in 1755. Where giant navies rode and earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small fishing hamlet and a few moldering ruin mounds mark the grave of so much military pomp, and power, and glory.

Cape Breton presents in its interior a strangely isolated, Gaelic-speaking community. The premier of the province said to me last summer that a regiment of a thousand men could be raised on the island, all of them over six feet high and none of them speaking a word of English.

Within the bounds of the peninsula of Nova Scotia is the earliest permanent European settlement, save St. Augustine and Jamestown, in the New World—Port Royal, now Annapolis. When the British and the French occupied only two outposts on the very edge of the boundless continent, each was insanely jealous of the other and waged upon each other's settlements an implacable and

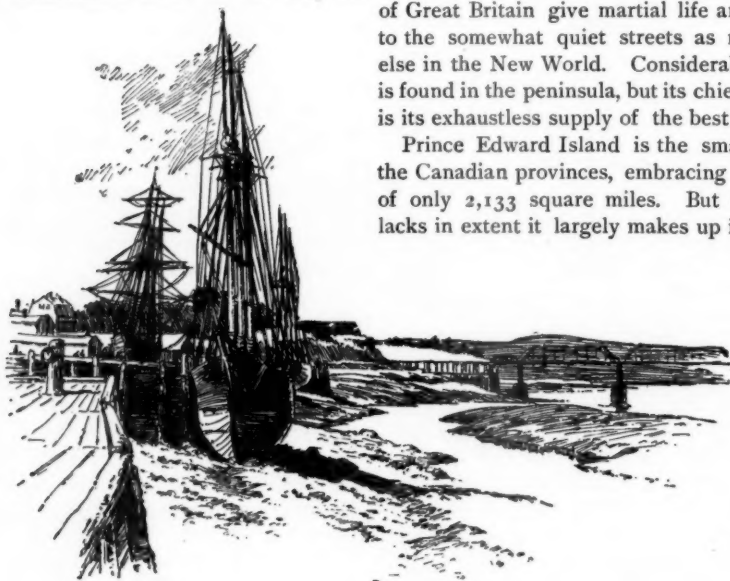


BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOR, AT LOW TIDE.

merciless war. One of the most pitiful episodes of that conflict was the expulsion of the Acadian settlers from the fertile prairies rescued from the tidal waters of the Bay of Fundy. The genius of Longfellow has rendered immortal that tale of love and sorrow, one of the saddest in our country's history. The land of Evangeline still attracts numerous pilgrims by its beautiful scenery and pathetic memories,

"Still stands the forest primeval, but under the shade  
of its branches,  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language."

The tremendous tides of the Bay of



LOW TIDE AT WINDSOR.

Fundy, rising from sixty to seventy feet, play strange pranks with its bays and rivers. Where a mighty squadron could float at noon, by sunset a skiff is stranded. That genial humorist, Charles Dudley Warner, remarks of the Avon at low tide that it would be a very beautiful stream if it only had some water. The tide rushes landward in a turbulent flood preceded by a great bore or rolling wave five or six feet high. This sometimes will overtake cattle on the flats. One may often see large vessels stranded

among the orchard trees leaning at all angles in their oozy bed.

This rocky and indented Acadian peninsula is yet in many places exceedingly fertile. Indeed, an old French writer claims that it produces everything that grows in France except the olive. In the Annapolis Valley one may ride over sixty miles through a continuous orchard, fair in May with its apple bloom as the Garden of the Hesperides.

Halifax, the capital, is the chief naval and military station of Great Britain in the western hemisphere. Here in land-locked security "all the navies of Europe" might float, and here the red coats and blue jackets of Great Britain give martial life and color to the somewhat quiet streets as nowhere else in the New World. Considerable gold is found in the peninsula, but its chief wealth is its exhaustless supply of the best of coal.

Prince Edward Island is the smallest of the Canadian provinces, embracing an area of only 2,133 square miles. But what it lacks in extent it largely makes up in fertil-

ity. The surface is low and undulating; the air soft and balmy, and much milder and less foggy than the adjacent mainland. The scenery, while not bold or striking, is marked by a rural picturesqueness, and is often lighted by shimmering reaches of salt-water lagoons and far-stretching bays, clear and blue as those of the Mediterranean.

The province of New Brunswick is about two thirds the size of Great Britain, or as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island.

Its four hundred miles of coast is indented by numerous harbors and it is intersected in every direction by large navigable rivers. The fisheries of both the Atlantic and Gulf coasts are of incalculable value and give employment to thousands of hardy mariners. The lumber industry is carried on on a vast scale on all the rivers. In its busy ports many ships were formerly built—"by the mile,"

it was said, "and then cut into lengths," but iron ships have now driven the wooden walls almost entirely from the seas.

The city of St. John, the capital, is a picturesque and busy port. Situated at the mouth of one of the great rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and the great distributing center for a prosperous province, it cannot fail to be a great city. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, the streets command a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is des-



MARTELLO TOWER, QUEBEC.

tined by nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world.

The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise high above the water-level, and the lighthouses look gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or baring their lofty foundations to the air. The remarkable beacon, shown in the engraving, at low tide is

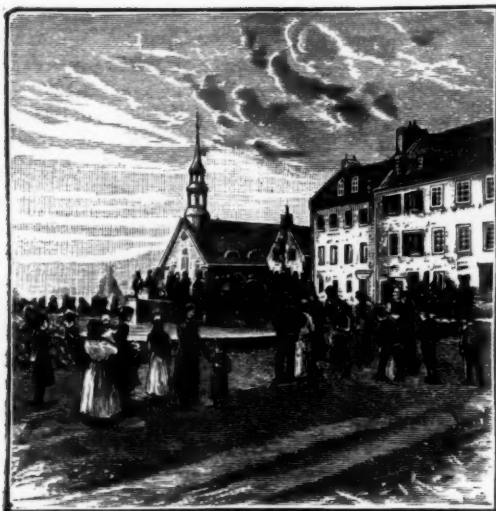
an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is heavily mantled with dripping seaweed, and its huge mass gives one a vivid idea of the height and force of the Bay of Fundy tides.

Fort La Tour, shown in the cut, commands a magnificent prospect and commemorates "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptered queen in European story."

The St. John is a noble stream over five hundred miles in length, almost as fine in



OLD FORT, ST. JOHN.



OLD MARKET SQUARE, QUEBEC.

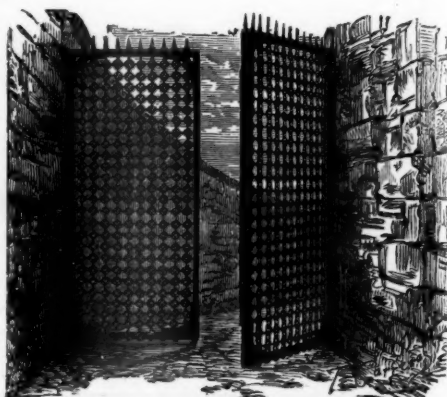
scenic effect as either the Hudson or the Rhine.

Proceeding westward we reach the longest settled and historically most interesting province of the Dominion. Quebec combines, in an unusual degree, magnificent scenery, romantic interest, and stirring associations. It is as large as Norway, Holland, Portugal, and Switzerland taken together, or as the area of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. The soil of much of this area is capable of high cultivation, but a considerable portion of it is rocky and infertile. Quebec has vast tracts of forest land and a very large lumber trade. It is rich in minerals, including gold, silver, copper, iron, plumbago, etc., and has immense deposits of phosphate of lime, but no coal. Its fisheries are of immense extent, and are among the most valuable in the world.

Its great feature is the majestic St. Lawrence, draining the largest body of fresh water on the globe, with a flow "as placid and pulseless as the great Pacific itself, yet as swift in places as the average speed of a railway train." It lies, for a thousand miles, between two great nations, "a river as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, as pure as the lakes of Switzerland."

All over the province, indeed all over the dominion and the continent, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, the adventurous French pioneers and explorers have left their footprints in the names of all the saints in the calendar, bestowed on cape, and lake, and river and mountain. "Not a cape was turned," says Bancroft, "not a river was entered, but a Jesuit led the way."

Much of the country presents a strange exhibition of arrested development. It seems like a part of Brittany, Artois, or Picardy which has drifted across the sea and become stranded on the shores of the mighty river. The quiet villages see the thunderous trains rush by, and calmly slumber on. The diminutive houses cluster around the huge, red-roofed, cross-crowned church, like children around the feet of their mother. At rustic wayside crosses wayfarers pause for a moment to whisper a *Pater* or an *Ave*. Frequently appear the populous dove-cots, an indication of seigneurial privilege. On many farms a rude windmill brandishes its stalwart arms, as if eager for a fray—a feature imported probably from the wind-swept plains of Normandy. Many of the cottages gleam with snowy whitewash—roofs and all



CHAIN GATE, CITADEL, QUEBEC.



NEW KENT GATE, QUEBEC.

—looking in the distance like a new washed flock of sheep or like the tents of an army. In many places the naked rocks protrude through the soil, as though the earth were getting out-at-elbows and exposing her bony frame.

The Canadian *habitants* are probably as conservative as any people on earth. They live peaceful and moral lives; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. French in all their thoughts, words, and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown, and contented under British rule.

The vast mass of the Laurentides rising in *Les Emboulements* to the height of 2,500 feet are the oldest rocks in the world, those first heaved above the seething primeval seas.

The most beautiful approach to Quebec is that by the river St. Lawrence from below the city. I think I never saw any other sight of such exquisite loveliness as the view of this historic spot when sailing up the river at sunrise. The numerous spires and tin roofs of the city caught and reflected the level rays of the sun like the burnished shields of an army. The virgin city seemed like some sea goddess rising from the waves with a diamond tiara on her brow.

E-Aug.

There is an air of quaint medievalism about the ancient city of Quebec that pertains, I believe, to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it, like the swifts around its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it, as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. The memories of its five sieges, of the deeds of valor and heroism wrought within its walls, of its scenes of disaster, privation, and suffering seem to haunt the very air. Many are the thrilling traditions of raids and foray against the infant colony and mission, of the massacres, captivities, and rescues of its inhabitants; many are the weird, wild legends, many the glorious, historical souvenirs clustering around the grand old city. To the mind's eye Jesuit and Recollect, friars black and friars gray, monks and nuns, gay plumed cavaliers and sturdy bourgeois, men of knightly name and red-skinned warriors of the woods, throng, in phantom-wise, the old market square.



OLD FRENCH HOUSE, QUEBEC.

If the ancient ramparts are allowed to crumble to ruin, the citadel, the *arx*, the true acropolis, is kept in a condition of most efficient defense. The steep glacis, deep fosse, solid walls, and heavy armament make the fort impregnable. A lofty gateway, the leaves of which are formed of in-



terlaced iron chains, admits to the fortress. The view from Cape Diamond is superb, and thrilling with historic associations. Directly opposite, at the distance of a mile or more, is Point Levis, whence Wolfe shelled the doomed city till the famished inhabitants wrote, "We are without hope and without food; God hath forsaken us." There is the broad sweep of the Beauport shore, which Montcalm had lined with his earthworks for seven miles. The view of the winding Moselle and storied Rhine from the fortress height of Ehrenbreitstein is one that has been greatly extolled; but to my mind the view from this historic rock is incomparably grander. The Martello tower, in the cut, is one of several that protect the city.

The Quebec streets are strangely quaint and picturesque. One of these, on the slope to the upper town, is quite impassable for carriages on account of its steepness, which is overcome by nearly a hundred steps. The timbered ceiling, thick walls, low steep roof, huge chimney, and curious dormers of the old houses which have sheltered so many generations are interesting souvenirs of



A STREET IN QUEBEC

the French régime.

There were till recently five gates permitting ingress and egress between the old town and the outside world. They were of solid wood framing, heavily studded with iron, opening into gloomy, vault-like passages, through scowling, stern-browed guard-houses, with grim looking cannon frowning through the embrasures overhead, and long, narrow loopholes on either side. These gates, however picturesque, were a serious obstruction to business. Under the inspirations of Lord Dufferin they were replaced by wider and more elegant structures, one of which, the

Kent Gate, is shown in the cut.

The many memories of this old historic spot are well celebrated in the following vigorous verses by the late governor general, the Marquis of Lorne:

"O fortress city! Bathed by streams  
Majestic as thy memories great,  
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate  
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,  
Born of the hero hearts who died  
In forming here an empire's pride;  
Prosperity attend thy fate,  
And happiness in thee abide,  
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate."

## THESE GOLDEN NINETIES.

BY D. H. WHEELER, LL. D.

**A**N unexampled increase in the output of gold is coming into notice, and the plain facts may well command consideration apart from the relations of these facts to currency discussions. The Californian and Australian discoveries of gold (1848-50) were followed by a remarkable development of prosperity all over the world. If like causes produce like events, the world may anticipate prosperity for the years just before us. For it is not only true that the world's output of gold in 1893 exceeded that of any preceding year—and that of 1894 was still greater—but there was never before a tenth as much gold in sight and not yet mined. Future output has always hitherto been uncertain, more uncertain than any other kind of production. There is now also a large margin of uncertainty; but there is also a good basis of certainty that the supply of gold will increase year by year for several years to come; and this basis for certainty is a minimum estimate of output.

The expectation that this decade will add two thousand millions of gold to the world's supply is a very reasonable one. What this means may be seen at a glance. The production of gold for 1893 amounted to more than \$155,500,000. Official figures for 1894 are not made up; but probably the total output climbed up to \$180,000,000, a gain of sixteen per cent over 1893, and of more than one hundred per cent over 1887. The simple fact that in the year 1894 we were producing twice as much gold as in 1887; the simple fact that this product of the gold mining of the world last year was greater than the total of both gold and silver mined in the best year of the fifties—our famous gold decade—such facts are our data for an estimate. The causes which have produced large crops of gold since the decade began are in operation and no one can reasonably expect a decline of their vigor.

The gold discoveries of 1849-50 added in

a decade about 1,160 million dollars to our stock of gold. This vast increase startled mankind. The prospect of nearly if not quite double that amount in the present decade will affect all business favorably as soon as the facts come to be appreciated in their full meaning.

What are the facts on which we rest our expectation of a continued increase in the output of gold? (1) Renewed or increased activity in the old fields. (2) New fields of prodigious promise. (3) Better methods of extracting gold from rocks and alluviums. (4) Wider and better organization of the gold industry. (5) A strong demand for gold. (6) The increase of rock mining over sand washing in this industry.

There has been a renewal or an expansion of gold mining in California, Australia, the Rocky Mountains, and other relatively old fields. Each region has increased its yield every year since 1887. The total of that year was about \$85,000,000, last year we more than doubled it. During the eight years, the increase in several of the old countries (1894 over 1887) has been about as follows: In the United States, \$10,000,000; in India, \$4,000,000; in Russia, \$7,000,000; in the Guianas, \$5,000,000; Australia \$10,000,000. The figures are approximate for each region, but all together these five regions gained more than \$36,000,000. They were all producing gold in 1860. Africa was a small producer in 1860, but in the eight years increased its output from less than \$2,000,000 to over \$30,000,000, chiefly from one group of South African mines, the Witwatersrandt group, the richest ever discovered.

It is to be remembered that for two decades before 1887, the gold production in the old regions had declined. This year marks an upward turn which has been maintained in every country. Of course new mines have been found; but the old and abandon-

ed mines have contributed to the increase through chemical advances in separating gold from base metals. The sum of it is that if we leave out the new regions, we are steadily increasing our gold from long-known sources of supply.

We must not forget that the human nature of the gold-finder is not expansive and communicative. He conceals his discoveries until he is obliged to share them with others in order to mine his gold; and he hides his gold until he is obliged to resort to the mints. Even then he may be circuitous and secretive in his movements. For example, it is alleged that American virgin gold is now being exported to the Orient. The mints get something less than the whole output.

Every month brings us reports of new discoveries in some one or more of the old fields. During the first five months of this year such reports have come from Russia, West Australia, North Carolina, Alabama, and from several points in the Rocky Mountain region. The certainty is an increase in each of these fields; the possibility is an immense increase.

But it is in the new fields that the miracles of gold discovery are being wrought. South Africa, British Columbia, Tierra del Fuego, and Alaska offer us the more fascinating and credible of these marvelous discoveries. A new element has been added to this species of industry. Gold has always until recently been found by accident as petroleum oil was first found. Now gold is sought just as oil is sought by careful study of fields and by exploring outfits. There never were so many people hunting for gold and the search was never so wide and so scientific.

The African discoveries are the most remarkable, or rather their extent is best known. They did not assume importance until 1888, and little was known of them by the American public until 1892. In round millions, the growth has been: in 1888, \$4,500,000; in 1889, \$8,500,000; in 1890, nearly \$10,000,000; in 1891, nearly \$16,000,000; in 1892, \$24,000,000; in 1893, over \$29,000,000. No one supposes that

the discoveries are finished or that the known fields are explored at this date. Enough is known to justify the belief that new fields will be opened. The world-wrecking "Six Thousand Tons of Gold" may be found in Africa.

But what has been found to be the most productive group of mines has been carefully examined by scientific experts. Their purpose was to find out the *minimum* probable product of these mines. Their minimum—lowest possible—estimate was one thousand million dollars. Bear in mind that this covers only one small mining region. Bear in mind also that though a score or more years must elapse while this gold is being taken out, yet an acceleration of the work may be expected every year for several years to come. This Witwatersrandt group of mines has never been equaled or approached. But what is there to justify a belief that other finds may not equal or surpass it?

The other new fields are remarkable for their vicinity to the Poles. Tierra del Fuego is far south. Alaska is far north. Gold washing has gone on increasing for perhaps a decade in the South American antipodes. The aggregate possibilities cannot be measured. The only certain thing is that an increase year by year may be expected. Far up under the arctic circle, American adventurers, ascending our second longest stream, the Yukon, have found gold enough to overcome their fear of the rigorous climate. And here too a steady increase must go on for years. English adventurers have toiled up the Fraser River in British Columbia and found gold in the only less frozen North. Russian gold increases because the corresponding region in Siberia yields rich supplies of gold. Coming down to a more habitable region, the papers tell us of rich gold quartz in the Rainy Lake country not far off from the birth springs of the Mississippi.

I have in my hands a pamphlet guide to the great Yukon gold region lying partly in Canada and partly in the United States. The author states that this gold field is so extensive that a hundred thousand pros-

pectors might range in it and no one of them know of the presence of any other. The shortness of the season and the difficulty of transporting supplies and the extreme cold of the winters combine to delay production in this field; but it is certain to add for a decade to our annual output; and it is possible that the addition may be very large.

In our Rocky Mountain region, we now get more than half our American gold. New mines are found every year. Does any one suppose that all have been found or that the search has ended? The hydraulic mining of gold in California may yet justify the enthusiasts who say that five hundred millions of gold may be produced by these practically new methods.

In the four years elapsed of this decade the gold mines of the world have yielded five hundred and sixty millions. Suppose the remaining years to run: 1895, \$200,000,000; 1896, \$225,000,000; 1897, \$255,000,000; 1898, \$285,000,000; 1899, \$320,000,000; 1900, \$355,000,000. The aggregate for the decade would be \$2,190,000,000; or suppose that the average continues to be that of 1894—\$180,000,000: The result is a total of \$1,630,000,000, which is nearly fifty per cent more than was got in the brilliant decade of Australia and Victoria, which gave us only \$1,160,000,000.

The disposition to ignore the fact that the four years have added half as much to our gold as the whole decade of the fifties may perhaps explain the gold-despair as to the future. People who will not receive a fact but dismiss it as "a few figures," may be expected to reject the logic of that fact. Some attention may therefore be due to two pessimistic views put forth by "a mining engineer." (1.) That no such fruitful field as California in 1851 and Victoria in 1853 is now being worked for gold. (2.) That sixty-seven per cent of our gold is now wrested from the rocks, and at much greater cost than the gold from California sands. The answers to these arguments are the following showing of facts:

(1) In previous periods, eldorados have been few and the more startling in their re-

sults because they were few. In the fifties, the great gold harvest was gathered in two countries; California and Victoria. Now it is gathered in a score of fields, no one of which equals either of the two great fields of the fifties; but the aggregate yield of all the fields exceeds that of the two when they were at their best. Every year sees a widening of this harvestfield; and though no acre produces as much as a California acre in 1851, yet all the acres taken together surrender to our labor an increasing amount of gold.

(2) Another significant change is that in the fifties, California and Victoria gold was obtained by washing surface alluviums—for the most part. Deep rock mining has never until this decade been a large factor in production. Singularly enough, the fact that sixty-seven per cent of our gold is dug up in rocks is urged as a reason for distrusting the gold crop of the future. Of course, deep gold costs more than surface gold after each is found. But the cost per cent of finding surface gold is much greater, for all the lost time in searching must be counted. But when once a quartz vein of gold is found the mining of it can be reduced to a business basis and the one discovery yields many times more gold than a placer find.

(3) The additional cost of mining rock gold does not affect the question of an increased supply until the purchasing power of gold falls below the cost of mining it. Those who take a gloomy view of gold supply anticipate no such result. Rock mining of silver has put that metal on a business basis—cost of production can be determined. When placer gold falls to fifteen or twenty per cent of the total supply, gold will stand to supply and demand as other metals do—the demand for gold as money being like any other kind of demand and affecting the price or purchasing-power of it as in other things demand affects purchasing-power. The sum of it is that if the earth's rocks contain a large amount of gold for which there is a demand at the cost of production, it will be mined.

(4) Already chemistry has reduced the cost of gold extraction from rocks; the effect being

to make it possible to work the lower grade ores.

There is no reason to doubt that deep gold mining will follow the course of all other mining—reduced cost through invention. In copper-mining, for example, a great reduction in cost has come in spite of increasing depth. The disputed question of fact whether gold veins are richer or poorer as the miner descends into the earth does not closely concern the question of an increased supply.

That increase is certain for some years.

If the world continues to want gold for use as money, the annual output will go on increasing for several years. In this want of gold, search for gold, business organization of gold discovery and gold mining, there are possibilities of vastly greater gains than any yet realized or anticipated; but a minimum estimate puts the output of the golden nineties away up toward double that of the golden fifties.

## PILGRIMAGES TO MECCA AND THE PROPAGATION OF DISEASE.

BY M. A. PROUST.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

IT is known that nothing contributes more to the propagation of epidemics than great agglomerations of people and those human migrations which under the form of pilgrimages are made in certain countries and at certain times. Pilgrimages to Arabia are from this point of view the most dangerous; and in the first class must be ranked the pilgrimage to Mecca which gave rise to the great cholera epidemics of 1865 and 1893.

The origin of pilgrimage is lost in the night of antiquity. It had existed a long time before the foundation of Mecca in the fifth century of our era. The ceremonies of Islamism are built upon the relics of the pagan rights which Mahomet not daring to abolish adapted to his use. In the time of Arabian idolatry pilgrimages were always made in the autumn, but Mahomet named the last three months of the year as the time of celebration. It resulted, however, owing to the calendar then in use, that each year the date of the festival comes several days earlier, and in the space of about thirty years it happens that they occur successively in all seasons. Pilgrimage to Mecca was made obligatory by Mahomet. He named it as the fourth fundamental act of the Mussulman religion. Prayer, alms, and fasting constituted the other three. These formed the pillars of Islamism.

Making a pilgrimage, however, is obliga-

tory only upon those who are able to meet the expenses. It is required that every pilgrim shall furnish proof before his departure that he possesses the necessary resources for the journey. In early times a great number engaged in this undertaking entirely unprepared to meet the expenses of the trip and in spite of precaution this happens sometimes yet. One who was himself a pilgrim in 1892 writes, "I saw those on the way who possessed not a single piece of money. Two died of thirst in the deserts of Arafat, not being able to purchase a glass of water. A great number during the two months had for their food only the remnants of miserable repasts or the bread of alms. If the desert could speak it would tell of how many unfortunates it is guarding the bones in its sands."

Children under six years of age, weakly women, the blind, the old, the feeble, and those who have not a certificate of vaccination within three years, are now prohibited from going to Mecca.

After 1831 and especially after 1847 it was learned at Constantinople from the pilgrims coming from Mecca that the cholera often broke out during their travels. Hence the return of these caravans excited at different times great inquietude in Egypt and Damascus, but the fears were always quieted by the arrival of the hajis, or pilgrims, who told that the first ravages of the sickness



completely disappeared after a certain time of travel across the desert. Since that time cholera has reappeared many times at Mecca. In 1865, upon false declarations of the captain, entrance was given at Suez to the *Sidney*, an English steam vessel coming from Jiddah. It had lost several cholera patients during the voyage. On May 21, two days after its arrival, cholera was declared at Suez. The captain and his wife were among the sick. The caravan reached Alexandria by the railroad, the canal not yet being opened. Cholera appeared there June 2. In three months sixty thousand persons succumbed in Egypt. From there the epidemic invaded Europe, Asia Minor, and America.

The question, then, is, how to prevent the return of such epidemics, to keep these pilgrimages from becoming every year an epidemic center, how to protect Europe. The measures of preventing the spread of disease must be imposed with a more pressing exaction now that the pilgrims have recourse to steam navigation. Formerly when they arrived in caravans or when they were transported in sail vessels, the time for the journey was so much longer that the disease often extinguished itself, but to-day the conditions are much changed. The journey has become much easier and consequently is undertaken by greater numbers, and the short time in which it can be made puts the world in the presence of a threatening peril.

There is not a single detail in the organization of these pilgrimages which does not present from a hygienic point of view, the most manifest inconveniences. The journey takes place under the burning sun. The water contained in the leathern bottles forms the only drink of the pilgrims. Fresh water in the oases is sold by the soldiers and the vagabond Arabs at a price far beyond the means of the people. The simoom is cruel. On their approach to their holy city the pilgrims are compelled to submit to practices which render their hardships more painful still. The barber shaves their heads. At the same time they put on the pilgrims' costume, the *ihran*, a garment composed of two pieces, one of which is fastened about the loins, the other thrown over the shoulders in

such a way as to leave the right arm uncovered. This protects the body well enough but leaves the heads completely bare.

It is a grave error to think that the Mussulman women are obliged to go veiled. Their religious service, on the contrary, requires them to be unveiled. One traveler reports always seeing them at the ceremonies without a veil, but they carefully conceal their hair, for the exhibition of the least lock is considered an act of coquetry. During the pilgrimage the veil is absolutely forbidden. Certain women, however, from great cities and the higher classes, who have never been accustomed to going without veils, have found an expedient for getting out of this difficulty. They place under their veil a mask made of the fiber of the palm, which is worn at a little distance from the face. The veil falls thus over the mask and it does not touch the face, so that they do not break the rule of Mahomet.

The total number of pilgrims who take part in these ceremonies varies from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand; only the grand shereef who collects a tax upon each pilgrim can tell the accurate figures. At Mecca the pilgrims stay a variable time, according to their piety, their means, or their business. Some pass months there, a few, even years; but the greater number remain only for the ceremonial pilgrimage properly so called, which lasts twelve days.

In spite of the description furnished by historians, up to the beginning of this century a veritable mystery enveloped the holy places of Islamism into which Europeans could not penetrate under pain of death. It is only necessary to recall the massacre of 1858 at Jiddah, the only port in which Europeans were tolerated, in order to see how inaccessible to Europeans were these centers of fanaticism. Among very few Europeans who have penetrated to Mecca, were a Hollander, Dr. Hurgronje, and a Frenchman, Léon Roche. The latter began preparing for his enterprise by making a profession of the Mussulman faith. He reached Mecca in the midst of a thousand dangers; denounced as a Christian by the Algerines, he

would inevitably have been put to death but for the intervention of six vigorous negroes who pretended to take upon themselves the charge of his execution. They bound him, gagged him, and placed him upon a camel, and, over a new route, conducted him in seven hours to Jiddah.

We owe to such courageous travelers the description of the holy place and the details which are given here.

The sight of the great mosque flanked with its minarets is greeted with the liturgical cry, "We are ready for thy service, O God, we are ready." The mosque is in the form of a vast parallelogram measuring five hundred and eighty by four hundred and twenty feet. After crossing the colonnade the pilgrim sees suddenly before him the Kaaba, the House of God. It looks like an immense catafalque covered with a pall, the black mass making a violent contrast with the glistening white of the other constructions. On the inside of the wall which encloses the Kaaba and leaves it standing near the center of an oblong space, runs the colonnade, supporting pointed arches and surmounted by a number of little cupolas of a shining whiteness. Above the colonnade rise seven minarets, round or quadrangular, painted in various colors. Seven paved paths converge from the colonnade to the Kaaba. The first care of the pilgrim is to direct his steps immediately to this House of God and to prostrate himself before the Black Stone set in a circle of silver at one of the angles of the temple.

Tradition relates that Abraham having wished to build a temple to the Lord upon the place where he had abandoned Hagar and Ishmael to their fate, the angel Gabriel brought him this stone, which had fallen from heaven, and since the deluge had been concealed in a mountain near Mecca. It is a piece of black basalt, or perhaps an aërolite, which measures about seven inches in diameter. The pilgrims fall upon this stone and cover it with their kisses.

The House of God is entirely covered with a drapery of heavy black silk, named the *Kessoua*, or the Carpet. The portion of this drapery which covers the door is

embroidered in silver, and a large scintillating band of gold and silver, on which are inscribed verses from the Koran, runs midway around the drapery. Every year a new *Kessoua* is made at Cairo at the expense of the sultan of Stamboul. The right of presenting the sacred veil is considered a sovereign privilege. In 1893 the silk alone was valued at six thousand dollars. A caravan called the "Caravan of the Carpet" solemnly brings it to Mecca.

The old *Kessoua* belongs to the grand shereef who keeps the gold of the embroideries and cuts up the cloth into fragments for distribution; part of them are given to the great personages of Islam, and part are sold at about eight or ten dollars a square foot to the pilgrims who carry them home to their friends who make of it amulets believed to be gifted with marvelous powers. Superstition is very great. Magic belts are believed to cure disease. The future is read in old bones and in oyster shells. They believe in amulets and conjuring of all sorts. A certain number of women pass as being possessed by an evil spirit.

One of the ceremonies of the pilgrimage called the *Sai*, consists in a journey made at a very rapid pace from a hill called Kafa to another called Merwa, a distance from one another of about twelve hundred feet. The journey is to be made seven times in the midst of a general hurly burly during which every one is praying in a loud voice. It is to represent the agitation of Hagar made desperate at seeing Ishmael dying of thirst. The pilgrims can gain still greater indulgences by making seven times each day a circuit of the Kaaba. Burton tells of seeing sick people engaged in making these rounds and even of corpses carried about the building by their friends.

The well of Zemzem is, next to the Kaaba, the object of most veneration. It is situated north of the House of God and opposite the Black Stone. When Hagar, driven out by Abraham, was wandering in the desert, and the child was about to die of thirst, the angel Gabriel ordered her to dig in the sand with her foot. A miraculous stream

immediately gushed forth but in such abundance that the waters almost engulfed the poor fugitives. "*Zemzem*," that is to say, "Withhold," cried Hagar in prayer to God, and immediately the inundation was arrested. At the present time the level of the water is constant, being fed by a natural subterranean spring. It is limpid, a little warm, but sweet to drink. The water of the well of Zemzem purifies soul and body and gives happiness in the other life, while at the same time it incidentally furnishes a great source of revenue to the members of the religious caste who sell it.

On leaving Mecca the pilgrims go immediately to Mount Arafat, situated about twenty miles distant. According to Musliman tradition, when Adam and Eve were driven from Paradise for eating the forbidden fruit, and were precipitated upon the earth, Eve fell upon Arafat and Adam in Ceylon. Adam sought his wife during a hundred years and finally found her upon Arafat.

On the eighth day of the festival, celebrated in memory of the grief of Abraham when he was called upon to immolate his son, the pilgrims go to Arafat in solemn procession, accompanying the official and military caravans from Assyria and Egypt, having the *Mahmel* at their head. The *Mahmel* is a pyramidal canopy covered with magnificent golden embroidery, and placed upon a platform. The whole is borne upon the back of a sacred camel said to be descended from the camels of the Prophet.

Upon the platform there is an antique silver box enclosing the relics of Mahomet. Upon the *Mahmel* of Egypt are placed the cap, sandals, and other articles which belonged to this prophet. After this ceremony these objects are carried back in great pomp to the city of Cairo and placed near the tomb of Mahomet-Ali.

The sacrifices of Courban-Bairam take place the next day in the Valley of Mouna. The sacrificer turns the heads of the animals toward the Kaaba while pronouncing the sacrificial words. In 1893 more than twenty thousand sheep were slain. The day of sacrifice is the critical day, for the valley is

narrow, devoid of water, and overheated by the rays of an ardent sun. Burton says that up to 1856 no care had been taken against evil results following the putrefaction. The bodies of the animals were barely covered and sometimes they were left lying in the open air.

According to the Koran nothing which is done at Mouna is wicked, so after the sacrifice those so disposed give themselves up to veritable saturnalia which are the despair of good Mussulmans. Many of the pilgrims come to the holy places through curiosity, through interest, or through vanity, rather than for devotion and they now yield themselves to excesses of every kind. There are to be found there slave merchants, venders of hasheesh, of merchandise of all sorts and from all places. The pilgrims empty their purses and for many misery commences. The pilgrimage to Mecca in fact has not only the character of a religious ceremony, it is also a veritable fair where the commercial affairs are carried on and often it is a rendez-vous where political questions are discussed. There reigns besides an atmosphere remarkable for fanaticism and folly; for instance, last year it was reported and believed that England was about to adopt Islamism as the national faith and that there was already building at London a magnificent mosque; and it was firmly believed Mohammedanism would soon conquer the world.

The hygiene of pilgrimage should be considered from a private or individual point of view, and also from a public and international standpoint. The more that can be done for the former, the less will have to be regulated for the latter. Unfortunately the individual hygiene of the pilgrims is deplorable. They arrive at Jiddah, worn out by the long journey. They suffer under the burning sun during the day and are exposed at night to the cold of the desert, an abrupt change of temperature. A great number sleep in the open air upon the ground. Their nourishment is bad. The water is often brackish and exposed to all sorts of pollutions. Together with the extremes of temperature and all other miseries,

this water brings on very soon dysentery and prepares for an outbreak of the dreaded cholera.

The health commission at Mecca consists of a physician from Medina, of a physician from Mecca, another from Jiddah, and one from Cameron. A sum of about two thousand dollars was placed by the government at the disposal of this commission which had charge of bettering the condition of this city of sixty thousand souls into which was crowded in 1893 more than three hundred thousand persons.

The commission took really almost no action regarding its duty and was contented with the honor of its office. Astonishment was great at Jiddah in the month of March, 1894, when it was known that Marshal Assad-Pasha had debarked as a special envoy from the sultan bringing with him a sum of about eight thousand dollars for the construction of asylums and hospitals in Mecca. And a few days after the delegates from Turkey to the convention at Paris declared that measures were being taken under orders from the sultan to better the conditions of the pilgrims. They said that a complete reorganization was to be made in this eastern land. Turkey wished by this means to disarm the fears of the convention in order to avoid the researches of Europe regarding the health of the pilgrims. So this marshal was kept at Mecca while the conference was in session. His stay, however, was very short; as soon as the conference at Paris was closed the marshal returned to Constantinople.

Meanwhile, in spite of the good assurances nothing has been done up to the present at Jiddah. It was said that they had thrown up at Mecca foundations of a vast establishment and that the walls were being laid. It was asserted that twenty masons, without counting their assistants, were working there. They were said to have embarked in April, 1894, and to have sent a great quantity of iron and of brick intended for the hospitals at Mecca. But the greater part of these materials rests yet upon the coast at Jiddah. Nothing has been done in a hy-

gienic way. It is to be feared that it will be a long time yet before there is an actual hospital at Mecca. The Turks, in spite of their good will, can do nothing or almost nothing. If they insist they will bring about a revolution.

The Bedouins committed in 1894 sore ravages against the pilgrims. There were even some shots fired between Medina and Mecca against an Egyptian escort. In May, 1894, the mortality was great among the pilgrims who stayed in the holy city. The physicians at Mecca made researches and found the cause to be the contamination of the drinking water. The holy water from the well of Hagar, the object of so much veneration to the pilgrims, they will not cease drinking. Under the orders of the physician the officers told the pilgrims that they must use it as sparingly as possible, but this advice aroused their suspicions and became for the pilgrims a veritable subject of scandal and was not heeded in the least. The officers dared do nothing more for fear of provoking a revolution. To close the access to the sacred place would be most dangerous.

Thus may be seen the difficulties in the way of regulating the hygienic questions touching the exodus of the Mussulman world to the holy city. The good will of the Turkish authorities themselves cannot accomplish what should be done in Mecca. They are obliged to yield to the ignorance and fanaticism of the crowds who will not allow the least change to be made in the traditions which they venerate and in the customs with which they are familiar. In 1893 it was known a month before the festival that cholera had broken out at Mecca, but two or three thousand pilgrims who were then at Suez none the less pushed forward. It seemed to them veritable sacrilege not to carry out their purpose. It is politically and materially impossible to stop pilgrimages. But authority ought to be brought to bear on keeping the conditions the best possible and so enabling the pilgrims to resist maladies. The more that can be done for the pilgrim the less there will have to be done against him.

## IN THE PINE LANDS OF GEORGIA.

A STORY OF PLANTATION LIFE.

BY MISS E. F. ANDREWS.

Author of the "Ugly Girl" Sketches, "Prince Hal," "A Family Secret," "A Mere Adventurer," etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE visit to Castle Hill, on which Margaret had counted so much, was delayed longer than she had expected.

It was the season of the year when everybody that owns a place in the "piney woods" likes to run down to it for a week or two, to enjoy the bright sunshine and the early strawberries. Everybody was inviting everybody else to dinner or to lunch, to lawn parties, card parties, boating parties, or riding parties, and Mrs. Telfair had every day engaged for her guests for nearly a week ahead, before they arrived. Then, the owner of a neighboring estate, who was also a railroad president, invited the whole party to accompany himself and his wife in an excursion to Florida in his private car. The trip occupied about ten days, so that it was more than two weeks before Felix Randal could find a vacant space to wedge his little fête into, and fulfill his double promise of driving Margaret over his estate and then taking her across the lake to visit her own.

"We had better start early, while the dew is on the ground and everything is looking bright and fresh," he said, as he parted from Margaret the evening before on the front steps at Longwood. "I always think the country looks its best early in the morning, and we can finish our drive while it is cool and pleasant, and meet the rest of the party when they assemble on the lake shore. I suppose you are willing to trust her with me, Mrs. Telfair," he continued, as he turned to shake hands with that lady.

"Oh, yes; there is no need of a chaperone with you," answered Mrs. Telfair, laughing, "you are as good as married already, and I dare say you can both be trusted to keep out of mischief."

He smiled and went his way, but it was a forced and unnatural smile, and faded from

his lips as soon as he had turned his back on the noisy, laughing group that stood chattering together like a flock of sparrows in the broad beam of light that streamed from the hall door, across the broad piazza. Why was it that this playful reminder of an event, the mere thought of which, a fortnight ago, would have sent a thrill of joy through his veins, now made him feel sick at heart? And why did he start, with something like a shudder, as the thought flashed through his mind that just one month from this day of grace, April 18, 189-, was the time appointed for his marriage? He did not attempt to answer the question; he did not even dare to put it to himself, but with a cowardice not confined to weak natures, deliberately refused to look into his own heart and see what he knew was there.

He had obeyed Laura's injunction to be "nice to Margaret" so zealously that no one who wasn't in the secret would ever have suspected what a self-sacrificing hero he was. Captain Forsyth's attentions to Laura disturbed his equanimity as little as his own philanthropic efforts in Margaret's behalf seemed to disturb Laura. Indeed, these two young couples had early developed a singular propensity for changing partners. Even when they started out properly paired, they were sure to get mixed, somehow, before very long, and to stay mixed most of the time. Still, among friends, this liberty might be admissible, and as Felix never forgot his duty to Laura sufficiently to excite remark, he drifted along with no thought of whither he was tending, until he woke up one day to find himself in the most deplorable situation in which a man of honor can be placed, with his faith plighted to one woman and his heart hopelessly enslaved to another.

That was a glorious drive next morning,



in the early sunlight, with Margaret by his side. Even the harsh wire-grass had yielded to the gentle influence of spring, and made a soft green carpet for the flowers of every hue that were scattered over the ground in such wanton profusion that you might have stood almost anywhere by the roadside and gathered a rich bouquet without moving out of your tracks. Every little hollow contained a pool or a limesink, along the borders of which, the yellow jessamine and wild azaleas ran riot in their reckless prodigality of color and fragrance, while over all floated the sweet breath of the pines, like a healing elixir. The beautiful bays, Felix's favorite team, sped over the clean, white, sandy road with such good will, that in less than half an hour they had laid behind them the three miles that separate Longwood from Lakeside, and drew up in front of their master's door.

Mrs. Randal, a sweet old gentlewoman in an immaculate gown of freshly laundered cambric, met them at the door and insisted that they should take a cup of chocolate and a biscuit before continuing their drive. They sat down, accordingly, on the shady end of the piazza, and regaled themselves to the good old lady's satisfaction, and their own likewise.

Margaret observed, as they sat there sipping their chocolate, that the birds did not seem to be disturbed in the least by their presence, but continued to flutter and chatter among the overhanging vines as if man were not a creature to be feared at all. Even the shy hummingbirds would dart in and out among the jessamine blossoms, regardless of their human neighbors, and one bold mocker, after perching himself on a trellis and volunteering a solo, the like of which has never been heard in any opera house, coolly proceeded to collect his pay from a bowl of freshly gathered strawberries that had been placed on a side table to await the pleasure of his betters.

"We never permit these innocent creatures to be molested," said Mrs. Randal, in answer to Margaret's look of delighted surprise, "and so, while they pilfer a little sometimes, as you see, they amply repay us

by their services. I have quite a colony of half-tamed mockers about the place, that I feed as regularly as I do my poultry, and I fancy they know me, though none are quite so free and easy as that saucy fellow yonder," pointing to the little rogue, who, having satisfied his appetite, had perched himself on an oleander tree near by, and was engaged in a confidential chat with a neighbor, telling him, no doubt, what a good breakfast he had just enjoyed.

This same spirit of confidence and trust, Margaret found among the dumb creatures all over the plantation. They had never been taught by harshness or cruelty to look for an enemy in man. The gray squirrels came out of the woods and frisked about in the garden walks and even helped themselves to corn and bread crumbs out of the chicken coops. The poultry in the barnyard flocked around her feet so that it was hard for Margaret to keep from stepping on them, and the horses and cattle came up and offered to rub noses with her in the most sociable manner.

"It is their way of making friends," said Felix, laughing, as he led her back to the surrey to resume their drive through the plantation. "But I see you are not afraid of them," he added, as she stopped to bestow a caress on a big chestnut trotter that had been particularly demonstrative in his attentions.

"Oh, no," cried Margaret, "it is like the millennium; it makes me think of the time when 'the lamb and the lion shall lie down together.'"

Her enthusiasm charmed Felix. The sympathetic interest that she showed in his undertakings, the readiness with which she understood and entered into all his projects, were very sweet to him, and he could hardly repress a sigh as he contrasted it with Laura's indifference to his favorite pursuits.

They drove on through acres of beautiful garden land, where busy hands were gathering strawberries for the northern markets and packing into crates the early vegetables ready for shipping by the fast freight to lands where nature has been less profuse with her bounties. Then they passed through

a great cloud of pink and white blossoms, where long rows of peach and pear trees rained a snow of fragrant petals on their heads. The fig was there and the pomegranate, with its bright red blossoms blazing like fiery stars against the dark green foliage. Then came an open space dotted over with little hills, which, unlike the mountain in the fable, were destined to bring forth car-load upon car-load of luscious melons. Next, in endless succession, followed fields of young corn and cane, and tender cotton plants just gaining their first suit of full leaves, while the woods and copses were brilliant with may-haw and red-bud, till it seemed to Margaret that like Eden of old, there was no tree pleasant to the sight or good for food, which this favored land did not bring forth.

But what pleased her most was to see the shining black faces look up from their work and break into smiles at the sight of their employer. The women, chopping in their little gardens, or bending over their wash-tubs, stopped to wave them a morning greeting, and troops of little black pickaninnies would run out from every cottage and almost throw themselves under the horses' heels in their eagerness to get a word from "Marse Felix." His own kindly, sunny nature seemed to reflect itself in everything around him and pay him back a rich interest in love and good will.

"What a beautiful thing it is," said Margaret, looking up at him with a light in her eyes that seemed to Felix more radiant than the sunshine itself, "to be so beloved by all your people; you ought to be very proud and happy."

"Happy I certainly"—am, he was going to say, when a sudden misgiving caused him to hesitate, and add "ought to be," instead; "but I see no cause for pride," he continued, "in the fact that a man has been placed in peculiarly fortunate circumstances in life."

"But then, we have so much to do with making our circumstances," replied Margaret, glancing at the well tilled fields around them.

"Yes, and on the other hand, our circumstances have a great deal to do with making

us," answered Felix, "and we have no right to plume ourselves on what we are, until we know just what we would have been under different conditions. Now, for instance, at the last election, I got credit for an amount of moral courage that would have stocked the heroes of a dozen Sunday school books, because in every speech I made, I distinctly opposed the financial theories advocated by my constituents, and I voted against every wild-cat scheme of the kind proposed in Congress; yet I was re-elected almost without opposition on account of what people were pleased to call my honesty and independence. Now, suppose I had been some poor devil dependent on my salary for a support, who knows but I might have brought myself to see the salvation of the country in the free coinage of silver, or a bounty on sugar? After all, independence, I mean financial independence, is a great aid to virtue, and as long as a man doesn't care whether he is sent back to Congress or not, you may be reasonably sure that he won't sell out his conscience."

"I am sure you wouldn't do that, under any circumstances," said Margaret, "and I don't think you have a right to be indifferent about going to Congress, when you know that you can do so much good there."

"Oh, as for that," answered Felix, laughing, "I don't mean to convey the impression that I accepted public office as a martyr to public duty. On the contrary, I enjoy it immensely; I like the excitement and the bustle and the importance of it. And then, the five or six months I spend in Washington every year are just enough to keep me from running to seed with my cotton and corn, while my business interests here, and the healthy contact with nature they afford, are equally useful in keeping me from running all to politics. What I meant was, that it helps a man's political honesty to feel that he has something else to fall back upon if an ungrateful country should see fit to dispense with his services. But we have got a long way from our subject," he added, "and I shall have to bring you back another day, and resume our lessons in farming. For my part, I wish they might be continued

like Scheherazade's 'Thousand And One Tales.'"

He stopped short, feeling that he was about to go too far. In thirty days, he remembered, with sinking heart, his fate would be sealed, and he gave his horses the reins with a freedom that soon brought the spirited animals to the end of their course. The drive had been so delightful that Felix had taken no account of time, and the guests had already assembled when he drove with Margaret down to the lake shore. The place selected for the little fête, was a wild, secluded spot in the great pine forest at the head of the lake, where the little stream that fed it came rippling over the pure white sand from a bubbling spring not far away. Here, as Felix had said, they could play at roughing it to their hearts' content, though to make sure that the roughing should be in play only, Mrs. Randal had taken care to dispatch her butler beforehand with well filled hampers containing such creature comforts as civilized man cannot well dispense with, even in play. The party was a small one, only two or three of the neighboring families, with whom the Randals were on particularly intimate terms, being invited. They were all to meet on the lake shore at the foot of Mrs. Randal's garden and go from there in boats to the head of the lake, about a mile distant. Some of the party had already embarked, while Mrs. Randal, with a small group of late arrivals, among whom were the family from Longwood, was waiting near the landing, where two skiffs were moored ready to receive them.

"Well, my dear, have you learned how to manage a plantation yet?" she asked, with a smile, as Felix assisted his companion to alight.

"I should say she had learned how to destroy one," said Harry, pointing to the great bunch of wild flowers that Margaret had gathered during her drive. "You have my sympathy, Mr. Randal," he continued, with an air of commiseration. "I know what it is to drive with that girl when she takes a notion to run her botanical fad—she has a dozen different ones that she keeps packed away, like her French bonnets, to be brought

out as occasion serves. When she trots out this one, as she generally does in the country, she has no regard for a fellow's hands or his clothes. The number of gloves she has made me destroy, and the dirt and scratches I have got on my hands digging up all sorts of weeds and trash for her, is enough to warrant me in bringing a suit for damages."

"If you can tell me the name of this, my dear," said Mrs. Randal, taking a cluster of pale blue amsonias from Margaret's bouquet, "I will forgive you all the damage you may have done to Felix's hands, or to his clothes either, and as I am his mother, and have to do the patching, I presume I am the party most nearly interested. I have always admired this flower, but although it is so common about here, I have never found anybody that could tell me its name."

"Our southern plants are new to me," said Margaret, "and I must confess I don't know the popular name myself."

"Why don't you call it a dus-da-dum something, and save your reputation? She would never know any better," said Felix, whose chief occupation it was when with his mother, to tease and pet her by turns.

"Because, after the dreadful account Harry has given of me," answered Margaret, laughing, "I didn't want to risk putting you all to flight by firing a charge of heavy botanical names at you."

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I . . .  
When thou art nigh,"

answered Felix, planting himself, in a heroic attitude, on the carriage block.

"Do you hear that, Miss Telfair?" said Harry in a very audible aside to Laura. "He is talking contraband to Margaret; shall I retaliate?" offering her his hand to help her into the boat.

At this juncture Parkinson made his appearance, looking so much like a wooden soldier that it was a wonder he didn't break in two at every step.

"If you please, sir," he began, addressing himself to Felix, "Mr. Scipio would like to know if you expect to kill anything to-day, and if he must fetch the guns."

"Mr. Scipio!" cried Felix. "Who the thunder is Mr. Scipio?"

"Mr. Scipio, the colored gentleman," explained Parkinson.

"Oh, you mean my black rascal Skip," said Felix, beginning to understand.

"Scipio is his botanical name," suggested Margaret.

"Ah, yes, I see now," said Felix, laughing. "That's why I didn't understand." Then, addressing Parkinson; "No, I don't believe we propose to kill anything, do we ladies?"

"They don't do their killing with guns, anyway," said Harry. "I know some that can slaughter with a glance."

"I am ready to be slain then," said Felix, as he handed Margaret into the boat and sat down beside her.

"Oh, you are dead game, I won't waste my ammunition on you," answered Margaret, making an effort to appear gay and unconcerned.

But somehow, the poor little jest fell flat. Margaret herself turned pale as she uttered it, Felix responded with a sickly smile, Laura breathed an involuntary sigh, and Harry muttered under his breath, "Confound it all."

#### CHAPTER V.

UPON landing at the lake head, Margaret saw very little of Felix until after luncheon. He devoted himself conscientiously to the entertainment of his guests during the rest of the morning, and it was not until the middle of the afternoon that he came to remind Margaret of their projected visit to Castle Hill.

"Be sure you don't keep her out too late," said Mrs. Telfair, as Margaret stepped into the boat, a light canoe that Felix had ordered Skip to bring over for the purpose.

"Oh, we shall have ample time," replied Felix, looking at his watch. "We have only to row along the left shore of the lake to the forest of oaks yonder, and a walk of some two or three hundred yards will take us to the house. It is now just forty-five minutes past three; we can meet you at Lakeside by six, easily, if that will be early enough."

"Yes, just so you get back before sundown," said Mrs. Telfair, "it will be all right; and don't let the goblins get you," she added, laughing.

"Unluckily, I haven't got a rabbit's foot with me," said Felix, rummaging in his pocket, "but throw us a handful of salt, that will answer; scatter salt around a ghost, and you've got him as dead sure as a bird when you sprinkle salt on his tail."

She laughingly flung some salt into the boat, as Felix took up the oars and pushed off from the shore. The water was so clear that the bottom could be seen distinctly, twenty feet below, and the great cordlike stems of the giant water lilies seemed to quiver down to their very roots under the lash of Felix's steady strokes. The shore was a wild tangle of flowering trees and shrubs bound together by an inextricable network of vines. The snowdrop tree shook its little white bells over the water, and a bed of yellow lotus held out its great cup-like leaves as if to catch the fragrant shower that was continually falling from the overladen boughs above. Felix kept close in to shore that Margaret might enjoy the gorgeous floral display, and after about half an hour's rowing, the canoe glided into a sort of canal, formed by rows of tall cypress trees on either hand, almost as straight and regular as if they had been planted by design, and knit together by giant creepers so as to form a sort of living tunnel. At the end of this avenue, which extended for about a hundred yards, the boat glided out into the open sunlight again, and in the great moss-laden oaks that lined the shore, Margaret recognized the grove at Castle Hill. The shade was so dense that no flowers were to be seen, and the aspect of the place was somber in the extreme.

"What a contrast to the other side!" said Margaret, a little depressed by this nearer view of her property.

"Yes," said Felix, as he moored the boat to a young water-oak and helped his companion to land, "the place has been neglected a long time, and it will require a good deal of clearing and pruning to make it habitable, but the very neglect which has

allowed these noble trees to develop in their own fashion, has greatly increased their beauty. I would not give up such a grove as this for my whole plantation."

It was, indeed, very beautiful, in spite of its gloom. The great overarching boughs covered with long gray moss through which the dark green foliage gleamed at intervals, produced the effect of ivy creeping over granite arches, so that they seemed to be walking under the vaults of some mighty ruin.

"We will go round to the front," continued Felix, leading the way with difficulty through the tangle of briars and underbrush that covered the ground; "it is more open there, and we can probably make our way thence more easily to the part of the house occupied by your old black chatelaine, when not engaged in giving nocturnal exhibitions for the benefit of belated travelers."

Margaret, who had been waiting all day for an opportunity to broach the subject that lay so heavy on her heart, now plucked up courage and made the opening she wanted by asking,

"Can you tell me, Mr. Randal, why the entrance was changed, and the front of the house abandoned? Is it true that some one was buried there?"

"No," he answered, with evident embarrassment, "no one was ever buried there; who has been telling you such stuff?"

"And that dreadful story," she continued, without noticing his question, "that Uncle Milo told me . . . about the murder; is it true?"

"I can answer for it," said Felix, with an effort at a smile, "that old Milo's version of it is to a large extent, not true. But I wish the old fool could have held his tongue," he added; "there is no use digging up an old skeleton that has been buried these fifty years and dangling it before your eyes."

"Why, you wouldn't have me kept in ignorance, as if I were a child, for fear of frightening me, would you?" she asked, looking at him a little reproachfully. "I am sure you must have heard the real facts from the older members of your family," she continued, "and there are reasons why

it concerns me very nearly to know exactly what sort of men my forbears were; will you not tell me just what you know to be the truth?"

This was an embarrassing request to Felix. It is not a pleasant thing to have to tell any woman that she is descended from a lot of thugs, but he saw that it was no use trying to hedge with Margaret, so he answered frankly,

"I would much rather not; I could wish to spare you a knowledge of any unpleasant associations that may attach to a place which ought to be sacred to you. But I see," he continued, with a smile, "you are not the sort of person a man can lie to successfully, even with the most benevolent intentions; you force upon him the conviction that even where it may seem kind, it is neither wise nor practicable to keep you in ignorance."

"Nor kind either," she answered, "for the truth, even when unpalatable food, may be good medicine. Only criminals and cowards need be afraid of it, and I am neither, though," she added, with a bitter little laugh, "if there is anything in 'blood,' it looks as if my chances to become a first-class reprobate are not at all bad."

"You!" cried Felix, to whom the idea of a taint attaching to this adorable creature from any quarter, seemed too preposterous even for a jest, "why you have saving grace enough in you to redeem the Borgia family; and besides, there are three innocent lives between you and the heroes of Uncle Milo's blood-and-thunder tale: there is your mother, and your father, and the good old grandmother, whose name you bear."

"Yes, my dear father," murmured Margaret, with moistening eyes, "he was good enough to redeem all the rest, even if the worst be true."

"And so you see you are only one fourth sinner, after all," continued Felix, laughing, "which is hardly enough to redeem you from commonplace."

"But we are getting away from our subject," said Margaret, returning to the charge just as Felix was beginning to hope that he was getting her started on another track; "are you going to comply with my request,



or am I to be left to unravel such threads of truth as I can out of Uncle Milo's tangled mesh?"

"Tell me first what you have heard from Uncle Milo," said Felix, unable to resist the look that accompanied her words, "and then I can at least inform you how much of it is false."

She repeated all that the old negro had told her, not even omitting the supernatural trimmings.

"I am afraid," she added, when she had finished, "that in spite of its many improbabilities, there is more truth in this story than it is pleasant for a grandchild of Alfred Latham to believe."

"There is some truth in it," Felix was constrained to admit, surprised himself at the large proportion of fact that the old man's narrative contained. "It is true that my uncle disappeared mysteriously, and after nearly two weeks his body was found in the lake with the thumb of the right hand gone, and other marks of violence indicating that he had been foully dealt with. It is true that the negro Solomon was spirited away immediately after the tragedy, whether by the powers of darkness, as old Milo believes, or by those who had a more palpable interest in getting rid of him to conceal their own guilt, I will not undertake to decide. It is also true that there was a quarrel between the Lathams and my grandfather, the history of which, in the main, is pretty much as old Milo related it. Those were high old times, you must remember, when this part of Georgia was as new and wild and unsettled as the Wild West of a Buffalo Bill show.

"Among his high old ways, your ancestor had a lordly habit of not paying his debts until it suited his convenience to do so, and my grandfather, being a base, mechanical person, had a vulgar habit of presenting bills when they fell due and insisting on their payment. Old Mr. Latham, incensed at this impertinence, refused to pay at all, whereupon my grandfather proceeded to enforce his rights by a summary, and I dare say, not strictly regular process of law. It was the existence of this feud, together with the reckless and violent character of the

Lathams that caused suspicion to rest so strongly upon them."

"And were no steps taken to prove their guilt or innocence?" asked Margaret.

"The case was carried into court, I believe," said Felix, "and dragged along there for some time, but nothing was ever done. Negroes were not allowed to testify in those days, and there was no other evidence. However, justice did not go entirely unsatisfied. The dramatic punishment that Uncle Milo described to you as having been meted out by the indignation of the neighbors, was, in fact, decreed. Judge Lynch, you know, is nothing, if not dramatic, and his decisions seldom fail to impress the imagination, even if they do not always convince the reason. A grave was actually dug in front of your grandfather's door, and my uncle's body would have been laid in it, if my grandfather had permitted. Not to be balked of their design, the avengers of blood brought a big black coffin, placed in it an effigy of the victim, and buried it with all solemnity, even placing wooden head and foot boards at the ends of the grave. Then they locked the front door, and gave the key to my grandfather; from him it has descended to your humble servant, who still holds it, subject to the commands of the rightful owner."

They had made their way round to the front of the house by this time. It was a quaint old structure consisting of four wings around a central hall, somewhat in the shape of a Maltese cross. In the angles of the cross were double piazzas, while along the front ran one of the wooden colonnades that were so striking a feature of the old-time southern houses. These porticoes were fast rotting away, and their ruinous appearance made the place look cheerless and desolate in the extreme. Some vestiges of a garden could still be traced around the house. The dividing line between the front and back yards was marked by jagged masses of glistening green that had once been a hedge of cape jessamines, and a great cloth-of-gold rose, run wild, had wrapped its huge stem, like a python, around one of the crumbling pillars, which it seemed to be

crushing in its embrace. There was no sign of a pathway leading anywhere, and as they approached the entrance, they found that the steps leading to the colonnade had fallen away, and the heavy old brass-knobbed door was almost concealed by the brush and vines that had sprung up through the rotten floor. It really looked as if it might never have been opened since old Reuben Randal had carried off the key fifty years before, though it would have been easy enough to procure a new one, if the owners had cared to do so."

"I can understand now," said Margaret, as she surveyed the desolate scene, "why the entrance was changed. Oh, Mr. Randal," she added, with her eyes full of tears, "it is dreadful to know that one's own ancestors were so wicked, or, or, else,—"

She hesitated, unable to speak her fear.

"Don't say that," cried Felix, eager to comfort her. "They were no worse than a great many other men, and the fountain could not be wholly corrupt that has given birth to so pure a stream," he added, regarding her with a look of unconscious admiration. "Besides, we must remember that these things were done in the first half of the nineteenth century and should not be judged by the light of the latter half."

He was surprised to find himself playing the part of apologist so eagerly for the murderers of his uncle. It was not for Margaret's sake alone that he did so, but, somehow, he felt that for his own satisfaction he wanted to make out the best case possible for the progenitors of the woman he loved; he could not bear to think that she was descended from men who were entirely wicked.

Margaret remained silent a moment, and then asked, "Was there any real ground for supposing my grandfather more guilty than the rest?" "None whatever," answered Felix, "except that the coincidence of your father's birth without a thumb on his right hand seemed to the popular mind such a clear case of retribution that it was easy to construe it into an evidence of guilt. Yet even this occurrence is stripped of all miraculous significance and brought

within the ordinary laws of heredity by the fact that your father was not born the next day, as Uncle Milo told you, but several months after the tragedy."

"And in the light of this signal instance of the power of heredity, you will appreciate the fearful significance, to me, Mr. Randal, of the question I am going to ask you," said Margaret, fixing her eyes upon him with a look of anxious inquiry. "Have you ever heard it said that my grandfather, or any of his family, was insane?"

"No," he replied with a sense of relief that he could do so in perfect frankness. "I have never heard a hint of anything of the kind. Most of them were hard drinkers, I believe, and doubtless suffered the natural consequences of such indulgence, except that for obvious reasons, their shadowy visitants took another shape than the usual one of snakes and monkeys. At least this has always seemed to me a sufficient explanation of Uncle Milo's ghost and the awful prophecy which the old man insists in applying with such a serious face, to you and me."

Margaret shook her head.

"It will not explain everything," she answered. "From something I once heard my father say, I am confident that the story of the lonely child and his black playmate cowering behind the door and listening to unearthly noises overhead, was not altogether an invention of the old darkey's brain. My father rarely ever alluded to the circumstances of his childhood, but I remember once hearing him make a remark, which, though I paid little attention to it at the time, seems now to cast a new and fearful light on this part of old Milo's story. He had very little patience with superstitious credulity of any sort, and coming into the room one day where my governess, a devout Catholic, was reading to me about the wonderful manifestations at some newly discovered Lourdes, or Loretto, he threw the paper into the fire, telling her that his own childhood had been rendered unutterably miserable by supernatural manifestations which turned out to be nothing but the howlings of a maniac, and he didn't in-

tend to have my head stuffed with any such trash."

Felix was at a loss what to think. "I have heard my grandfather say many hard things about yours, as was natural," he said after a pause, "and I am afraid there can be no doubt that he was a man of violent temper and more or less addicted to drink, from the effects of which several of the family died, but I have never heard that there was anything like chronic insanity among them. Your father's agent in the village can probably tell you more about that than anybody else, unless we could manage to interview the old witch, Nerva. We will go around to the back of the house and try to find her, if you say so."

"Yes, I should like to see her," said Margaret, "and yet, I almost shrink from going any further. There is something infectious in the associations of this place that makes me superstitious in spite of myself. The thought of that empty grave," she continued, shrinking away from the spot, "makes me feel 'creepy,' as if the spirit of the murdered man were still hovering there, like a curse, at the threshold of his slayers."

"If a curse ever rested there," said Felix, gently, "I am sure that the first sound of your foot-fall would drive it away. And if the spirit of the dead man survives in his kinsman of a younger generation, it is not your evil genius that bears the name of Felix Randal, but one who would that his every thought might bring you a blessing; one who would ask nothing better in life, had heaven so willed it than—"

He did not finish, and it was well, for he was about to forget himself again and say too much. But fortunately he was interrupted by Margaret, who suddenly grasped him by the arm and whispered, with white lips,

"There, there, did you see it?"

"What, where?" asked Felix, alarmed at her agitation, and almost fearing for the moment that some morbid fancy had taken possession of her and disturbed her mental balance. "That face, oh, that horrible face in the window!" She pointed, as she

spoke, to a small window covered with a wooden lattice, high up under the pediment of the colonnade.

"I see nothing," said Felix, looking in the direction indicated.

"But didn't you hear it?" she whispered, still clinging in terror to his arm. He had heard, distinctly, his own name repeated, like an echo, from the interior of the building, but he thought it must be a fancy, until he found that she, too, had heard it; they could not both be deceived.

"This is some trick of that old hag, Minerva," he muttered, under his breath. "What kind of a face was it, black or white?"

"I hardly know," Margaret answered, "whether it was man or beast; it seemed to be all eyes and teeth, and I am sure," she added, fixing her eyes upon him with a look of unspoken horror, "though I have never seen a madman, I am sure those were the eyes of one."

Felix was both perplexed and alarmed. She was not the sort of a person to cultivate hysterical fancies, and yet, it was hard to believe that what she had seen was not a figment of her brain.

"You must be mistaken," he said. "You are tired and excited by all you have heard. I was a fool to bring you here and talk to you about these things, as I have done; it has been too much for you; come, let us leave the place and talk about something more cheerful."

"No," she said, "I cannot go until I have sifted this matter to the bottom. I must not be so weak as to run from it, and I promise you not to give way to my fears like that any more. I was so startled, you know; but see, 'Richard is himself again,'" she added with a feeble attempt at a smile, "and now, I think we had better go in and investigate; it is the only way to deal with bogies of all sorts."

"That I will never permit," he answered, authoritatively, and taking her arm in his, he led her gently away. Her cheeks were pale as death, and she was trembling violently.

"You are in no condition to endure any further fatigue or excitement," he continued. "Let me take you back to your friends, and than I will come, if you wish, and investigate this matter for you; you will trust me, won't you?"

She looked up to reply; their eyes met. Neither said a word, yet each felt, as they dropped their eyes again, a sense of guilt and shame, of friendship betrayed and plighted faith dishonored that turned to gall and bitterness the divine sweetness of that unspoken confession. Margaret quietly relinquished the support of Felix's arm, and tried to speak as if the lightning of that glance had not struck into her soul.

"Yes, I can trust you, but please don't keep me long in suspense, for— for— I cannot endure it," she cried pressing her hands to her forehead and staggering back against the trunk of a tree for support. "If there is madness in my veins, I feel that my time has come; the curse has fallen upon me too; I am under the spell of that fatal name, and must go the way of all the rest."

"God pity us, and God help us both," said Felix, taking her hands in his, and stroking them tenderly, "but you must not talk like that, Margaret, or you will drive me mad." He led her down to the shore, and they silently took their places in the boat. Neither of them spoke; they did not dare even to look at each other, until they had nearly reached the other shore; then Felix said,

"We are nearly there; are you ready?"

She answered by forcing herself to assume a meaningless, conventional smile, which, if it expressed nothing, had at least the merit of betraying nothing.

"That is right; be brave, Margaret," he whispered encouragingly. "I will go back immediately, and report to you to-night any discoveries I may make—and then," he said to himself, with set teeth, "I must never see her again."

Margaret succeeded so well in hiding her feelings that Mrs. Telfair merely remarked as Felix handed her into the carriage, that she looked a little tired.

"Yes," said Felix, in his natural, easy way, "I am afraid Miss Latham is a cheat and a fraud when it comes to walking; she can't stand half as much as she pretends to, and was quite tired out by our little scramble through the bushes over yonder. She will have to improve things a great deal over there, if she expects her neighbors to be sociable. Where is Laura?" he added, trying to look concerned.

"She has driven on ahead, with her father and Captain Forsyth," answered Mrs. Telfair. "They will be home before we get there; you will come to supper, of course?"

"Not to-night, thank you," answered Felix, "I have a business engagement that will prevent, but I will come over later, if you will let me."

"Just as you please, you are at home with us, you know," she answered.

The carriage rolled away, and Felix, calling his favorite dog, stepped back into the boat from which he had just landed, and pulled vigorously for the other shore.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Felix Randal drove up to Mrs. Telfair's front gate. On returning from his second visit to Castle Hill, he had gone to a bookcase drawer in his library where all sorts of rubbish were stored, and taking out a great rusty old key, put it in his pocket and started over to Longwood, without tasting the supper his mother had kept waiting for him. He was not ordinarily a hard smoker, one cigar after breakfast being the usual limit of his daily indulgence, but to-night he gave the reins to Skip and sat puffing silently and moodily all the way to Longwood, so that when he threw away his cigar before entering the house, his heavy mustache was redolent of the fragrance of Havanas. He had been cursing himself all the way for an infernal cad in having allowed himself to forget, even for a moment, his duty to the woman who had loved and trusted him. "To-night shall end this madness," he said to himself, as he strode up the broad front walk. "I will see Margaret for the last time; I will guard my tongue that it speak no word to

recall the folly of this day. I will trample all hope, all joy under my feet, and the sweet girl who loves me so devotedly shall never know of the sacrifice I have made for her sake."

He went in without knocking, and found Mr. and Mrs. Telfair and Mr. Forsyth in the parlor, engaged in a game of three-handed euchre.

"We had about given you up," said Mrs. Telfair, looking up from her cards as he entered. "Laura has gone out with Captain Forsyth for a little stroll in the garden, but you will find Margaret in the library. She complained of feeling dull after her day's exertion, and declined to join us at cards. You can entertain her until Laura comes in; it won't be long," she added, apologetically, observing the troubled look on his face and wholly misinterpreting its meaning. "I must really talk to Laura," she said to herself, as Felix passed on into the library. "She allows Captain Forsyth to pay her entirely too much attention, and Felix is evidently getting uneasy about it."

Margaret was sitting by an open window with a magazine in her hand, so that she might pretend to be reading if any one came in. She looked very beautiful in a gown of creamy white with a bunch of pink roses at her girdle.

"I have executed your commission," said Felix, after the usual salutations had been exchanged, with a not very successful effort on either side, to appear natural and unconstrained, "and I am glad to be able to relieve your mind on the two points that seemed to disturb you most. In the first place," he continued, seating himself at a respectful distance from her side, "you are under no hereditary taint of madness, though in one respect your suspicions were well founded; there has been a madman shut up at Castle Hill all these years, and who, of all the world, do you suppose it was? Old Solomon, the African slave! It was his face you saw behind the lattice in a little attic chamber where his wife and keeper, old Nerva, has been in the habit of confining him whenever he showed signs of becoming refractory, and it was his occasional presence

there, no doubt, that gave rise to the tales that have gained the poor old woman her uncanny reputation. He probably saw us through the lattice, and taking me for my uncle, whom I am said to resemble strikingly, fell into a paroxysm of raving that is likely to be his last, as he was pretty nearly dead from old age, already."

"In that case," cried Margaret, starting up, "the old woman ought not to be left there alone; she must have help."

"I have provided for that," said Felix, gently motioning her back to her seat. "I have sent my overseer with two of the tenants that have a little more sense than the rank and file of their race, with orders to give all the aid necessary, and see that old Nerva is properly cared for until your agent can be communicated with. Your father, I believe, had made liberal arrangements for her support, before he left the country."

"That was kind and thoughtful of you," said Margaret, without daring to look up, and Felix, determined to maintain the rôle of stoic fortitude he had imposed upon himself, went on as if he had not heard her.

"I had some difficulty, at first, in making friends with the old black chatelaine, who seemed as much terrified at the sight of me as if I had really been my uncle's ghost, for though more intelligent in other respects than one would suppose, and faithful as a dog, to her master's interests, she could see nothing but an omen of evil to them in any one who bore the dreadful name of Felix Randal. I finally succeeded, however, in convincing her that I had come, not as an avenging demon, but as your friend and ambassador, and thus managed to get out of her all that she was able to tell. She says that she was about twenty-five years old at the time of the occurrence that we have been talking about to-day, and as she seems to retain her faculties remarkably well, and has always been the most trusted servant of your family, having been reared in your grandmother's house, as her companion and playmate from childhood, I think her statements may be relied on. She says that she accompanied your grandmother when she went down to stop the wild orgy that ended



so fatally, and was a witness of all that occurred; and I am glad to be able to assure you on her authority, that it was not your grandfather who did the killing, but that same wild African, Solomon. It is true your grandfather did fire his pistol in a spirit of drunken bravado, and shot off the prisoner's thumb, but the maiming was accidental; no violence had been intended, the object being to hold my uncle as a sort of hostage until my grandfather should consent to restore the disputed property. Solomon had been called in, as he frequently was, to entertain the revelers with one of his African war dances, and was allowed all the whisky he wanted, to stimulate his agility. Inflamed by the sight of blood, his savage instincts asserted themselves and before anybody knew what he was about, he had dealt my uncle a mortal blow with the club he was brandishing in his war dance. From old Nerva's account, I should say that he had never been of entirely sound mind, and after this event, he became permanently insane, though with only rare intervals of violence. As his mind seemed to run incessantly upon the circumstances of his bloody exploit, and he was constantly gibbering about it and calling the name of his victim, you can readily understand why his masters should have kept him secluded in their own house, rather than send him to a state institution."

"Did you see him?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, and I don't wonder that the sight of him frightened you," answered Felix, "for he looks like an animated mummy. According to old Nerva, your great-grandfather bought him from a trader some time in the 'forties,' so that he cannot be less than eighty or ninety years old. He was probably first smuggled from Africa into Cuba and from there to one of the Gulf ports, where he was picked up by the traders."

He paused, hardly knowing what to say next. He had ended his commission, and there was nothing now for him to do but take his leave and this was just the thing he felt himself unequal to. Between the fear of saying too much, and the constraint he

was under of saying too little, he felt himself unable to utter a word. Margaret came to his relief, and was the first to break the awkward silence.

"I thank you very much," she said, taking a rose from her girdle and keeping her eyes fixed upon it as she pulled it nervously to pieces, "for all the trouble you have taken on my account. I am going to ask one more favor of you, and then I will not impose upon your goodness again. It is that you will look after these two old negroes that have suffered so much for the sins of my family; let old Solomon be decently buried, and see that old Nerva is taken away from that lonely place. I will give you a note to my agent; I had intended looking after these matters myself, but I must go away; I will leave on the first train to-morrow, and never come back again."

"No, no, you must not do that," said Felix, hastily. "I know it is better that we should not meet again, but I am the one to go; I can do it without exciting remark, and I have made arrangements to leave to-morrow morning. I will have a telegram—important business—no matter what, that will keep me away until you have ended your visit and returned to Savannah; and then, when all is over—Laura wishes to live in Atlanta anyway, you know—if you care to come back, there will be nothing to prevent. Here is the key to your castle," he continued, taking from his pocket the rusty key he had placed there before leaving home, "restored to its rightful owner after nearly half a century; take it, and when you turn the bolt, may all dark memories flee away, and angels of peace and joy and light enter in."

He rose with apparent calmness, as he spoke, but the convulsive grip with which he clutched the back of his chair with one hand while offering her the key with the other, showed what an effort it cost him to maintain this outward semblance of composure.

"Take it back," cried Margaret, shrinking away as if it had been a snake, "I will not touch it! I do not know what demon prompted me to come here and tempt the fate that overwhelms innocent and guilty alike in its blind retribution. There is no

safety for me but in flight; away, and away, and away, to the ends of the earth! I will put the breadth of the ocean between me and this accursed love, if I cannot tear it from my heart."

Before she could finish, Felix had caught her in his arms and laid her head upon his breast. Where were all his brave resolutions now? where his stoic fortitude? where his good faith, his honor, his plighted word?

"Oh, Margaret," he whispered, pressing her to his heart, "to know that you love me is so sweet as almost to make me forget the hopelessness, the desperateness, the madness of our love."

"Let me go, oh, let me go!" cried Margaret, making an effort to tear herself from his arms. "It is treachery, it is crime, it is dishonor for us even to think of each other now."

"Hear me one word," he pleaded, detaining her with gentle compulsion. "You cannot despise me more utterly than I despise myself for the weakness I have betrayed to-night. God knows, I never meant to wrong the sweet girl who has given me her heart. I came to you to-night resolved not to utter one word disloyal to her, but your beauty, your loveliness, and the glorious consciousness that you loved me, were too much for my self-control. I know that I am not worthy to touch even the hem of your garment, I who, with my hand pledged to another, have dared to lay my heart at your feet. I ask nothing in return except that you will pity and forgive the man to whom even the pain of loving you is made sweet by the knowledge that you share it."

He stooped as he spoke and pressed his lips to hers, sadly, reverently, as we kiss the lips of the beloved dead before we bury them out of our sight forever; then, gently releasing her, he disappeared through the tall window that opened down to the floor of the piazza, just as Laura made her appearance in the doorway opposite. She was in a state of painful agitation, and Margaret's pale face and dejected attitude did not seem to reassure her.

"Is it possible Margaret has found me out?" she asked herself, pausing undecided,

in the doorway. For, I blush to tell it, reader, Laura had just been through a tragic little experience of her own with Harry, and came into Margaret's presence feeling as much like a convicted felon as Margaret herself did.

"I—I thought Mr. Randal was here," she said, in a meek, subdued voice.

"He has just gone out," answered Margaret, making a heroic attempt to compose herself. "You will probably find him on the piazza."

She looked so ghastly that Laura was alarmed. "What is the matter, dear?" she asked, stepping hastily to Margaret's side. "Are you ill?"

"No, it is nothing," said Margaret, recovering herself. "I have just heard some of those terrible old stories about Castle Hill, and—and I'm all unstrung."

"Oh, is that all?" cried Laura, greatly relieved. "Felix ought to have better sense than to talk to you about such things," and in the plenitude of her satisfaction at finding her guilty secret safe, she stooped down and kissed Margaret on the lips. Then she drew suddenly back, and scanning her friend's face with a look of mingled joy, surprise, and amusement, burst into a peal of laughter that deprived her of the power of speech and fairly brought the tears to her eyes. As her lips touched Margaret's she had detected the delicate fragrance of a Havana left there by Felix's heavy mustache. She knew that odor too well to be deceived, and the truth flashed upon her with a vividness that made her wonder she had been blinded so long. She was so rejoiced at her own release and Harry's that she quite forgot the humiliation and resentment which, as a slighted woman, it was her right to feel.

"When did you learn to smoke, Margaret?" she asked, with a malicious little twinkle in her eye, as soon as she was able to speak for laughing.

Margaret, bewildered by her friend's unaccountable behavior, answered with a stare of amazement.

"Because," continued Laura, still looking at her with that comical smile, "I noticed an unmistakable odor of cigar smoke about

your lips, and I thought that perhaps Mr. Randal had been giving you lessons."

"Oh, Laura, spare me, spare me, in heaven's name!" cried poor Margaret, covering her face with her hands, and making no attempt to defend herself. "We didn't mean, Laura, indeed, we didn't——"

"Well, I'm just as much obliged to you, dear, as if you had meant it," laughed Laura, interrupting her. "You couldn't have rendered me a greater service than by taking that heavy lover of mine off my hands, provided you will play fair, and make good the loss by turning your handsome captain over to me."

"Laura!" cried Margaret looking up, radiant through her tears, "is it really true——"

"That I have been a bundle of falsehood and treachery just like you? Yes," answered Laura, hiding her blushing face on Margaret's breast.

"And you really mean to give up a man like Felix Randal for Harry Forsyth!" continued Margaret, innocently.

"Yes, if you are insane enough to give up Harry Forsyth for Felix Randal," rejoined Laura. "But say," she added, "is it a bargain?"

"Oh, Laura!"

"Oh, Margaret!"

And they both fell to laughing from sheer delight.

"And now," said Laura, catching her friend by the waist and pirouetting round the room in the exuberance of her joy, "now for some fun out of 'Marse Felix.'"

Margaret drew back. "I would rather you should see him first, if you don't mind," she said blushing, "I will wait for him here."

"As you please," answered Laura, releasing her at the door, "I'll send him to you presently, as soon as I have got through with him," she added, with a significant shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Don't be too hard on him, Laura," pleaded Margaret, as her friend started down the hall, "and don't keep him away too long."

"Oh, you needn't be uneasy; I shall be only too glad to get rid of him," laughed

Laura, "after I have had my revenge."

In the meantime, Felix was standing on the piazza, trying to collect himself and to think of some pretext to offer for his sudden departure, before going to take leave of his betrothed. He could not face the ordeal of meeting her yet. To go with that parting kiss of Margaret's still burning on his lips, and touch the lips of another woman—he could not endure it. He could not endure the thought of her innocent, trusting gaze and the knowledge that his life was to be henceforth one eternal lie. His was an honest, open nature, and lifelong concealment would be to him a lifelong torture, sharpened by the dread that in some unguarded moment he might betray his secret and break the heart that had trusted him.

"I must spare her at any cost," he said to himself, as he turned and began to walk slowly toward the other end of the colonnade, with his hands behind his back and his head sunk on his breast. "It is enough to have wrecked the life of one noble woman, without bringing sorrow to the heart of the sweet girl who adores me," he continued, little dreaming that the sweet girl in question was at that moment pirouetting around the room, in the exuberance of her joy at getting rid of him. "It would break her heart if she doubted me, and I have been an infernal—halloo, who's there?" he exclaimed as he stumbled over some one at the farther end of the colonnade.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" said Harry Forsyth, reaching out to help him recover his balance. "You look awfully cut up about something," and a secret misgiving came over him lest Felix should have divined his feelings toward Laura.

"Thank you; I can't say that you look much better yourself," answered Felix, whose eyes, blinded momentarily by the gleam of lamplight that streamed through the open parlor window, had now recovered sufficiently to discern the features of his interlocutor.

"Well, I dare say I don't," returned Harry a little petulantly, resting his elbows on his knees and looking down dejectedly at the tips of his boots, "but *you've* got no right to be going around looking like a consolidated

funeral procession, when you ought to be the happiest man alive."

"Ahem!" said Felix.

"A fellow that is going to be married in four weeks to—what the deuce is to pay?" he exclaimed, as Felix gave a sudden start, while a look of keenest agony shot across his features.

"Oh, nothing; only a confounded musquito," said Felix, recovering himself. "But what has gone wrong with you?" he continued, anxious to divert the conversation from his own affairs.

"Oh, I'm in no end of a hole," said Harry, returning to his dejected attitude.

"What sort of a hole is it?" asked Felix, seating himself on the baluster. "Is there a woman at the bottom of it?"

"Worse than that; there are two of them."

"Are you in love with either—or both?"

"Engaged to one and in love with the other," answered Harry, laconically. "Now don't tell me I'm an ass, for I know that already."

"I won't," said Felix, coloring; "I've happened to know of others being in the same fix before."

"You have? and what is a fellow to do about it?"

"The only thing a man of honor can do; be true to his word and respect the feelings of the woman who loves him," replied Felix, inclined to be a little sententious after the heroic sacrifice he had just made.

"Yes," assented Harry, with a sigh, "I suppose there is no honorable way out of it but to sacrifice oneself; I couldn't go back on the woman that loves me, even if it were possible to get the one I want."

"Why, Miss Latham hasn't refused you, has she?" asked Felix, remembering what Laura had told him about old Mr. Forsyth's desire to make a match between his son and Margaret. In his present state of mind it seemed to him a matter of course that everybody else should be as much in love with Margaret as he was, and so, he immediately concluded that Harry was, like himself, the victim of previous complications with another woman.

"Who the thunder said anything about

Margaret?" cried Harry, rising suddenly and taking two or three hasty strides across the piazza. He was out of sorts anyway, and the idea that he had been such a cad as to betray the personality of the lady, in his petulant outbreak, made him feel that he deserved to be kicked.

"Oh, there was no need to mention her," said Felix, pursuing his own train of thought.

"Anyone who knows Miss Latham, will not need to be told that a fellow couldn't have known her as intimately as you have without falling in love with her; nobody can blame you for that."

"Eh?" said Harry, stopping short and eying him curiously. "What the deuce is the fellow driving at," he added under his breath.

"But no matter how adorable a woman may be," continued Felix, with a sigh—

"Who is that adorable woman you are talking about?" cried a laughing voice in the doorway, and Laura, fresh from her interview with Margaret, stepped out on the colonnade. "I shall be jealous if you apply such epithets to anybody but me."

There was an elation in her manner that struck Harry as a little singular, after the tragic interview he had just had with her, and as she passed through the beam of light that streamed from the open window, she threw him a glance so full of fun and joyousness, that it would be hard to say whether his hopes or his curiosity were most excited by it.

"Oh, you are too adorable yourself to fear any rival," said Felix, trying to resume his natural manner.

"Can you assure me that I have none?" she asked, with a look that left him in doubt whether she were jesting or not. Could it be that she suspected the state of his feelings toward Margaret? He was too honest and straightforward by nature to make a good dissembler, but he did his best to evade the awkward challenge.

"What makes you ask so preposterous a question?" he answered with a forced laugh.

"Only a whim, perhaps," she replied, "for you know even the most adorable woman can be very exacting, sometimes."

"But you are not one of the exacting kind," he answered, gradually recovering his self-possession.

"Don't be too sure of that," she said. "I could be horribly jealous if I thought I had cause."

"But it is impossible that you should ever have cause," he answered, in desperation, wondering what in the name of perversity could have led her to choose such a subject for jesting at this particular moment, if, indeed, she were jesting, for her manner perplexed him more and more.

"Oh, the falseness and perfidy of man!" cried Laura, having now fairly got him into her trap. "You hear his words," she continued, appealing to Harry, who had reasons of his own for doubting the seriousness of this sudden access of jealousy, and had remained a highly interested and greatly perplexed spectator of this little scene, "and yet I have the proofs of his treachery from my rival's own lips."

"For God's sake, Laura, what do you mean?" cried Felix, springing excitedly to his feet. He was completely mystified, for he knew that Margaret never would have betrayed him.

"I mean," said Laura, hardly able to keep her laughter from breaking through the melodramatic tone she had adopted for the occasion, "exactly what I say; I have the proofs of your perfidy from the lips of the rival into whose ears you have just been pouring your tale of love."

"It is impossible!" cried Felix, every other feeling overpowered for the moment by the impulse to vindicate his faith in the woman he loved. "Margaret would never—"

"Oho, sits the wind in that quarter?" interrupted Harry, beginning to see daylight, and slapping Felix on the back in the intensity of his satisfaction, while the unhappy lover bit his lip with mortification and inwardly denounced himself as an accursed fool for having mentioned her name.

"Well, if Margaret did n't, she permitted it at any rate," said Laura, still regarding her victim with that enigmatical look that so perplexed him. "And now, let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Randal," she con-

tinued, laying one hand on his arm in a friendly way not at all suggestive of a "woman scorned," while she held the forefinger of the other before his face with a gesture of solemn warning. "The next time you undertake to make love to two women at once, either cut off that adorable mustache of yours, or don't perfume it with quite so many Havanas: for, though it is a great waste of opportunities, I admit, yet," she added significantly, "girls do sometimes kiss each other."

"In the name of righteousness, betrayed by a kiss!" laughed Harry, taking in the whole situation. "Well, never mind, old fellow," he continued, drawing Laura to his side with one hand while he extended the other to Felix, "here is another pair of traitors as black as you, so let us cry quits, and be friends. I say," he added, nearly choking with laughter, "she did have you in a tight place when she played off the jealous dodge, but you lied like a gentleman."

Felix stood staring at them with a comical mixture of joy, surprise, confusion, and self-abasement.

"Laura," he stammered, taking her proffered hand, "how you must despise me! I never meant—"

"Yes, yes, that is exactly what Margaret said," interrupted Laura, "but we are just as grateful as if you had meant it, and now, be off with you—Margaret is waiting in the library—and take with you the flattering assurance that I am just as glad to be rid of you as you are to be rid of me."

"And tell Margaret I forgive her," said Harry, with a sanctimonious drawl.

But Felix did not hear the magnanimous overture. He was gone before Laura had well finished speaking, the reader will hardly need to be told where.

The rest of my story wants no scribe. I need not tell how the scandalized parents and guardians finally yielded with a good grace, as becomes dutiful parents and guardians, to the wishes of these capricious young people. And really, there was no occasion for wringing of hands and tearing of hair, after all. The Telfairs were obliged to admit that Harry, as a son-in-law, was not at



all a bad bargain, and Mr. Forsyth, while loath to see Margaret's fortune go into other hands, was easily reconciled to the charming daughter-in-law that Harry had substituted for the one of his father's choosing. Even old Milo viewed the new arrangement with satisfaction. He felt that what was "ap-

pinted" had come about in a way wholly unlooked for by the appointing powers, and that the young people had somehow stolen a march on fate and fulfilled old Michael Latham's terrible prophecy to the letter without compromising in the least their own fortunes.

(*The end.*)

## THE INDIVIDUAL STANDARD OF LIVING.

BY HARVEY L. BIDDLE.

HOW can I get a living? is a question that every person asks himself frequently, and for which he finds a variety of answers. One man wants an easy life and a good income, two things that are difficult to find, unless one is born to a rich inheritance. Another man questions himself as to whether he shall labor with his mind, as a student, a writer, a public speaker, or in any profession which requires intellectual effort; or whether he shall become a mechanic, a skilled laborer, or engage with his hands in daily toil. These, together with the various kinds of business in which men engage, make the main avenues on which men move in seeking to solve the stern problem of getting a living.

It will occur to one after some experience in obtaining a livelihood from the world that it is not always what a man earns, but how wisely he buys the smallest supplies for his life; with what judgment he selects the material for his clothing, or the articles of food for his table, or the residence which he will call home. A discriminating judgment in these matters is always to the advantage of the buyer because money is very commonly squandered for things that one calls bread which are not bread, and for clothing which is not good clothing. Besides wisdom in these matters one will learn that his prosperity in business will depend quite as much on what he saves as on what he earns.

In the United States a man can live at small cost in any town, city, or country place that he may select for his home. He can find rooms, or a house at low rent, if he is

prudent in his desires, and contented with humble accommodations. The first thing to be considered in securing a place in which to live is shelter from the storms and cold of winter and from the heat and rains of summer. One may be ambitious to have fine apartments, elegantly furnished, and he will readily find them in houses or flats located on fashionable streets or avenues, for landlords are eager for tenants and they are seeking for just such patronage as his. The furniture men and carpet men will offer fine goods at high prices, and one can secure gorgeous furnishings, but it will be at the sacrifice of all that is earned and perhaps more, and in the end it will not bring a peaceful or contented mind. To take small apartments with plain tables and chairs and bed, for which the money can be paid when they are purchased, is the correct standard of living for one whose income is small. In the early stages of personal responsibility one room may be sufficient. After a while two rooms, then as the income increases the accommodations may increase, making a home by evolution. It is not well to buy everything the first year—but to add one article of furnishing and then another; this will give novelty to life, increase the belongings and not overtax the revenues.

Food may be had at low prices in every local and general market of the country. Flour, meat, vegetables in great variety and rich abundance are offered at reasonable figures so that the smallest income is accommodated, and the plainer the food the better the health. Here is where the poor

have the advantage of the rich : a plain diet promotes health, a rich diet breeds disease. The extras for the table are what call for money and make living expensive, while they become a menace to good health and long life.

Clothing is furnished at unusually moderate prices. Material manufactured in our own country and clothing made largely by machinery lessen the price so that small sums of money bring about great results in one's apparel, if good judgment is exercised in the selection. Here, however, as at other points fashion and what are called rich materials may turn the head of the purchaser and lead him beyond his means, but his clothing will not keep him any warmer; it will not introduce him into any better company, or give him a higher station in life than cheaper garments. Of course one must, in a lower grade of goods as in a higher grade, consult good taste in the style of cut and fit. But he can do this and still let strict economy be his master. His sober judgment will decide that he should not buy any article of raiment unless it is needed and can be paid for. He can easily give the old garments a fresh look by cleaning and can wear them another season.

In these affairs of shelter, food, and raiment, economy is a habit which is cultivated by practice in buying, by observation of the markets and by a study of other people's actions regarding the matter. That a habit of economy is a fruit of experience and strict self-denial every man will learn if he will treat these matters seriously.

The necessities of life do not cost very much more in one town than they do in another providing one will find the proper place in the town or go to the right market to do his buying. The cost of one's living resolves itself into what a man can afford to invest in purchasing the things he actually needs to preserve life, to keep him in good health, and to do the same things for those who are dependent upon him. These questions are at the very foundation of life with all young people, and while they have need of instruction from those that have more experience, they must also learn these

lessons for themselves, and it will always be true in all these business affairs that one of the first lessons to master is economy.

Things beyond these already mentioned are luxuries. Indeed, one's personal education if it goes up into the ornamental branches is largely a luxury. The early education of the young is provided for by the community, so that the man who does not own property pays very little school tax, while the rich are taxed heavily to raise funds for the education of our youth. A man must determine whether he can afford the luxurious part of an education or whether he must confine himself to the preparation that he has received for business in the common schools.

Church privileges need not cost a man much, though every man should contribute something to the support of his church. If, however, a church becomes burdensome to an individual's finances then the church is wrong. It is making a mistake, for it is not the design of the church of God to wring money out of the poor to build costly church structures and to provide them with high salaried ministers and expensive music. No minister's salary should be above the average of that which the people in his own congregation receive. If it is otherwise the ministry will lose its power and the church be spiritually dwarfed.

If one cares for attending popular lectures, or for cultivating his taste for music, which means a piano or organ and instruction from a teacher, together with books, or if one visits the theater and other entertainments, and desires to travel, he must consider that these are the luxuries of life. One can get along without them and have a good living. Yet they are to be regulated by one's income.

The habit of drinking mineral waters, using tobacco, engaging in sports, are luxuries, all of which cost a great deal of money as do all sorts of tinsel in one's home and life. It depends upon whether one can afford them as to whether he shall have them.

It is common for one to attach life and accident insurance to his person and in these matters incur such heavy financial

burdens in the annual payment of premiums that they become a drag and generate discouragement. I was much pleased with the saying of a venerable bishop a number of years ago when a personal friend put an insurance on his life: "You are doubting God. Life insurance does not savor of faith in the providence of God nor of the Scripture, for it says, 'The righteous shall not be forsaken nor his seed be found begging bread.'"

The individual must fix his own standard of living. He cannot do it for his neighbor, nor can his neighbor do it for him. He must decide as to the number of luxuries he can have in his plan of life, or whether he can have any at all. He must determine what shall be left out just as he must decide where he will live; and upon his own judgment must regulate his dinner table and the cost of his clothing. We should make our standard of living run parallel with our wages; then we shall have a correct plan of life.

What a man can spend on his life depends upon the wages that have been fixed for the line of work in which he is engaged. For instance, in Constantinople a carpenter receives 75 cents a day; in Florence, about \$1.00; in Athens, 60 cents; in London, \$1.60. Masons for laying stone and brick walls for houses and business establishments receive about the same wages in the cities named. In this country these people receive from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a day, so that one may be satisfied in America, because labor receives higher wages here than it does in any other country in the world, and the

purchasing power of that money is a little better here if a correct judgment mixed with prudence regulates the individual in buying. This is the question that statesmen have been wrangling over for a great many years and that political economists have said a great deal about in their books and in the magazines. But we need not worry. Our home is in the United States and we expect to live here through our natural life. We can have a higher standard of living here because the things we need are cheaper than abroad and we can earn the wages which will buy them. We can have more of the necessities of life and more of its luxuries than business men are permitted to enjoy in any other part of the world, so that we ought to be content with our lot as Americans living under the stars and stripes, having the protection of the best government in the world, favored with the best opportunity of living that men and women can have: liberty to engage in business, to be educated and to make the most of our talents and opportunities to get on in the world.

There is little excuse for failure on the part of any boy or girl, in view of the openings for business, the vast number of towns and cities scattered all over the land, and the ease with which one may get hold of land and establish one's self on a farm where a comfortable and even luxurious living may be enjoyed. By beginning with industry, by practicing economy, and by being ready to learn by observation and experience, every one may enjoy the fruits of his own labor and find that a successful life is his reward.

## LAND WRESTED FROM THE SEA.

BY MARTIN BECK.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "URBER LAND UND MEER."

"GOD made the sea, but the Hollanders made its shores." This ancient, proud, and justifiable boast swept forcibly before my mind as I read that the committee assembled in Haag, with Minister Lely presiding, had decided upon laying dry the Zuider-See by the erection of a dam

from North Holland to Friesland.

Starting at Ewyk-Schleuse on the northeast extremity of the province of North Holland a dam will extend across to the opposite island Wieringen, and then from the eastern point of the island to Friesland, a distance which will require a continuous

dam eighteen and three fifths miles in length at the shortest. The piles of the dam will first be put in place throughout its whole length and the superstructure gradually built all along them. During the progress of the work the water will slowly flow over the dam in a broad stream. In this way it is best protected against damage by a storm tide. Back of it toward the land the water thrown over in a storm collects but there also collects with it a great mass of sand and mud.

In this manner the land robbed from the ocean will of itself have become considerably higher. When a sufficient elevation is reached, a dam or dike is built high enough to serve as a protection against the highest billows. The dike is built up equally all along its length.

But how can such a dam be built in the deep sea? Strong mats of fascine braid work, prepared on land are floated over to the place, sunk in position, and weighted there with stones. In a few weeks they catch so much sand and mud as to form a remarkably strong and firm hill.

Of course the foundation of the dam must attain a considerable breadth before it can be built upon. The current keeps adding strength to the dam under its level so that after a time there is no further need of sinking materials.

Thus generations of strong men by continual battle with the hostile elements have slowly driven back the sea again from the land which in stormy mood it has claimed, and have added new acquisitions to their fatherland. No wonder if the nation has outgrown the fatherland, as seems to be the case with the Frieslanders and Hollanders.

The Zuider-See is one of the greatest witness of defeat which the land has suffered from the rapacious sea. So late as the end of the twelfth century its formation began. The Romans knew in its place only an inland lake, the *Flavo lacus*, into which Drusus turned aside a part of the Rhine, the present Yssel, in order to pass, with his fleet built on the Rhine, by the shortest route into the North Sea.

Then on December 14, 1287, between

Stavoren and Enkhuizen the sea raged in a furious storm, which cost the lives of eighty thousand persons; it tore away the separating isthmus and by the annihilation of its shore lands it widened the inland sea to one broad bay which is the North Sea, the South Sea, together with the Holland Zuider-See.

It was the same storm flood which, annihilating seven square miles of fruit land, gave the Dollart, the bay at the mouth of the Ems, its present form, occurring after the flood on Christmas night ten years previously which submerged thirty communities, had begun the formation of the bay.

But these were not the first piratical incursions of the sea. The furrowed appearance of our North Sea coast tells of its ancient conflicts with the giant ocean, which rushes impetuously from the west against the European mainland, and of whose fury traces may be seen in the jagged storm-cut western coasts of Ireland, Scotland, and Norway.

The demolition of the North Sea coasts had begun when the Romans navigated there. Before the beginning of this destruction the North Sea had been a peaceful ocean bay, locked in by a narrow neck of land between Dover and Calais. This bay opened into the ocean only through the broad door between Scotland and Norway. Under the play of quietly changing tides, on the south and east coast of this ocean bay and almost without interruption parallel to the shore, was formed a strong dune or plain, which extended from that isthmus to the north point of Jutland and rose in some places, as on the western coast of Schleswig, to a height of two hundred feet.

Back of it great swamps extended, like those on France's southern coast, into which the rivers leaked instead of pouring into the sea from open mouths. A stream whose waters were disposed of in this manner, as we see in the case of the Rhine to-day, and being delta-forming, could find egress only when divided up into many little arms.

After the sinking of the land, the relatively higher lying sea destroyed the dune walls and twice flooded the country, each time

depositing quantities of fertile soil. So from the former swamps there remains along the North Germany coast a rich belt of fertile meadows and fruit lands.

Later the rushing floods of the Atlantic Ocean, each in a mighty tempest which though a Titan was only a precursor to the following ones, scoured away the weak chalky rocks composing the narrow strip of land between England and France—at St. Malo these floods rise even yet to a height of thirty-eight feet.

At the time of this series of catastrophes the land was peopled. Traces of these people, very many of whom fell victims to the raging sea, are found in the ruins of the destroyed isthmus scattered hundreds of miles inland along the canals. Among the people there is an old tradition about that prehistoric storm-tide that created our North Sea of to-day. There were islands, but many more and far larger than now. The unprotected marshes were overflowed regularly by every one of the higher tides and thus, as Pliny says in his graphic description, could be inhabited only by people living in floating stages fastened by a cable, letting them float out to the open sea.

The first storm-tide of which there is an historical account is that recorded in 113 A. D. by Strabo which drove the Cimbrians and Teutons from their homes and sent them in mighty ferocious hordes to terrify Rome—the first German people that the conquerors of the world had seen and who made the phrase "Cimbrian fright" current among them.

There are yet found for a considerable distance on both shores at the mouth of the Rhine traces of their ancient greatness, gigantic camps whose circumference gives a clue to their immense number and are a witness of their great pilgrimage, so relates Tacitus in chapter thirty-seven of his "Germania." Thus after two hundred years the traces of that storm-tide were yet visible. There occurred many other storm-tides but no one kept any account of them.

The first record dates in the eleventh century, describing three great tides. History now is rife with accounts of storm-tides.

The first half of the twelfth century gives a succession of heavy tides. In 1144 the sea surged twelve miles inland. In 1162 is noted the first account warranted by history, of drowning by a high tide. In this tide thousands of people and untold herds of cattle perished.

The tides forming the Zuider-See and Dollart have already been mentioned. At that time, in the thirteenth century, the sea raged with unusual persistence and ferocity. In 1216 were swept away 10,000 persons at Nordstrand, three years later (January 16) the Marcellus tide took off as many more.

There are stated days on which the storm-tide turns again and then the flood can be told to a day. For instance, St. Gallus Day, the sixteenth of October, is observed in all Friesland as a day of great misfortune. That day alone brought seven great floods. Also of All Saints' Day it is said: "Friesland may well lament All Saints' Day." On the second Marcellus-tide in 1300, the flood stormed four ells higher than the highest dike. In Schleswig 7,600 men perished in the briny waves.

Heligoland, an island eight miles long and four miles broad, discovered under the Bishop Adalbert von Bremen (1072) and called *Farria* but now rechristened Heligoland (holy land) on account of the cloister built on the then fertile island, was so terribly demolished by this tide that of all its former wealth, its cattle and luxuriant meadow lands, its far-reaching corn fields, its woods and many stately parishes, only two churches remain.

To-day whoever looks toward the red claystone rock of Heligoland which rises from the ever restless dark green waves above the white caps of the billows, would never dream that six centuries ago a glorious, blooming country extended along the horizon. Billow after billow now rolls over it and strikes lightly on the dune. Storm tides tore whole hills away. The rocky walls were pierced and broken up. And as the natives of Heligoland were merged in the stream of modern culture, so will the secluded island, a last ruins of the German ground, be swallowed up by the sea, if it is



not constantly protected by bulwarks. Even in the time of Charles the Great Friesland was double its present area.

The North Friesland of to-day is only the southern, poorest remnant of the fine tract of land that on October 11, 1634, was almost entirely demolished. Twenty parishes and 15,000 persons went under at that time, the sea breaking through the dike simultaneously in forty-four places. As early as 1362, in a great deluge, thirty parishes in North Friesland, together with Torum and fifty villages in East Friesland, were utterly destroyed. Then thirty years previous in North Friesland Rungholt with seven parishes were annihilated.

Descriptions of Holstein and Schleswig according to the old chroniclers such as Danckwerth, represent these places as on the "Cimbrian Sea" (North Sea) and between the islands "Sandten and Gründe," which the sea had left in place of the woods and villages it had swept away. By the names high Stahl (dagger), Sandduner (sanddune), high Weese (bank), Töfftten (tuff) and so on the places over which no briny wave rolled, were designated as tides, the deep, such as Growtieff, Lystertieff, etc., the places over which they rolled.

Danckwerth mentions also islands swept away of which now no one knows anything more than their location. Often the name has been perpetuated in the remaining sandbanks. In regard to the forest Apenholt submerged by the tide of 1210, which connected what are now the islands Toern and Röm, the chronicler says that in his time traces of the forest were to be seen in the huge fir-trees dug up with their roots still fast to them.

It would be too great a task to describe all the storm-tides of the last century. Only a few of the most dreadful ones may be briefly touched on: that of 1421 which destroyed 21 villages and 100,000 persons and formed the marshy lake Bies-Bosch at the mouth of the Rhine; that of four years later drowning the inhabitants on the banks of the Elb; the Antonius tide of 1511, which buried 3 villages and tore the Jahde Bay in the old Weser River mouth; then the fearful

All-Saints' Day tide of 1570 which appeared to be general, in which the sea beginning at midnight raged for forty-eight hours over the whole coast from Holland to Jutland, washing away all dikes, and sacrificing to its fury 400,000 persons, so that for years everything lay waste, there being a lack of men to rebuild it; and finally the Christmas night tide of 1717, which visited the entire coast and drowned 15,000 persons.

The storm tides of our century, among which the worst was that of February 3, 1825, do not approach those of former times in destructiveness, since the dikes are built higher and better and are more able to defy them. It is noteworthy that dike-building began when the storm tides began to increase. The defying hindrances demanded greater strength. Even in the early middle ages the Friesians had made an inadequate beginning of dike building. But not till the seventeenth century, profiting by the catastrophes and their experience in dike-building, were they able to put a check to a further devastation of the country.

But the islands, break-waters, and outposts of the land, are exposed to the destroyer. If they fall the storms will rage over the land worse than ever. The old play goes on: the new formation of bays and islands, erosion and destruction of the islands and then renewed tempests on the land.

The government of course has taken precautions for the protection of the North Sea islands. By sparing the natural vegetation, and by planting sand growing plants such as strand oats, attempts have been made to strengthen the dunes. But the storms kept pulling them to pieces more frequently and the billows snatched them away. The island Wangeroog, for instance, in our time is going to destruction, and inside of three hundred years the little island Juist has been obliged to build a new church four times. Among the desolate remnants of this tract of land, Ackerbau is the only one of the islands that with much labor is made to survive.

On the flat, sandy Baltic coast too we see the destroying power of the deep. When

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by means of sods, bushes, and trees, hills are built out into the sea, they soon are all underwashed. The roots lie bare. Great masses of rock are tossed about like little fragments. The storm tears huge blocks of granite from their foundations and strews them about on the protecting dams. It drives the sea sand up a steep coast thirty or forty meters high and far into the forests.

Moreover sagas tell in regard to the Baltic Sea of countries and cities submerged in its depths, of the violent tearing away of the island Hiddensee from Rügen, of Rügen's connection with the Pomeranian mainland and of the ancient wealthy magical city, the luxurious, beautiful, and sinful city Vineta on the island Usedom, which Adam von Bremen, Helmold, and other historians record to have been the greatest commercial town of north Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries. In its harbor three hundred ships could find room at once, and besides its teeming native slave population it had colonists from all over the world, including Greeks, who lived there and traded even with China and India. In 1043 it and the likewise important Wollin in Pomerania, were destroyed by the Danes, Swedes, and floods. Reports say that in a clear sea its marble palaces still tower from the watery depths and that sailors sometimes hear mysterious sounds of bells from the bottom of the sea. In a battle of a hundred centuries the sea has conquered from the Netherlands alone one hundred and twenty-five square miles, almost as much as half the kingdom of Saxony, but, by ceaseless, strenuous efforts, they have won back again considerable territory. They will change the Zuider-See back again to a blessing-fraught country, as already, in 1870, they have dried out the much smaller inland lake of Haarlem and converted it into a rich corn country.

Their kinsmen neighbors on the German North Sea coast gave them no assistance in this unremitting struggle with the mighty ocean. By tedious, continuous enlarging of the dikes, each year a little more submerged land is redeemed. In the beginning

of the redeeming process the new land is called *heller*, at the completion it is called *polder*.

The results of this polder-building are different according to the industry applied, the location in regard to sea currents, and the nature of the protecting contrivances. These latter consist of thickets, log or stone structures. The polder works are made by plowing single furrows in the shallow water in order to accommodate the ebb and flow tides by laying out ditches in such manner that the water must remove as much mud as possible on a long path, by the seasonable emptying of the ditches when they fill up at the edges, and by the regular leveling of the sediment.

The right of appropriating the land formed by alluvial deposits from the sea, is fiscal. Only by way of exception does it belong to property holders, as for instance to the counts at Inn- and Knyphausen-Lütetsburg, whose magnificent possessions cared for in exemplary manner, lie in the districts of the Norden and Wittmund. This right of theirs has descended to them from dynastical times and is assured to them by several titles. Of their possessions of about 18,000 acres a considerable share is land wrested from the sea, and this yields the most luxuriant products. It has taken since 1721 to win this estate.

Everywhere on the German North Sea coast, Holland included, the rich, unusually fruitful margin of the coast has been extorted from the sea. The entire ground can be kept in its present condition only by the utmost care and by incessant inspection of the invaluable dikes.

Thus strive the energetic, indomitable German people against the sea: by a tireless exertion of all their strength they preserve to their great fatherland the new, precious ground safe against the never resting destructiveness of the sea. And it is an elevating, inspiring thought for all men that it is a giant adversary against whom they successfully struggle in conscious valiant battle; the mighty sea. Gradually, but with firm hand, they can win back what the sea has plundered from them.

## JOURNALISM OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

BY PROFESSOR HENRY C. VEDDER.

OF CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ONE despairs of giving an adequate idea of Baptist journalism in a brief article, since there are no fewer than 122 Baptist newspapers and periodicals printed in the United States, exclusive of merely local publications, which would swell the number to portentous proportions. Obviously, it will be necessary to classify these and speak only of a few characteristic examples of each type.

Of these 122 periodicals, 59 are published weekly, and the others fortnightly, semi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly. Nearly all of the second class are devoted to Sunday school and missionary enterprises. Four of the weekly publications are Sunday school papers, leaving 55 that may properly be called religious newspapers—though it strains the name not a little to include some of them under it.

Geographically these newspapers are classified as follows: Of the 55, the South and Southwest lay claim to 33; three are published in the Northwest; and the remaining 19 are found in the region

north of Mason and Dixon's line and east of the Mississippi—what we generally call the northern states.

This geographical distribution of Baptist newspapers almost irresistibly suggests the chief defect of Baptist journalism, namely, the insane tendency to multiply newspapers beyond the needs of a region, and equally

beyond any rational computation of its ability to support them. Benjamin Franklin once said that he had never known a family too poor to keep a dog, and if a family were very poor, they usually kept several. Some such subtle principle of human nature, impelling men to act to the contrary of their real interests, must have directed the establishment of Baptist newspapers. No state is too poor to have its denominational paper, and if there is a state where Baptists are exceptionally poor and disorganized and inharmonious, that is precisely the state where they have two or three papers, each desper-

ately struggling for existence, and all unfortunately just succeeding. Almost anybody can start a little paper; it requires a capital, whether of cash or brains, whose attenuation is known only to the initiated; and, once started, a paper seems to have more than the nine lives popularly attributed to the cat. This is particularly true of those regions where the standard of culture is not high, and where for that reason the people especially need

papers of a high class. The trashy paper—not better than nothing, but distinctly worse, since it keeps out something better—flourishes in such communities, to the great loss of the denomination at large.

This is an evil inseparable from the Baptist polity. We have no official body to decide where a paper is needed and when it shall be established; nor is it made the duty of our clergy to promote the circulation of denominational literature. The chief motive actuating them is that gratitude which is



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\* This article belongs to a series on Journalism in the various religious denominations beginning in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, 1894. The denominations treated thus far are Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Catholic, and Protestant Episcopal.



PROF. HENRY C. VEDDER.  
Formerly editor "The Examiner." (New York.)

a lively appreciation of favors to come—for the Baptist minister usually has an almost superstitious veneration for the virtues of printer's ink. The editor, on his part, is not at all impervious to this consideration, and the smaller Baptist journals are managed largely on the give-and-take principle, so many fulsome "notices" for so much influence in promoting the circulation of the paper.

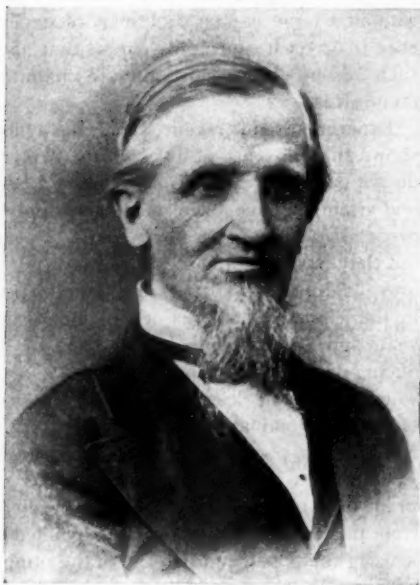
That circulation is generally very small. It is difficult to speak with precision on so delicate a subject, but it is doubtless within the truth to say that of the 33 Baptist papers published in the South not half a dozen print 10,000 copies weekly; while of the 19 published in the northern states not more than a half dozen fail to reach that number. Ultimately this question of circulation will be a decisive one; there will be a survival of the fittest; people will be no longer satisfied with a poor paper, whose only basis of support is local pride; and there will be a great curtailment in the number of papers, accompanied by a marked increase in their quality. The process is slower than could be wished, but it is sure. It has already had time to work itself out at the North to a very gratifying extent. The day has passed there when it was possible for a news-

paper to be begun, with any chance of life, without a large capital and men of experience to direct it; nay, only papers that have such resources are now able to maintain themselves.

Experiments of recent years have also shown that, at least at the North, Baptists do not care for "cheap" newspapers. Several attempts have been made to supply a first-class weekly paper for a dollar a year, but they have one and all proved costly failures. Baptist newspapers are the cheapest in the United States as it is. Some ten years ago *The Examiner* set the pace, by reducing its subscription price to \$2.00 a year, which is a dollar less than the best papers of other denominations and the best undenominational papers charge their subscribers. Even with a large circulation, there is no profit in this price; every dollar received from the subscribers must be expended in making the paper, and in spite of the utmost economy there are usually drafts on the advertising account as well. An increase of subscription price to \$3.00 a year would enable all our Baptist newspapers to improve their quality so greatly that the subscribers would probably not grumble; and when times improve there are some who look for a general movement in that direction. It might not be prudent to attempt an advance just now.



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Editor "The Examiner." (New York.)



JUSTIN A. SMITH, D.D.  
Editor "The Standard." (Chicago.)

Having said so much of the defects of Baptist newspapers it is but fair that a word should be said of their merits. Even the poorest of them in some sort justify their title. They are *newspapers*. This is the general characteristic of Baptist journalism, in which I do not hesitate to say that it exceeds all other religious journalism, the value it places on the collection, editing, and printing of denominational and general religious news. Baptist papers are not religious magazines; they are not vehicles for the inculcation of denominational principles; at least, they are not primarily these. They exist first of all to keep their readers informed regarding denominational progress; they print a great deal of what some might call, what some do call, mere gossip and tittle-tattle about churches and pastors. They print this, not because the editors prefer this to all other kinds of matter, but because the readers demand it. If it is not printed there are complaints long and loud, and ultimately a perceptible effect is noted in the subscription list from the neglected locality. Doubtless there are Baptists who

really feel the scorn for this news that many others affect; but it is noticeable that few ever complain that their paper gives too much news about their own locality and others in which they are personally interested. It is of the news relating to places and persons in whom they are not interested that they complain, forgetting that among the readers of the paper are others of equal rights with themselves who are interested in these things, and not at all interested in the things that please the complainer. Whatever else the Baptist paper of the future may or may not be, it will certainly be a newspaper. Any paper that does not recognize and act on this principle will have no future.

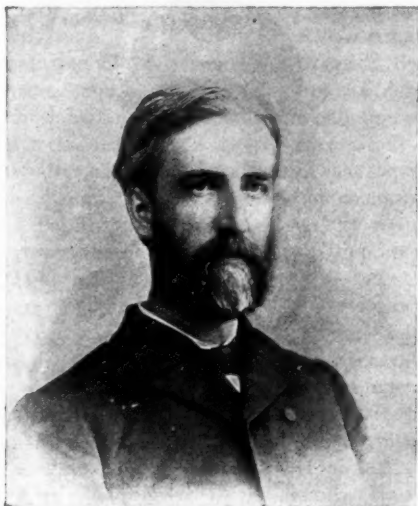
The Baptist press is orthodox, according to denominational understanding of that term. It is compelled to be orthodox by one of the strongest practical reasons, self-interest, nay, the preservation of existence. In spite of their polity—perhaps a Baptist might say, because of it—Baptist churches have maintained a consistent orthodoxy that has surprised other denominations in which there is more "strong government," and the newspapers reflect the denominational opinions. They will never become heterodox until the churches welcome heterodoxy, and that day does not seem close at hand.

Next to news, the Baptist press has always placed its editorial department. Our papers



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T. T. EATON, D.D.  
Editor "Western Recorder." (Louisville, Ky.)

are usually strong there. Even if a paper is lacking in everything else, it will generally be found to be at least respectable in its "leaders." These are much less doctrinal and controversial than was once the fashion; they now discuss the religious questions of the day with fullness and intelligence, and there is a growing tendency to touch on semi-secular or wholly secular topics that were once thought to be quite out of the province of a religious newspaper.

Our papers are weakest in contributed articles. This is due to the poverty of most of them; they cannot print good contributions, because most of them must take what is sent them gratis, and good articles have a cash market value. Not more than four or five of the 55 Baptist newspapers make a practice of paying for all their contributions; and about as many more would exhaust the list of those who ever pay anything. The quality of Baptist journalism will not greatly rise until there are fewer papers, until these are better supported, and by consequence are able to pay for contributions of a higher order.

Which is the oldest Baptist newspaper has been disputed. *The Watchman*, of Boston, claims to be the lineal descendant of a paper

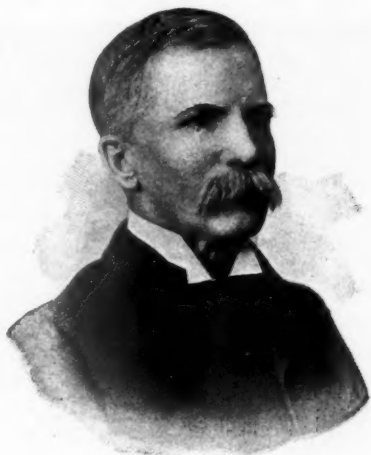
established in 1819, and on its title page bears the legend, "Vol. 76." *The Examiner*, of New York, is the successor of the *Baptist Register*, whose publication was begun in Utica in 1823, and its present volume is numbered 73. "On the face of the returns" the Boston paper would seem to be the older, but this has been controverted, on the grounds that it would be bootless to examine, for the matter is not one of great interest. Both papers have had a long and honorable history, and an equally honorable future seems to await them. *The Watchman* has the undisputed hegemony of the New England Baptist press, and has a wide circulation outside of its special territory. Some years ago it passed into the control of the Rev. George E. Horr, Jr., and at once stepped into the front rank of religious journalism. In the vigor and timeliness of its editorial department it is quite unequaled among our Baptist papers, and a general spirit of enterprise and alertness marks the entire conduct. This is not attained at the sacrifice of orthodoxy, or by any unworthy sensationalism, but by brightness and push. *The Examiner*, if not the oldest, is the best known of Baptist papers, has the largest circulation and now occupies the most influential position of them all. By the recent



J. B. CRANFILL, D.D.  
Editor "Texas Baptist Standard." (Waco, Tex.)

consolidation with it of the *National Baptist*, of Philadelphia, and the *Christian Inquirer*, of New York, it has gained for itself the entire field known as the middle states. Not only has it strengthened its position in this way, but the former editor of the *National Baptist*, the Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., has become its editor, and the former editor of the *Christian Inquirer*, the Rev. John B. Calvert, D. D., is also a member of its staff. This combination of talent and experience should enable the paper to hold against all comers the great field that is legitimately its own. The managing editor, Mr. Thomas O. Conant, is a host in himself, and the staff of correspondents and contributors is unequaled in religious journalism. *The Examiner* has lately taken to illustrations, not the "cheap John" kind, but costly and artistic, and the other papers will be compelled to follow in its wake. The Baptist paper of the future is to be illustrated—so much is settled.

*The Standard*, of Chicago, is the only other Baptist paper that can be ranked with the two named. It is now in its forty-second year—quite a venerable age for any institution of the wild West. Its early career was rather checkered, but with the coming to the helm of Mr. Edward Goodman, in 1857, it began to improve. He still remains to direct its policy and share



HENRY S. BURRAGE, D.D.  
Editor "Zion's Advocate." (Portland, Me.)

in its practical conduct. The editor, since 1853, has been the Rev. Justin A. Smith, D. D., one of the most scholarly, industrious, and genial of religious journalists, whose modesty is equal to his merit, and keeps him from that self-assertion by which men of far less worth gain more notoriety. *The Standard* has always been notably irenic in its tone; it has rarely taken an active part in controversy, though the editor knows how to express his opinion unmistakably on occasion. It has been one of the great forces in building up the denomination in the West, and well deserves its present prosperity.

There are no Baptist papers in the South that deserve to be placed alongside of these three—though perhaps it is hardly prudent to say that. The three that come nearest are the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., the *Western Recorder*, of Louisville, Ky., and the *Texas Baptist Standard*, of Waco. The *Religious Herald* is unique. Its first page has been remarkable for many years for the interest of the contributed articles printed there, largely controversial (the southern Baptist dearly loves à discussion, no matter what it is about) and often witty, if not wise. Dr. A. E. Dickinson, the editor, has had able colleagues, but his lively pen gives the tone and flavor to the editorial department. *The Herald* is very in-



G. W. LASHER, D.D.  
Editor "Journal and Messenger." (Cincinnati.)

fluent, and has a large circulation outside of Virginia, where its "foot is on its native heath." The *Western Recorder* has surpassed all other southern papers in the solidity and permanent value of its contributions, for it is probably the only one of them that pays good prices for such articles. But after all, the chief interest of that paper to its readers is in its editorial columns. No Baptist editor has a personality more vigorous than that of Dr. T. T. Eaton, and it is beyond the power of even cold types to hide that personality. His articles and paragraphs bristle with sharp points; they are never ill-natured, however, and generally are enjoyed by everybody but the fellow that they hit. It is too serious business for him to laugh with real good grace. The *Texas Baptist Standard* is owned as well as edited by Dr. J. B. Cranfill. He is one of the younger men of the fraternity, aggressive, pushing, but genial, and he boasts that it has a larger circulation than any Baptist paper save *The Examiner*.

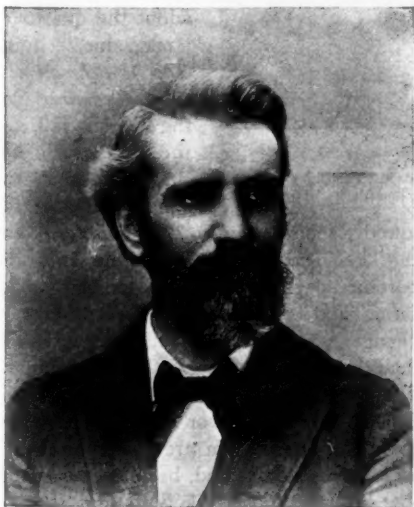
In this class of Baptist papers of national reputation, and a circulation more or less corresponding to their repute, should be named *The Baptist Union*, the organ of the Baptist Young People's Union of America—



C. E. W. DOBBS, D.D.  
Editor "Indiana Baptist." (Indianapolis.)

an organization for the better training of our young people which is a cross between the Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League. This paper, under the editorship of Dr. Frank L. Wilkins, has reached a circulation of over 20,000 copies, and has won a well-deserved fame for itself as one of the best papers of its class, exceeded in value only by *The Golden Rule*.

Besides the papers named, each of which circulates over a large section—and at least one aspires to be national—there is a class of state papers, whose field is more circumscribed and circulation limited by what they undertake to do. These vary greatly in ability, some approaching very closely to the papers already named, others being so bad that one marvels how they manage to live at all. Among the best may be named *Zion's Advocate*, published at Portland, Me., and edited by Dr. Henry S. Burrage, well known as a historical scholar and writer. The editorial department is able, and the state news good. The *Journal and Messenger*, published at Cincinnati, aspires to be more than a state paper, and measurably succeeds, since it circulates in West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania considerably, possibly elsewhere. Its editor, Dr. G. W. Lasher, is a man of ability, who has decided opinions and the courage to express them, and his columns are read with interest and respect by those who appreciate a paper with backbone. The



REV. J. C. GRINNELL.  
Editor "Der Sendbote" and other German Baptist periodicals.  
(Cincinnati.)

*Indiana Baptist*, Dr. C. E. W. Dobbs being its editor, hails from Indianapolis. Dr. Dobbs has been in the editorial chair only about a year, and there has been a notable change for the better in the literary quality of the paper, as well as in its general ability and enterprise.

The *Biblical Recorder*, of North Carolina, is one of the least progressive of Baptist papers, the best that can be said of it being that the others of that region (there are several) are still worse. Its editorial columns are its only redeeming feature. Into these Dr. C. T. Bailey has put a good deal of his own strong character. The *Baptist Courier*, of Columbia, S. C., has become, under the conduct of Dr. A. J. S. Thomas, one of the most progressive and wide-awake of our southern papers. It is able, fearless, and bright beyond the rule of southern newspapers. Its rapid improvement warrants still higher expectations of it in the future. The *Alabama Baptist* has changed hands many times like its neighbor, The *Christian Index*, of Georgia. Neither has more than a local influence.

Finally, boxing the compass, we come to the *Christian Herald*, of Detroit, Mich., edited by Dr. J. T. Trowbridge and his accomplished wife—though it may be indiscreet thus to make public her agency in the work, which is, however, an open secret to all of the craft. This is a bright, newsy paper, and it would be still better if the conductors had more taste in the arrangement of their matter. The paper always looks as if the “make up” had been supervised by a blind foreman, and the type emptied in anyhow to fill the columns

and “justify.” The matter is so good that it ought to be better arranged.

Besides the papers named, there are two that form a class by themselves: The *American Baptist Flag*, of St. Louis, edited by the Rev. D. B. Ray, and the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Memphis, Tenn., edited now by the Rev. E. E. Folk, but so long conducted by the renowned J. R. Graves. These are what are sometimes called “Landmark” papers: they stand for the extreme High Church Baptist doctrine, that refuses to acknowledge baptism as valid unless administered on the authority of a Baptist Church and by a baptized administrator.

This type of doctrine is widely prevalent in the Southwest, and is held by other papers, but by none is so unmistakably and consistently advocated as by these—*par nobile fratrum*.

Within the past year there has been a tendency among Baptist newspapers to discard the old blanket sheet and adopt the quarto or “magazine” form. The *Watchman* and The *Examiner* led the way last fall, and the *Journal* and *Messenger* and the *Indiana Baptist* fol-

lowed soon after. The *Standard* and the *Religious Herald* are the only important papers to hold to the older form, and the former is meditating a change. A few of the southern papers will doubtless hesitate, but of the rest none are likely to hold out beyond the present year. The arguments in favor of the smaller and more convenient form are too numerous to be long resisted. And, besides, any paper that hesitates long is likely to find that its subscribers will take the matter into their own hands—by transferring their alle-



C. R. BLACKALL, D.D.  
Editor Periodicals of American Baptist Publishing Society.  
(Philadelphia.)

giance to a paper that they like better.

Little space is left for speaking of the periodicals, though much might be said of them. Chief among them are those issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, of which Dr. C. R. Blackall has general editorial charge, though there is also an editor to each periodical. There are eighteen of these, all devoted to the interests of Sunday schools.

The various missionary periodicals are excellent specimens of their kind. The *Home Mission Magazine* and the *Missionary Magazine* (the latter the organ of the American Baptist Missionary Union, our foreign missionary society) are filled with interesting matter, of good literary quality, and are well printed and freely illustrated.

The Southern Baptist Convention publishes a series of Sunday school periodicals with the general title of "Kind Words," which are weekly, monthly, and semi-monthly; besides several quarterlies of a similar kind. They are all under the general conduct of the Rev. S. Boykin, D. D.

For religious periodicals, apart from these technical sorts, Baptists do not seem to care; at least, they will not support a denominational periodical, of any kind

whatever. Many attempts have been made to publish such periodicals. A monthly magazine has indeed been maintained for many years by the Rev. S. H. Ford, D. D., of St. Louis, called *The Biblical Repository*, but its circulation has been local or at least sectional, and it is the sole case of the kind.

Among periodicals should be mentioned several that are issued in the interest of our colleges and theological seminaries. There have been several of these; how many are published at present I cannot say. Those of former years were issued by the Colgate University, the Denison University, and the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville. The latter differed from the others in that it was issued and managed by students wholly; the others were edited and published by members of the faculty. Their circulation was necessarily limited, and their life was dependent on faculty and alumni rendering their services as a labor of love.

The total circulation of Baptist papers and periodicals is largely a matter of guesswork. Of the weekly newspapers probably not fewer than 300,000 copies are printed; of the periodicals no estimate worth printing can be given with the information accessible.

## A PRISONER IN CHAINS.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

A PRISONER in chains he stands  
 Within a dark and narrow cell,  
 And many sentries guard him well,  
 But they have only chained his hands.  
 His spirit moves a thousand clans,  
 His glory gleams on shining shields,  
 A mighty kingdom quakes and reels,  
 And freedom shouts in tyrant lands.  
 Such is the power of noble deeds  
 That when a soul for freedom dies  
 A thousand ready heroes rise  
 To follow where the martyr leads;  
 The clanging of one prison chain  
 May break a mighty despot's reign.



## CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

**I**F the Turk be indeed, as described in my first article, a quiet, honest, orderly person, a man of his word, with the contempt of subject races which leads to a contempt for deceit, how is it that the government of the Turkish Empire, carried on by this dominant race, is so confessedly corrupt and bad? This is the problem which urges itself upon any dispassionate observer. The evidence for the corruption of Turkish officialdom in general is not to be gainsaid. It is to be had at every turn, and the exception of an honest official is so marked and spoken about as to be an indirect corroboration of the general complaint, and yet the ordinary Turk is honest and humane, pleasanter to deal with than any other man of the East, and, moreover, there is no aristocracy under the despotism of the sultan. They all are his servants, and nothing more. The last vestiges of hereditary influences, when the local government used to pass from father to son, have been abolished by the present sovereign.

Where then do the officials learn or develop their vices? The answer cannot be given in two words, for it is very complex, but it is also of great psychological interest, and contains lessons for all men in all societies. In the first place then, the obscure man, of previous average honesty, whom the sultan singles out and sets over a department or a province, owes no man allegiance but the sultan; he is responsible to no man but the sultan; if he satisfies his master his whole obligation is performed. Pleasing his sovereign, therefore, is his object, not promoting justice. His model or type is that sovereign himself, who is confessedly an absolute despot. If he were to seize any quiet citizen of Stamboul to-morrow, cut off his head, and appropriate his wife and his home, I do not believe that

any genuine Turks would question his right to do it, though they might feel so alarmed at their own insecurity that they would acquiesce in the assassination or removal of this particular despot and the accession of another with less dangerous tastes.

This is the type which the local governor, be he kaimacam, or be he pasha, has before him. Injustices on the part of a despotic governor are not injustices; they are the mere expression of the pleasure of the ruler whom Allah in His providence has established. Of course no nation, no society, is devoid of the notion of justice. The Koran itself preaches assiduously both justice and mercy. But in every absolute creed, as in every absolute polity, there are exceptions. The Mahometan is taught to place the unbeliever beyond the pale of all such considerations; and though modern civilization, and a true Christianity, backed by paramount political and military power, has compelled the Islamite to abate his pretensions, and at least to desist from carrying them into practice, these pretensions remain, and are the motives or the justification of actions which conflict with the sound moral instincts of civilized and Christian men. The local despot has a free hand to act, because he is not responsible to his subjects, even if they are Turks, and because any other people have no claim upon him at all.

No one can object to such a man's seeking, as his pleasure, to enrich himself, as his duty, if he have such a notion, to provide for his family, and when we remember that his tenure of office is quite unsafe, that he may be deprived to-morrow by the sultan of all his wealth, without any reason whatever but the caprice of that personage, it is not hard to predict the consequences. Average honesty, natural kindliness, will not be proof against such temptations.

During his mushroom importance, he must make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness; and having, probably, no business training, is obliged to seek aid from underlings cleverer, but generally more unscrupulous, than himself.

Here comes in a new element, and perhaps the strongest for evil in the government of the Turk. He is surrounded by men of great talents, but little conscience, who do his work, worm themselves into his confidence, and so wrest from his hands the practical control of affairs. Probably no department at Constantinople has ever been really worked by pure Turks. The supple Greek, the wily Armenian, the chameleon Levantine are there as interpreters, as accountants, to take all the trouble, to do all the drudgery, and take their share of the profits, and all these profits last only during the sultan's life, or his pleasure.

The remedy for these evils is far to seek. If the dishonest underlings, and Turks who have learned their ways, were expelled wholesale from their offices, the whole administration would come to a standstill. Yet if you keep them there, no amount of supervision, no amount of severity, would make them honest. In recent years sundry departments of the revenue have been handed over to foreign syndicates of bondholders, and this farming of the revenue has brought in some notions of western honesty and punctuality, but at the cost of exhibiting the Turk incompetent to manage his own affairs and confessing his political dotage.

I will not here go into the complicated problem of forecasting his successor, because the solution is yet a great way off, unless some unforeseen war precipitates it. There are far too many jealous claimants for the inheritance; it will never drop, like ripe fruit, into the mouth of one. Twenty years ago nobody would have dreamt of numbering Bulgaria among the aspirants, and yet now the wise people at Constantinople tell you that she has better claims than the rest, and so the problem will keep shifting; Russia may fall a prey to the nihilist long before Turkey is absorbed by

the Russian. An energetic sultan may refit the fleet now rotting in the Golden Horn, and make his capital really impregnable. What use is there in multiplying these conjectures, in endeavoring to lift the veil which the hand of God has wisely drawn across the future?

Let us return to the present city and finish our survey of its marvels. The sultans seem to have exaggerated the habit of western sovereigns in building themselves palaces. If you ask what any huge building is along the Bosphorus you will hear that it is a royal palace. You ask: Who occupies it? A deposed sultan, a discarded sultana, a suspected vassal, always some one who dares not leave it; or else it is lying empty awaiting its state prisoner.

The present sultan, instead of occupying the center of his real capital, Stamboul, where the old seraglio stands so proudly over the entrance to the Bosphorus, has made himself a gaudy house on the outskirts of Pera. He has built himself a mosque at his gate, and dreads to enter his own city. Once a year, indeed, at the opening of the month of Ramadan, he makes an official progress through the principal thoroughfares and prays in St. Sophia; but if the reports be as true as they are uniform, he looks forward to this day as an ordeal, and believes himself in momentary danger of assassination. These fears must be the result of a disturbed conscience, or a morbid imagination; every one tells you he is as safe as our queen is in London.

The preparations for this procession, however, show signs of his apprehensions. Crowds of men and carts lay down sand and gravel along several routes to cover the ruts and the mud of the illkept streets;\* the route indicated the previous day is sure to be avoided; all the streets are lined from morning to night with troops; the mouth of every alley that opens upon the thoroughfares is stopped with soldiers. The mind of the scholar who looks upon these precautions reverts to the awful pictures

\*Owing to a curious flash of public economy, all this gravel is gathered again next day and put by for the next year. I actually saw this operation going on!—J. P. M.

which Plato in his "Republic," and Xenophon in his "Hiero" have drawn of the suspicions and the terrors of the tyrant in the midst of all his power and prosperity.

Yet no corresponding crimes have been attributed to the present sultan. There is, indeed, still living immured in a palace, his elder brother, deposed by a sudden *coup de main* of the ministers on the plea of his insanity. Who knows when this specter may not reappear in political life? The other heirs are either very young or very remote, so the succession is no burning question.

The sultan himself is said to be a capable and hard-working man, informing himself about every detail of his government. He may be seen any Friday passing from the gate of his palace to the adjoining mosque. All the world goes to the windows which command the scene. About four thousand troops, infantry and cavalry, are under arms, lining the couple of hundred yards which lead down hill from the gate to the mosque, and massed upon the adjoining thoroughfares.

As the hour of prayer (noon) approaches, various grandees and high officials come out of the gate and go down to take their places in the mosque. Of these, three wield the chief power: first, the grand vizier, a bright, intelligent man of forty, who is a man of the world, talking French very well, and the possessor of an excellent library. If all the rest were as he is! Next comes the sheik el Islam, a fanatical looking old person in a green turban, who corresponds to our medieval archbishop of Canterbury, as the grand vizier corresponds to the lord high chancellor in England's monarchical days. Third comes the chief eunuch, to whom we can happily find no western parallel. The predominant color of the uniforms, which are unfortunately copied from European models, is blue with scarlet facings. The sheik wears oriental draperies, the chief eunuch a plain black frock coat; all of them the inevitable fez.

The sultan himself was in a victoria, with a footman on the box, and facing him the famous Osman Pasha, the hero of the campaign of Plevna. He is now over the

household of the sultan, some sort of lord high chamberlain, or whatever the proper title may be.

The devotions in the mosque occupied some forty minutes, and then the sultan got into a different carriage, also a victoria, with a pair of cream-colored Spanish horses, which he drove himself smartly up the hill, while all the grandees were obliged to run on foot, to keep up with him and surround the carriage. This performance on the part of a set of very old men, some of them exceedingly fat, added a strong comic element to the scene. But there were other incidents which showed how little the Turk understands the serious stateliness of a ceremony.

Among the high officials in stars and orders who kept dropping down from the palace to the mosque would appear occasionally some mean scullion, almost in rags, carrying a portmanteau which most ordinary tourists would not display, wherein, we were told, were certain vestments or some plain dress to be donned inside the mosque. And occasionally a mean country cart, with very dirty and ragged country people, would make its way through the cavalry and the carriages of the fashionable world, gathered at the foot of the hill, and wend its weary way past the palace gate, along the street lined with general officers and their staff.

In a country where the man in a donkey cart and the grand vizier might possibly change places, these things have their serious meaning; there is no such thorough democracy as that of the slaves of one common master; and, moreover, in the present case, these slaves are fatalists.

The sultan looked an anxious, overworked man, with prominent features, deep-set and suspicious eyes, very thin and worn with the burden of his life. It struck me that he would dress up on the stage as an excellent Shylock. Those of his household or his cabinet with whom I talked spoke of him not only with respect and loyalty, but with affection. They told me that nothing in Constantinople escaped his knowledge; for example, they said he would be sure to know when I had arrived and where I was staying. The latter was probable enough,

seeing that I was the guest of a personage whom the sultan is said to observe with some jealousy of his extraordinary influence. The former seemed to me odd, as I had been taken off the steamer which brought me in a private boat, before the quarantine officers had given *pratique*, and had been landed without the inspection or knowledge of any officer, at a remote part of the harbor, where a carriage was in waiting for me. Such are the liberties taken with this most despotic and inquisitive of ports. I had, moreover, among my modest possessions a dozen of books, which ought, by law, to have been carried off to a private room in the customhouse and kept there until an official, who might know neither English, nor Latin, nor Greek, nor German, decided whether they contained in them anything disrespectful or dangerous to the sultan, his empire, or his religion!

The soldiers so lavishly displayed in the streets are the garrison of the city, occupying many huge barracks, and amounting to at least ten thousand men. In the stormy and wet weather of last March they appeared rather weary and draggled, and their drilling was not up to our standard. But we must set on the other side the fact that they were fasting the whole day, that their pay is seldom regular, and that while they seem untidy in the formalities of soldiering, their courage and endurance have never failed under any real test. They are on the average much older than our soldiers; their term of service (conscription) is said to be ten years, and any traveler who has ever had them with him for an escort knows how sober, diligent, and kindly they are. This does not prevent the ill-fed and non-paid among them from turning occasional highwaymen and committing acts of robbery even near the capital.

The sultan has of recent years engaged an experienced German officer to act as drill-sergeant-in-chief of the Turkish army, and the system is supposed to be remodeled on the model of Germany. The military displays in Constantinople show little trace of this reform, and possibly the German reformer is unable to do more than explain

his theories, and hold himself in readiness to carry them out, whenever the Turkish military officials wake out of their sleep and allow him to act, or desist from thwarting him.

For reform is hateful to every instinct of the Turk. We were told that an active young Englishman, brought out and appointed with a high salary to teach torpedo practice to the Turkish navy, resigned his appointment and went home, when he found, after several months of idleness and applications to do his work, that he could obtain no class to teach. No one would have objected to his receiving his salary all his life and doing nothing. Probably the official society of Stamboul, who had advised him to keep quiet and not vex himself for nothing, thought him some kind of moral monster, because he refused to take money under false pretenses. So the twelve torpedo boats, which I saw lying side by side in the Golden Horn, have never left their first anchorage, and will lie there till they rust or rot into uselessness. If these things came to be openly discussed, official denials of the abuses, one and all, would be easily obtained, nor is it easy to prove how far each particular obtained on hearsay is accurate. The general truth, however, is beyond all reasonable question.

But behind all this apparent incompetence or dishonesty lies a national feeling which is not without some philosophic basis. The Turk repudiates with contempt the prophecies of social reform, of the abolition of privileges, of the education of all mankind; he ridicules that radical millennium when the operative shall dwell with the autocrat, the capitalist shall lie down with the striker, and the aristocrat and the young agitator and the millionaire together, and a local board shall lead them. His golden days are not in the future but in the past—the days of Mahomet II., of Suleiman, when the sword of the faithful was the terror of Europe. But now the hated Frank has become so powerful that he must be utilized against his neighbor, and Turkey must live, not by the sword, but by diplomacy. The faithful are now obliged to listen, or to

appear to listen, with courtesy to the advices of the unbeliever, the very scum of the earth, upon the internal management of the sultan's own empire. There is but one escape from this odious degradation. Let them talk, let them propose, let them advise; but let their words be as idle noise, and let nothing be done without actual constraint, or to avoid something worse. To the Turk the whole life of the western Frank seems either unhappy or absurd; he is never at rest; he is never content to stay in his own country or abide by his own laws; not only is he himself always changing, but he is fretting to impose change upon those who have found, were it not for foreign interference, the ultimate truth, and with it spiritual peace and permanent happiness.

And yet how can this foreign interference be avoided? It shows itself in the building of the houses, the contents of the shops, the dress of the people, even in sacred Stamboul, with all its privileges. That city, apart from its palaces, once consisted of streets of gray wooden *chalets*, picturesque enough in design, with the upper stories wider than the ground floor. But fires have been so frequent and so disastrous, that the sultan orders all new buildings to be in stone, and then they follow the hideous models we afford them in our streets. The crowd of modern palaces is likewise of Frankish ugliness. It is only here and there, in some steep lane, or by the shores of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, out of the thoroughfare, that you see the graceful old constructions of the last century.

The city is evidently considerably shrunken toward the west, or land side. The great walls, which we shall presently visit, and which bar off the great promontory between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, are almost out in the country now. Here and there is a gate still guarded and to which a street leads out; but a large part of the inner side is now in fields and scattered dwellings, of which a whole quarter is peopled by the Tzigans, or gipsies, who accompanied Mahomet IV. as his cooks and sutlers, and

were accordingly allowed to remain free of taxes within the walls which he stormed. Like the Turks of Stamboul, they are free from conscription and from imposts: a part of the year they spend in Roumania; the rest in begging, stealing, dancing, and worse, about Constantinople. Beautiful people they are, both women and boys, but devoid of all morality, so much so that it is hardly safe, and certainly most disagreeable, to wander through their settlement. We observed them from the top of the walls, which we ascended from the outside, so that their solicitations were at least addressed to us from a secure distance.

Far more honest and civilized are the myriads of dogs which people every street, which lie asleep in the midst of the thickest thoroughfares, which act as scavengers in the day and as disturbers of sleep at night, for when the sun goes down, and it grows cold, they begin to range about and settle their disputes about the limits of their domains. A group with a leading dog, their captain, pasha, occupy each street; they know, and are recognized by, the householders, who feed them with that benevolence to animals which distinguishes the Turk. But if a strange dog intrudes he must be expelled by force and with great clamor.

The type of these animals is uniform, a woolly creature, with a warm coat, about the size of a large sheep dog, of a yellowish color, and with that wolfish air which our collie still retains. But though homeless and masterless, these dogs are not only tame but kindly; they never bite anybody, and it is most remarkable that they never have an outbreak of hydrophobia. One shudders to think of the consequences were such a thing to happen. Half Constantinople would be bitten, and fifty Pasteurs would not save it from a horrible epidemic. But dogs kept in natural conditions seem quite safe. I never found a Scotch keeper or gillie who had seen a case of the disease, and yet they live among dogs all their lives.

I saw in Constantinople an old dog, on a cold and wet day, drive a young one off the dry and warm spot on which he was curled up asleep, and take it for himself.



This was the worst act of injustice I ever saw them commit. It is owing to the humanity of the Turks that this curious population is so vastly superior to the pariah dogs, poor starved creatures, of other oriental city streets.

I noticed the same superiority in the condition and temper of the horses. You see them on stands, ready for hire, like the donkeys of Cairo or Alexandria. They have a warm sheepskin upon their backs, and look well fed and happy. White is the

predominant color among them. But all the other means of being carried about a city are there, from the almost obsolete sedan-chair to the fully developed tram cars, which permeate the whole city. The mud of the streets, and the exceeding roughness of the pavements, make these, the oldest, and the newest vehicle, the most desirable. For the climate in the winter is like that of middle or even northern Europe; there is a plenty of rain, and there are even many falls of snow.

## LANDS OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

BY S. PARKES CADMAN.

THE scope of this article includes in a necessarily brief survey those great territories possessed, colonized, and held by the Anglo-Saxon race. I shall submit to the reader the statistics and general outlines which may serve to convey a faint conception of the real magnitude of the subject beneath discussion, and will, at any rate, determine for every one of us that the Congress of America and the Parliament of Britain mean more for the extent and quality of human government than any other presidency or empire the world has ever known.

It is well to remember that statistics are proverbially unsafe, and what is more, they mean little, if anything, to the man who is too lazy to penetrate beyond the vestibule of facts. So while the area, the population, and the traffic of the lands of our tongue can only be expressed by figures which are simply aids to thought and imagination behind the schedules, so uninviting and weary, there lurks a mighty spirit of tireless strength and prodigious achievement, deserving the epic of a modern Milton; accomplishing results which Homer never dreamt. It behooves me that I should be careful to make these figures and returns as correct as is possible, and to place them in their sequential order. This I shall endeavor to do, and with this preliminary we may proceed.

The population of the earth is estimated

at one and one half thousand million, distributed as follows:

Europe, . . .	381,200,000
Africa, . . .	127,000,000
Asia, . . .	854,000,000
Australia, . . .	4,730,000
America, . . .	133,070,000
Total, . . .	1,500,000,000

The population of the British Empire is 381,037,374; and of the United States of America, 62,622,250; the gross number of inhabitants in lands of the English tongue being 443,659,624. Thus nearly one third of the population of the world is beneath two flags, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes.

This multitude which no man can number, of every nation, kindred, and tribe, is scattered over an area of nearly fifteen million square miles,—3,602,990 of which belong to the United States and 11,335,806 to the British Empire. England proper has an area of only 50,840 square miles. Thus this land rules over an outside realm more than two hundred and twenty-one times its own area.

The East Indian possessions of the British Empire are larger in extent than the entire continent of Europe, excluding Russia. The North American territories, including the Hudson's Bay and Great Lake regions, give England for the queen's scepter a kingdom

which has a larger area than the whole of Europe, excluding nothing. Victoria's western lands outvie the claims of Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and every power great and small of that continent. British Africa and Australasia follow very closely in point of size.

Again Protestant countries control to-day nearly one-half the population of the globe. One third of all existing Mohammedans are under Protestant English government, and the Hinduism of the great Asiatic peninsula is being slowly but surely undermined by the English educational system. Our literature, since Macaulay's introduction of it into India, has not ceased to leaven the whole mass of Hindoo thought. It has transferred it to new worlds and wider activities. The repetition of the Renaissance is most effectually witnessed in India to-day. Even the inanimate and stupid millions of Buddhists in Borneo, Siam, and Thibet will not hold their own against the onward march of Christian influences. The creed of Gautama is little more in these somnolent regions than an external decoration of public life, and the soul of the East is awakening to change the measureless past of its weary desolation.

There are eighteen million Hindoos, Mohammedans, Buddhists, etc. in eastern regions, who speak and read English. Besides these, scattered throughout the territories of our race are 117,175,000 souls using the language of our Holy Bible and of Shakespeare, a total number of 135,175,000.

Leaving generalities, one may safely presume that my readers are acquainted with that series of successive commonwealths known to us and loved by us, as the United States of America. Our political history has been read by the world at large; read far more keenly and discriminatingly by many men of the Old World than we are apt to imagine. The moral influence of the United States has been paramount for the entire period of its existence, compelling unwilling tributes from disgruntled retrogressive factions, and eliciting the warmest appreciation from the oppressed, the enduring, and freedom-loving peoples the world over. To-day that applause is not so spontaneous and

hearty as of yore. The truest friends of this nation are viewing with alarm our political degeneracy. Signs not to be mistaken are everywhere prevalent that the master thinkers and workers of the race are for the first time since the Civil War anxious for the sake of humanity that we should abide in our own place.

And this we shall do. The distant view is too apt to mistake the accidental for the essential conditions. Abnormal news-gatherers present every little lurid side-light and forget to mention the steady shining of the sun because, strange reason and yet true, it never ceases to shine. Incessant stress is laid upon crime, lawlessness, accident, and turmoil. They are deemed the only subjects worth exhaustive treatment. Hence outsiders do misunderstand us, and fail to apprehend aught concerning us—from the real basal consciousness of God and Right which has made and saved us as a nation, to our extent of territory stretching from east to west.

Italy is twice as large as England, and not quite half as large as Texas; and England and Italy both could be comfortably located in the state of Montana. We are capable of supporting as large a proportionate population as Europe contains to-day. Our customs, races, industries, and manner of life must be left to others to dwell upon, and books like Bryce's "American Commonwealth" are very grateful to us because of their exceeding scarcity and simple truth and for criticisms which, at times severe, are always just.

Great Britain and Ireland have a total area of 120,973 square miles and a population of 37,880,762. England's aggressive grasp is not more plainly seen in Egyptian deserts and among the hillsmen of India than it is in England proper. A journey by railroad from Liverpool to London is a kaleidoscopic panorama of the progress of civilization. You leave in the Mersey one of the queen-ships of the sea, and walk along miles and miles of Liverpool's superb granite docks. The Manchester ship canal enables vessels of 5,000 tons burden to sail for 50 miles inland to the cotton emporium whose market is the

world. Gliding out of Lime Street Depot, Liverpool, upon an express train, its iron road of heaviest metal, signaled, gated, barred for every mile, you proceed in a southwestern direction across the "tight little island." Everything, all capabilities of rock and soil, the rivers, waters, forests, farms, is subordinated within brief limits to the most effectual service of man. Rich mines of coal sixty feet thick, old Norman churches, huge towns which we should call cities, villas, castles, hoary foundations, and every phase of life from Druid ruins to Westminster palaces, unfold before your eyes the secret of England's power.

The counties of England are often insulated by dialectical forms of speech which make a Cumberland peasant an unknown being to a Cockney. The northern regions are given to mining and kindred industries, are crowded with the manufacturing cities such as Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, and Liverpool. Birmingham, the metropolis of that mid-England which was Shakespeare's land, is probably the best-governed city in the world. There Watt, the famous improver of the steam engine, laid the foundations of a triumphant mechanical advance.

The southern portions of England are largely agricultural. Governmental institutions, arsenals, dock-yards, and the mammoth capital, London, give southern England its importance. The shrewdest, sturdiest men are northerners, "Tynesiders," with whom Dr. Parker claims relationship.

You cross the border to Caledonia, stern and wild. The "smell of the heather" means something to the men of "Edinboro' town" and "auld Glasgow." There is a virility of race, a persistent individuality, and a high educational standard everywhere around you, which goes to prove what Ian Maclaren's book would have you believe, that the Scotch peasant is the finest of his order in the world.

Well may the queen of England and of the empire love Balmoral and all things Scotch. The "Hieland host" has stood in kilted array on many a battle field, from the Pyramids, where Napoleon's boasted "In-

vincibles" bit the dust for the first time, to Tel el Kebir, to win the gracious lady's world-wide sway. She owes much of it to Sandie's counsel in the Parliament and his courage in the war, and though most Scotchmen love their country so well as to leave it, love it they do, wherever they are found, and the qualities it gave them have mastered many difficulties, and caused the Scotchman to be always followed by another man, who carries his carpet bag.

"Gallant little Wales," as she is fondly termed by the brainy Celts who love and live for her, is as vigorous to-day as when she struggled against the invading forces of the first great Plantagenet, Edward I. The Welshman is a miner by trade, a patriot from intelligent conviction, and a poet or else a preacher, and sometimes both in one, by right of heritage. He lives among the loveliest hills of Britain, hills which in the past re-echoed with the fierce cry of battle against the hated Saxon oppressor, but which to-day ring with the native melodies he is so well able to sing. Like the Scotchman, the Welshman has persisted in his unique career as an individual, but they are firmly and forever united beneath the one rule and law of Her Majesty's government.

Such is not the case with the Celt across the Irish Channel. Ireland is the sad land of a melancholy race. The dashing wit of Charles Leveis' novels does not portray the genuine Hibernian, any more than do the conventional caricatures of our comic papers. Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls" were welcome because the intense shadow of the book was masterfully true to Irish life. I always thought the late Mr. Parnell a pathetic man to look upon: his followers are men of a burdened aspect. Except Dublin and the province of Ulster, and what remains of Ireland though fair as any land that God has given to man, is an object lesson in suffering, indifference, self-caused poverty, and immense natural advantages tantalizing because unused. The causes of these differences and mistakes and many other blunders, too, are matters of such dinning controversy that we can only speak of, without explaining, them at length.

The remaining islands in British seas, including the Isle of Man, the Isle of Anglesea, and the Isle of Wight, have an area of 295 square miles.

The colonies and dependencies of the British Empire are divided into five great groups, those of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia.

Follow the courses of English colonies and because of them you can have an audience in every great city on the earth to hear you in our language. That language is your medium of communication where civilization obtains and in many places where it does not obtain. The stately cities of these colonies and dependencies are rapidly rivaling European and American centers. Australia is as strong to-day as was our own land when the Declaration of Independence was made. The power of the press in these regions, their fabulous splendors, present wealth, and prospective development are not to be set forth by my halting rhetoric. The dreams of the greatest enthusiast concerning national power flutter down into the commonplace when put side by side with the actual and inexhaustible possessions of the English race. The total revenue of the British Empire for 1894 was \$1,187,645,750; the value of imports and exports was \$5,774,525,000.

In Europe proper Gibraltar and Malta are the leading possessions. Heligoland was transferred to the German Empire on August 9, 1890. Cyprus is sometimes included among the European dependencies, but here the island is in the Asiatic section. Gibraltar, one of the pillars of Hercules, guarding the gateway of the Mediterranean Sea, was obtained by a singularly gallant conquest in 1704. It is two miles in area, a rock honeycombed with natural and artificial caverns, frowning from its base to its summit, 2,000 feet above, with heavy artillery, and having in its bustling town a strange medley of 26,000 people from nearly every nation of the globe.

Five thousand vessels call at the port annually. The fortress is the chief reason for the importance of this barren cliff, where

water can be obtained only by bomb-proof storage and artesian wells. Every uniform in the multi-colored British army is to be seen upon the streets of the town. The most stringent rules guard the entrance and egress of visitors. Smuggling is extensively carried on, and is but partly checked by the English authorities.

The defenses are declared impregnable, though predictions on this line are constantly liable to mutation because of the immense and increasing strength of armaments afloat, yet Gibraltar is undoubtedly the strongest fortress on the earth.

The Maltese group of islands, five in number, has been colonized by every vigorous race which controlled the highway of the Mediterranean; Phœnician, Punic, Roman, Arabian, and English mariners have planted their standards upon this historic and interesting spot. The islands have an area of 122 square miles and a population of 165,662. The dark foliage of the shrubs, the deep blue of the sea, the brown and yellow of the shore go to make contrasts of surpassing loveliness. In this old spot, behind many an ancient wall built by Saracen and knight, bloom the delicious flowers of which Cicero spoke with praise.

Since 1750 the chief town has been Valletta. The ancient capital was Citta Vecchia, and a railroad now connects the two towns. The government consists of a council of 18 members, 8 being elected by the Maltese, 9 appointed by the Crown, and the number is completed by the governor himself, who is a military officer of high standing in the British army.

Nearly 7,000,000 tons of shipping enter Valletta annually. The naval establishments and the coaling stations for vessels *en route* for India make Valletta's streets a constant scene of movement and life. Not less than 400,000 tons of coal are sold on the island annually. The superb Mediterranean squadron of the British fleet has harborage here for six months of the year, and 5,000 sailors with 6,500 soldiers, lend color to the picturesque existence on this famous and classic shore.

(To be concluded.)

## WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF REST.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

REST and idleness are not synonyms; there is a far closer connection between rest and work—in the sense of work that has any significance—and between fatigue and idleness, than there is between rest and idleness. To be absolutely idle is *not* restful. No one whose life is of any value, has time for vacuity and idleness. Each and all of us have time for rest; because rest is the very condition on which all true work depends. And so, if here at our Council Table we discuss rest, we will all concede that we are not, thereby, discussing mere stagnation.

It may be an open question as to whether any of us work too much, or too hard, as we sometimes fancy; but there is little question that we do not always work in the best way. To grow nervous and flurried and irritable is not the condition of accomplishment, though we sometimes mistake it for a proof of marvelous faithfulness and zeal.

In these days *all* women are working-women. The wife and mother and house-keeper is confronted by a perpetual round of varied duties; the business woman has certain hours of each day filled with specific demands; the professional worker, be she doctor, lawyer, architect, or teacher, is never free from the claims of her work; still less so, even, is the creative worker—the woman of art or literature. And the society women, of the—so-called—leisure classes? They are the busiest of all, whatever may be the results of their ceaseless activities. In fact, outside the indigent and the imbecile, I, for one, know of no unemployed women.

Now the philosophy of rest is the philosophy of work, as well. Rest and work are not opposite and antagonistic terms, but are, instead, complementary to each other. We work that we may rest; we rest that we may work; and the two together, in happy blend-

ing, make up the condition of harmonious activity, and that is the ideal condition of life. "Without haste, without rest,"—these words express the true aim of living.

The philosophy of rest is found in the condition of spiritual receptivity. Nor does this mean some vague and abstract thing unrelated to the need of the hour. The busy housewife confronts, we will say, a day of unusual annoyances and unforeseen demands. Her one maid is ill, or the old one has gone and the new one not yet arrived, as she promised. Johnny has upset the syrup pitcher over his clean jacket and Susie has burned her hand. The house has all fallen into disorder, as it has a way of doing now and then, and the mistress of this household recalls with terror the fact that her cousin with another friend will arrive on the four o'clock train for a two or three days' visit. However, yesterday's ironing is not done and the sprinkled and folded clothes cannot be left or mildew will gather. And to add to all these troubles she is quite conscious of not feeling well, herself, and her tasks seem hopeless. Should you, or I, my dear reader, bid her lie down and rest she would be indignant at the hopelessness of it, and I am quite sure we should be in her place.

Now it is not rest,—in the sense of turning her back on her chaotic affairs and betaking herself to bed in a dark room, that she wants; not at all; she wants that resistless current of energy that is generated only on what we may call the spiritual side of life. This potent energy is as infinite as the air and at any moment we may so relate ourselves to it—as the electric car relates itself to the storage battery—that we may draw from it. And how? "Lift up your hearts." Just pause for an instant to collect the forces into harmony. Let Susie put



her burned finger in water and soothe her into smiles with a pleasant word. Explain to Johnny sweetly and serenely, how his carelessness has made extra trouble, and enlist his eager good will to avoid the mishap next time. Touch the right spring and see how quickly he will respond. Pause for a moment to realize that life is made up of the essential and the non-essential; that the essential things include the atmosphere of love and peace and sweetness; of some degree of thought and mental activity; and that immaculate housekeeping, however desirable, is bought with too dear a price if paid for by despair and drudgery.

To be the sweet, joyous wife, mother, and friend is essential; to have a clean and daintily ordered home is essential; but cleanliness and dainty living need not imply luxurious cooking and elaborate appointments. There is far more beauty in plain hems that economize time and strength in both sewing and in laundering, than there is in ruffles and embroidering. Take the extra time ruffles would consume and read the children a story, a poem, or take them for a walk. Furnish their minds with the beautiful, the noble things in life; familiarize them with good literature; with the photographs of great works of art in painting and sculpture—for if we dwell afar from cities, good photographs of the great works are the nearest approach that can be made, and teach them the great primary truth that *this* life, too, is the spiritual life; that they are spirits placed by God in bodies, which are their instruments, as it were, given them to use.

A very young child will understand the idea of the hand being the spirit's instrument to work with, to do good and useful things; that the feet are to carry the body about; the eyes, the ears,—all the organs given for certain uses and purposes. A child of six trained with these higher ideas will have had thereby his entire life set to a key of harmony. He can be taught to feel that the little crosses and losses, the accidents of the day, need not make him unhappy; but that to tell untruths, to hurt the feelings of another, to be angry or unkind—are very real troubles, and that these troubles he can

escape and grow away from, by thinking sweet and pure thoughts, and by always remembering that love and generosity are things his spirit needs, just as his body needs food, and sleep, and this trend of thought can be made habitual to the child; and when the mother has established in her home this atmosphere, she has solved the problem of rest. In harmony of thought, in pure and high purpose, lies that energy which re-creates life.

Physical labor is fatiguing just in proportion to the absence of thought, or the depressing quality of the thought. Rest from this fatigue comes very largely from a change of thought currents. It is a great mistake to fancy that one is only at work when he is doing something on the visible and tangible side. An afternoon on the lounge, or in an easy chair, or a hammock, reading is not unfrequently far more productive even to the busy housewife, than it would have been spent over the mending basket or at the sewing machine. By living high enough to catch the outlook, so to speak, one generates a certain degree of creative energy, which tides over work otherwise exhausting with little sense of fatigue. To receive this energy is to rest. Therefore the philosophy of rest is to bring one's self into receptivity to this infinite potency.

Just how?

One way is simply to sit down alone and silently, and lift up the thought to the divine world. To realize, quietly, the exceeding beauty of life as lived on the spiritual plane. Things have happened, perhaps, that are irritating, yet hold fast to the thought that one must banish resentment; must govern his thoughts as well as his acts by benevolence; that one must ever keep in his mind the ideal of the divine harmony. This habit of daily concentrating the mind on the divine qualities results in rapid acquirement of poise, exhilaration, and enduring strength.

"The spirit-world around our world of sense floats, like an atmosphere,"

says the poet Longfellow, and the poet's insight has discussed a literal fact. As we are primarily spiritual beings, we can receive of this infinite potency in which we live and

move and have our being if we are sufficiently receptive and harmonious. Life may be narrow from circumstances but it always may be deep and high. And touching this, one touches the best, and the freedom of the whole world in travel, culture, what you will, could give him nothing higher than this spirituality which may be achieved in the humblest home.

Again, another means of this best possibility of rest is through certain books; through special authors, aside from the general reading for information or for intellectual activity and culture. Among the great specialists for suggesting higher currents of thought are Emerson and Robert Browning. Matthew Arnold, too, is stimulating on the spiritual side, and the sermons of Bishop Phillips Brooks are unusual in a certain rich vein of immediate applicability to daily life. The writings of the mystics and poets are peculiarly conducive to this uplift of mind that reacts on the body, and produces that effect that we call being rested.

Indeed, it is impossible to treat this subject of rest from the physical side alone. It has a physical side, distinctly: involving not only repose and bodily inactivity, but the entire subject of hygiene as well: bathing, fresh air, exercise, sleep and food; holidays and vacations; trips and excursions; but restricting it to daily rest in domestic life it still remains more than half a mental rather than a physical problem.

It is a matter of leading importance to *know how* to rest. The subject has a twofold aspect,—in the prevention as well as

the cure of fatigue. It is safe to say that fret, worry, and ill temper produce infinitely more exhaustion than work, alone, ever can do.

"A merry heart goes all the day!  
Your sad one tires in a mile-a."

The prevention of fatigue, then, lies in keeping the home atmosphere sweet and serene and joyous. The riches of life are in health, honor, and happiness. It is integrity that is valuable and not upholstery. It is gentle manners that are of consequence, and not appliances of luxury. We often see children made unhappy because their home is not beautiful and luxurious like their neighbors. Yet the best things in the world are those that money cannot buy, nor the want of it withhold. So let the atmosphere of the home be held to this pleasant and joyous note and the causes of fatigue are thereby largely removed.

When tired—rest. Remember that the life is more than meat, and that life is too sweet and sacred a thing to permit degenerating into a treadmill. Go and take a walk in the fresh air; run in and see a neighbor; throw yourself on the lounge with a charming book; swing in the hammock and dream, turn to music if you are musical, to poetry, to romance, to mystic thought, to spiritual aid. If one feels particularly out of sorts let him go and do something for another if it be only the writing of a letter, and at once a new current of activities will set in, and he will be rested, refreshed, even exhilarated. And ever may we all well hold in mind the wise maxim of Confucius,—“Keep in view the divine harmony.”

## "THE NEW WOMAN"; IS SHE NEW?

BY ALICE HILTON.

**T**AKING off certain ornamental features from "the new woman" of current discussions, I make out that this delightful creature is essentially a woman who is the equal of a man. Her negative aspect is that she is not a dependent being, no clinging vine but another sturdy oak. I like this woman, not because she is called a

new woman but for the better reason that she seems to be essentially an old-fashioned woman in all that is attractive about her character and doings.

There are silly men who profess to like, and do amuse themselves with, silly women, weak women, clinging and parasitic women, helplessly dependent and economically bur-

densome women. It is also apparent that we have had an excessive supply of this parasitic creature for some years past. The advent of a *fashion* requiring a woman to be able to do something more than cling and consume must tend to good if it does nothing more than reduce the number of the helpless creatures. And so I see with satisfaction approach the new woman—as a dear rich soul, full of all manner of useful strength and capability—to the respectful admiration of the literary world and of a certain social world. She is new there—to a certain degree of recognition. She is not new in the world; not new anywhere in the world. For, *the* woman of all countries and times, the woman who has breathed her soul into all human progress, the most numerous woman of civilized lands and, especially of the United States has been and is a woman strong, capable, economically a producer of wealth, and socially equal to "her man" or any other man of her environment.

I cannot think of a more appropriate way of bringing forward this old-fashioned builder of civilizations than to recall here the introduction to an old man's will which fell under my eyes a few years ago. It filled my eyes with happy tears then and the dear tears come back whenever I remember it.

After the formal introduction, the old man went on to say that his wife had worked with him for more than half a century, that their fortune was as much the creation of her hands as of his; and that therefore he set aside one half of the estate as rightfully hers to dispose of as might seem right to her. The words were plain and sober homespun from the speech of daily life. There was no sign in them of a feeling that he was doing anything but a simply just act toward a partner in business. But what a recognition was there of the dignity and rights of that partner! He did not leave her half of *his*, but all of *her own*; he did not *give* because she had nursed him in sickness and stroked his hair the right way when he was excited or angry. He might have ascribed his action to her devoted tenderness and faithfulness to her wifely dutifulness—and in so doing have humiliated her. How much

better than that did this plain American man do by saying that the half was her very own, by right of creation, to do what she liked with!

Nothing in this simple case is rare in American marriage except that exquisite and tactful stroke of a pen which clothed his venerable spouse with the dignity of an independent personality. The thing is common enough all through the plain populations of our country. Many a man has made no will because he and she have talked it over and agreed that the legal distribution of their estate will be substantially just. Many another has, without his wife's knowledge, bequeathed to her all his estate, because she would be the surviving partner in their business. If the antiquated dower laws did not as a rule provide justly for the surviving partner—when there are children, especially—wills like the one I have described would be *very* common all over the land; for the woman who is an equal partner is common all through the rural portions of the nation.

The new woman of the clubs will have to work hard to get up abreast of this old-fashioned farmer's wife. This plain, vigorous wholesome woman has mothered and trained our presidents, our statesmen, our manufacturers, our preachers, and our poets. But she has also done her full share in all the other work of creating a nation, including all that lies on the long line beginning with the accumulation of property and ending with the endowment of charity, art, and learning.

And she has been to the full an independent person. Her husband never dreamed of "bossing" this equal partner in the firm. Their investments and undertakings have been entered upon after free discussion in which her word has come, after she acquired experience, to weigh as much as his, and her vote to be as decisive as that of any man partner in a business. There must be exceptions innumerable to a rule covering so vast a tract of matrimonial partnership. In some cases the man has been brutally coarse; in others the woman has had the butterfly instincts and incapacities. But if

we divide American society into the poor, the very rich, and the middle class, we shall find that in this last and most numerous section, the successful man has had as a rule a strong woman partner.

There is so much lace thrown over the new woman that I do not feel quite sure that I know her mind or that she knows it. This is certainly true of her: she is an urban growth; and the urbans have also given us the ivy-like parasite whose presence as a wife in a partnership is apt to mean that the firm will come to bankruptcy or escape it by the superhuman strength of the husband. From all this parasitic life, the new woman has revolted; and so have the rest of us, women more than men. But there is free scope for inquiring whether the revolt is from the class we condemn, as found in real life, or from the literary modeling and soul- ing of the class which is our fullest evidence of its existence.

What this rather pretentious new woman needs to know is that she is not, if I understand her, a novelty at all. All lands and civilizations have known and honored her and she has filled all time with plenty and fragrance by fertile wit and tireless industry. This strong woman of our past has, as a rule, done her work as a wife, as a partner of a husband, always more an equal than the law or the church made her. The new woman is advised by bad counselors to strike out the partnership part of the program *for herself*—the parasitic woman may marry, but not she, the strong woman. It is

foolish advice and it will not be followed.

Some giddiness must be expected in noble women who have drunk deep of philosophy with its score of new names; but the lesson of the old-fashioned mothers will not fail to live on in its simple ways of conquest; and the twenty-year old philosopher in gowns who knows everything will know less and be far wiser in a decade. The noise of this revolution or evolution is only the tinkle and sputter of the froth upon waves which keep their ancient motions and seek the same old shores. We should have known no strong woman in all the ages to come if the ages past had not known, loved, and perpetuated her.

The parasitic femininity is a growth of towns; the rural states illustrate its absence, particularly in the far West, by the rapid advance of woman suffrage movements. The strong woman is there in such conspicuous strength of mind and productiveness of industry—so obviously an equal partner—that she has swiftly advanced to statesmanship from the vantage ground of wifehood. For in the rural West there is nothing parasitic about wifehood. So, at least, I explain to myself the amazing march of the western house-mothers upon their state capitals. Wherefore I must doubt that this new woman of literature will, if haply she find herself clothed with flesh and blood, devise or invent any other road to prepotence in mundane affairs than that over which the women of the prairies and mountains are marching to an equal share in supremacy.

# THE ELEMENTS OF HOSPITALITY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

**H**OSPITALITY is a much abused word, and is too often made to stand for the ceremonious discharge of certain duties demanded by society, and debts we feel we owe to our friends and acquaintances.

"I *must* give a reception, for I am in debt to every one that I know," says Mrs. A, whose time and strength and resources are already taxed by the demands of every day.

"I should quite enjoy a series of small gatherings of congenial people, but the easiest way is to have one big crush and be done with it."

"We really *must* go to Mrs. A's reception," says Mrs. B, with a sigh; "I hate these big affairs, where one is jammed and pushed and made to go through the same eternal round of senseless chatter, but one

does not want to drop out of society altogether, and we must at least show ourselves; we needn't stay long."

So Mrs. A sends out her cards, opens her house, and smiles heroically while Mrs. B, and all the rest of the alphabet, touch her gloved fingers, say pretty meaningless things to her and to each other, devour her ices, criticise each other's gowns, and go home more or less weary and disheveled, saying, in their hearts at least, "Thank heaven that is over."

Hospitality is not a ceremony but a spirit. There are people to whom it is native breath—there are houses that radiate it like sweetness and light: a welcome shines from every window, and you enter the doors with a sense of being taken at once into the very heart of household life and love.

The very essence of hospitality is in this sharing, and that alone gives the charm which makes it worth having. I do not wish to come as a beneficiary to the most lavish feast that the emperor can spread before me, but I find delight and refreshment when I sit down with my friend, and, in good fellowship, we divide a crust between us. Neither is the refreshment mine alone; it is mutual, and my friend is better for his hospitality; less self-absorbed, less narrow in his circle of thought, since he has taken me into it; less likely to magnify the evils of his lot, since he has taken time to consider mine; less inclined to undervalue his crust, since it has proved sufficient for two; less likely to find it dry and insipid when the excellent flavor of friendship is added to it.

The essential elements of hospitality, then, seem to be:

*A sound, simple, everyday life, with no shams to hide, and no pretenses to keep up.*

That which makes hospitality a burden and not a delight, is the foolish vanity which wishes to appear to share something better than it really has to divide.

Living in wholesome, comfortable style we are not contented to offer our guests the entertainment we find ample, but weary ourselves and lose all the real delight of companionship in assuming for the time a

manner of living beyond our easy attainment. We are not thinking of the social element, but of the mere externals of living, and derange the whole household machinery by trying to keep in motion half a dozen new wheels.

If we would make our everyday life more simple, and strip it of all pretense, it would leave us ample leisure to let our hearts expand toward others, and then, if we would pay our friends the usual compliment of treating them as if they were attracted to us—and not to our feasts and flatteries—we might make our homes centers of a beautiful hospitality that would be both restful and blessed.

A party of distinguished Americans was once entertained for an evening at the home of Frederika Bremer. The refreshments, which were a mere episode in the delightful evening, were so simple as to be remarkable in those days of heavy feasting.

"How charming," said one of the number; "she has treated us as if we were poets and philosophers, who had really come to see her."

I have seen a gracious southern woman dispensing with unembarrassed ease the hospitality of her table, though her exquisite old damask was spread only with tea, bread and butter, and radishes, while her guest of honor was a man known on two continents. It did not enter her thought that her poverty was a thing to conceal, or that it touched her own dignity, and, having given her best, she was quietly confident of herself and her guest.

Next, as an essential to true hospitality comes:

*A sincere interest in others, and an appreciation of the fact that all true giving is also getting.*

No perfect life for the individual or the home is possible while all its interests center about self. Other lives and other homes must engage our love and thought. We need the contact for our own salvation, that we may not grow morbid and narrow. The stories of New England life in small villages that have of late years been so popular, are most of them portrayals of the morbid, in-



trospetive, inflexible character, developed by isolation from one's fellows and a perpetual round of petty thoughts and duties, a life of such stagnation that the gossip of the itinerant seamstress made a pleasant ripple on the surface, but which was never stirred to make itself a living stream by uniting with other lives about it in some channel of action.

"We are so absurdly happy at having a home of our own that we want somebody to share our enjoyment," said the young wife of a college man, whose sunny home was a center of delight to a changing procession of students; "it is a boon to them but I am sure they bring in more than they take away in giving us such a sense of companionship and friendship."

If one's life is frank and sincere so that there is nothing to conceal; if gracious manners and gentle courtesies are everyday wear and not simply holiday garb; if bright talk and stimulating conversation rule the table instead of gossip and criticism; if we are honestly seeking to be rather than to seem, we shall not look with dread and terror upon the advent of guests, or exhaust ourselves in our attempts to entertain them. Rather it may happen that our friends may say of us, as did a guest

of the home of William and Mary Howitt, "I did not feel in the least 'unexpected,' or as if I were an intruder in the family circle, but as if my coming was all that was needed to make it complete. I cannot tell you what a comfortable feeling of *belonging* they give you."

The critical world of to-day does not rank very high as literature most of the poetical work of the Cary sisters. But the memory of the genial and beautiful hospitality of which their home was a center has lingered through a generation of men and women now growing old, who found in the small unpretentious rooms their first introduction to the social life of New York, and met with trembling delight the divinities that then ruled the court of letters, and smiled or frowned upon younger aspirants.

The simple ceremony and hearty good will of those afternoons and evenings will live as a tradition to keep the memory of Alice and Phoebe Cary green, when the feasts of the four hundred have been forgotten with their founders.

Sincerity, simplicity, and a human interest in others, this is the royal stamp of genuine hospitality, a hall-mark not easily counterfeited.

## A PLEA FOR THE WORKING GIRL.

BY MARIE ISABEL WOODING.

**M** BOURGET and M. de Varigny have favored the world of letters with two more volumes on America and the women of the United States. One can hardly advise that these undeniably clever and charming literary productions should be adopted as authoritative and standard works. Much is advanced in "Outre Mer" which cannot claim to be a serious study of our social life, and throughout all such books there often run evidences of insufficient motives, and with these, the prevalence of a foreign standpoint which leads the author to do the things he ought

not to have done and leave undone the things he ought to have done.

We have feminine phenomena, divorce courts, and breach of promise cases. All this is true, but these types and phases of our life are prominent, more than frequent, and notorious rather than representative.

Unwarned by previous examples, unsaved by brilliant gifts from colossal blundering; the "globe trotter" rushes into the breach once more, the fatal breach where Dickens and Mrs. Trollope fell, but which sustains in pecuniary value though it robs the author of his merit. The book sells and sometimes

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### A PLEA FOR THE WORKING GIRL.

sells most rapidly when men stamp it as unfair and even false. And for what was it written, if not to sell?

The fact is that the best, truest achievements of our noblest women are like all other powerful forces: they are apt to be silent and unseen. The subtle processes which robe nature in summer glory and leave her dismantled and desolate in winter are always at work and yet are never detected.

When Madame Blanc in her volume on "The Condition of Women in the United States," passes by mere externals and analyzes us with quick intuition, her criticisms become valuable. They do not lose their vigor but they do "find" an American woman at many a point, because they are the outcome of a sympathetic study of actual conditions, and are not made to serve a preconceived theory.

She shows what a genuine work our women are doing for each other; how, almost without observation, the sisterhood of the Republic is banding more closely for mutual development, for the bettering of physical and moral conditions, and the elevation of tastes.

There is a crying need that we should recognize the gallant efforts of the small number of elect ladies to meet the demands of the thousands of our working girls in factory towns and commercial centers. These girls form a veritable army of future wives and mothers who are often unprepared, and alas! robbed of any previous scanty preparation they may chance to have had. One can safely calculate that there are hundreds of thousands of such women and girls in stores, offices, counting houses, and factories, ranging from forty down to twelve years of age, and earning salaries, at the best, affording a modest competency, at the worst, a mere pittance which beggars, because of its scantiness.

The future well-being of numberless homes is contained in their proper treatment at this juncture. And yet I fear that true as this is and equally true, as it is, that the home compels all else to be its vassal and makes or mars the state, there are great

numbers of women who have yet to give this question the attention it deserves. To them it has hitherto been as much a matter of indifference as was Werther to Charlotte, when, though he was carried by on a shutter, that placid damsel went on cutting bread and butter.

During the recent session of the Legislature of New York State a bill was introduced providing in a just and moderate way for the careful and wise treatment of the store-girls of New York City. Many leaders of thought and action including clergymen, hesitated to acquiesce in its enactment because of their lack of information on the subject and of course the almost omnipotent resources of mammonism, as represented by some employers, were arrayed against the bill. Yet nothing was called for in this proposed measure which an employer of American girls, or any girls under the sun, should not willingly grant. Spencer says life is correspondence with your environment. Some people's attitude upon the question before us shows at what a poor dying rate they exist as far as these girls and their future are concerned. If they would arouse themselves (and who should if not the women of the land) and delve into this debate in its relations to proper sanitation, privacy, hours of work, the providing of seats, vacation seasons, suitable wages, etc., they would confer an inestimable boon upon the present girlhood and future womanhood of our nation, by enabling the working girl to have a far better environment with which to correspond.

Many a woman reading this will recall the exhaustion of a shopping tour on a hot day, when the delight of bargaining was slight compensation for the tiring sensations arising out of the exertions she had to make.

This is the daily life of the shop girl, save that the latter's weariness is so intensified she often faints from exhaustion. It has been ascertained that throat and chest diseases are the most prevalent among the poor, tired, worn-out maidens of our city stores, and this is easily accounted for. They suffer from a lack of nutritious food. Stock and cash girls sometimes earn not

more than \$2.00 and \$2.50 per week. How can necessary diet, such as is demanded by exhausted physical resources, be procured at these wages?

Many of them work year in and year out without a holiday. Recently one girl testified that she had toiled for three years without a day's cessation, except Sundays, and this white slave is only fourteen years old now. The ceaseless clamor of "Cash!" "Sign here," "Your change, ma'am!" may appear trivial to the purchaser who hears it for the moment, but Gautier has justly spoken of countenances which have been crushed by the fist of triviality, and you can see these faces among our store and factory girls.

They become languid, indifferent, thin, and pale; an easy prey to the first cold they so readily take, and consumption crowns the tragedy begun by men and women's neglect of helpless weakness.

Here follows a case stated to a reporter by Mrs. Richard Irwin, the noble-hearted lady who acts as secretary for the Society providing Holidays for Shop Girls in New York City:—

"A young girl working in one of the downtown stores was left by the sudden death of her sister with that sister's three children to take care of. She earned nine or ten dollars a week and she looked after the four of them on that sum of money. Looking after their clothes, sewing and mending, taking care of them when sick, and the many cares involved in her assumed charge, besides her daily work, proved too much for her and she fell ill. We heard of the case, sent her away for four weeks, providing some one to take care of the children during her absence, and in reality saved her life. Each season we send her, and that little bit of freedom from care enables her to bear up during the rest of the year, although she is far from strong."

This is a subject for an epic upon patient heroic toil: this little maiden and her glorious sacrifice and struggle. She deserves introduction at the Woman's Council Table, and she may well serve as the ambassador bearing with her and in her own

life's service, the adequate plea for her thousands of companions to whom the timely help has yet to come.

When the facts in this question are known, there will be no vain appeals for assistance; there will be no need of cries for resistance against prevailing wrongs; the help and the recruits will speedily rally. Children are cared for in some proportion, though the proportion is sadly too small, and the loving kindness of Fresh Air Funds for the little folks cannot be praised too highly nor advocated too zealously. But we must not forget those who are no longer babies, and whose chances of womanhood are in danger of being blighted in body, soul, and spirit by their ceaseless contact with unrelieved misery and degraded ideals of life.

The clergymen, physicians, employers, and philanthropists interested in the conditions of factory and shop girls form a nucleus which is rapidly spreading. The purpose of this article is to call attention upon the part of all humanitarians to the need for thought, prevision, and timely help. A Woman's Institute, such as is found in Yonkers, N. Y., a great factory town, should be established in every similar center. Here the Misses Butler, daughters of William Allen Butler, the famous lawyer and writer, are placing before hundreds of girls the complete model of a woman, nobly planned, moving in a home of comfort, artistic skill, and culinary excellence; everything—from the basement with its kitchen, cook stoves, laundries, and baths, to the library, music room, art exchange, and lecture hall—is simply an inestimable boon, a center of light, for the toiling girls of some of the largest carpet factories in the United States.

The vacation resorts must be multiplied around the cities proper. The goodly work of many employers should be thankfully recognized and encouraged. Legislation, remedial and protective, can be employed where conscience refuses to serve, and alas! it refuses to serve in so many instances. The vast increase of woman-labor demands that its peculiar and constantly varying conditions be carefully watched and tended.

The prospective rights of women are, to

my thinking, not so imperative in their claims, as are the present wrongs of women: of our working girls in office, factory, and store.

Life is of more importance than raiment, food, or even the franchise. On the principle that action in this urgent matter is to be advocated before any idea of enlarged powers

for our sex, I claim for our girls a prior consideration. Let the leaders of the woman's world see to it that the match girls of London and the worn, tired shop girls of America have other friends besides Mrs. Annie Besant. For the poorer sister life, as we now enjoy it, not mentioning the claims we make for the future, has not yet begun to be.

### FEATHERED WHISPERERS.

BY COLETTE SMILEY.

OF all the birds of the United States there is none with a voice more terrifying to the unaccustomed listener than the great horned owl. Beginning with the time when the pilgrim fathers walked about trees all night, ready at any moment to spring into the branches because they feared the hootings they heard were from some ferocious beast, travelers without number have been driven to seek shelter through fear of the great horned owl. From this fact has arisen a favorite backwoods boast of prowess: "I wasn't born in the woods to be skeered by an owl." Even people well accustomed to the woods and its denizens are not infrequently startled by hearing unexpectedly, as they follow a woodsy trail at night, the deep "waugh-hoo-hoo-hoo-o" of the great bird overhead. So, to speak of "the sweet-voiced hoot owl," would be to make the ordinary listener think that the speaker was sarcastic or silly, and yet some of the readers of this magazine—the favored happy remnant who know—can use those words in sober conversation, meaning what they say.

The common hen hawk sitting on an old stub behind the farmer's house, utters a cry that pierces the ear of every living being within a range of marvelous width. In the mind of every fowl and rodent it raises a panic of fear and in that of the farmer a feeling of indignation and a desire to kill. Who ever speaks of the low, gentle voice of the hen hawk?

The blue jay is at one time a brilliant, dashing joker, and at another a silent, mur-

derous thief, but always, so the ordinary observer will say, a screamer whose rasping call affects the nerves but little less than does that of the blood-thirsty hawk. True, the jay, even to the most casual observer, is not always harsh voiced. He has a silvery, flute-like tone that some will call sweet, but there are still others who go further yet and speak of the charming whispers of this, one of the noisiest of birds. These, as said, are the favored few. They are especially favored, for not to every one is it given to enter the charmed chamber where even the hoot owl and the hawk speak in whispered tones—the bridal chamber of the feathered lovers.

Beginning with the days when the bluebird's voice first "falls, like a drop of rain when no cloud is visible," out of the sky to tell of coming springtime, the hoot owl seeks his mate. And when he finds her he is, as the bold fierce warrior among men may be, the gentlest of lovers. He is just a little ridiculous, too, for he is given to bobbing and wagging his head and going through other motions that would be called graceful in a mocking bird, but which, in a bird like the sedate owl, may very well remind one of a judge dancing a jig. Yet if one will overlook the motions and listen he will hear the great owl's voice sink to a low, sweet murmur in which, as he caresses her, he tells his wife of his love.

One must have the silent tread of an Iroquois or the disguise of a Pawnee if he would catch the hawks and jays in tender mood, the jays being especially wary at such times—shy and modest, we may say. But

having discovered their hiding place, their voices will be found so soft and tender as to be wholly unrecognizable save as one sees the birds that are talking.

Passing now to the song birds we may take the commonest of them all, the robin, as a bird that whispers. It is particularly inclined to do this when it sees some one stealthily approach its nest; it will in a very low voice tell its mate to prepare for danger. This may seem almost incredible to those who are accustomed to notice the loud "Quick! quick!" and other screams of anger and alarm with which it meets an intruder ordinarily, but any one may verify the statement by a little careful watching of a robin's nest. Another lot of low-voiced talkers can be found close under the roof of almost any open hay barn—the chattering swallows. Their cry is shrill when in the open air, but the gossip of the nesting place reminds one of nothing more than of a lot of children who have gathered in a snug corner while playing hide and seek.

The highhole, or yellow hammer, is another shrill-voiced fellow that makes the welkin ring with calls and shouts, but let the lover of birds hide in the bushes near the tall dead tree where a pair of them are about to set up housekeeping for the summer. Every disciple of Darwin tells how the male parades before the coy female in early spring, but rarely will one find mention of the whisperings of love which one may hear when the courting time is over and the cares of rearing a family have been assumed.

Then there are the whisperings of the mother birds to their young. If one will but linger beneath the tall thick spruce in the edge of the Adirondack wilderness where the crow builds its nest, he can hear even that black thief talk caressingly to her babies. He may hear a gentler mother, the partridge, whispering to her little ones in like fashion at the same time in the brush hard by. One fancies, as he listens, that birds talk baby-talk to their young as human mothers do. It is certain that the feathered babies cry and tease for something to eat in spite of caressing and words of endearment from their mothers.

The skulking birds—those whose lives are passed chiefly on the ground—show the habit of whispering to their young most frequently and unmistakably. Every one has heard the loud note of alarm by which the mother quail hurries her brood to cover when surprised by an intruder, but one must go afield with ear nicely trained and alert for the purpose, if he would hear her warn her little ones in a whisper. She has even two kinds of whispered warnings, one of which plainly means "Listen!" for it brings the whole brood to a standstill in perfect silence. The other may be freely translated "Scoot for cover!" and "scoot" they do, while the mother with drooping wings and beating heart prepares for that most pitiful act in the bird's drama of life—the feigning that she is wounded and almost helpless that she may draw the intruder away from her little ones. When the danger is supposed to be over one may again hear the mother bird speak in a whisper, calling cautiously to the scattered flock, who will answer her in voices equally low but having a sharper sound.

The young of tree nesting birds show little or no caution when they first leave the nest. The fear of man among them is an acquired experience, not an inherited instinct. They sit about on the branches and with the most stupid bearing bawl aloud for food. The parents may see danger and shout themselves hoarse over it many times, without so much as stilling the voices of the squalling brats.

There is small chance of finding a whisperer among the young *Passeres*, as the perching birds are called. But let one watch the parents as they go to and fro in their laborious tasks of feeding and training the youngsters. The parents then sometimes get together "as if to decide whatever was to be done with the youngster that won't come down when he is called, nor still his yawp when he's warned." That, at least, is the interpretation an old farmer friend of the writer puts on their doings. Not only will one hear then the low-voiced talk properly called whispering, but occasionally (rarely it is true) the male will rub



his bill against the wife's as one whose heart is stirred by the sight of the youngsters.

Then there are the whisperings by night. In every country district one may find favorite roosting places. Robins and crows are in these days the most conspicuous for the gregarious habit that leads some birds to gather in one bit of woodland every night. Roosts where thousands of robins congregated every night—thousands were actually counted by one pains-taking observer—have been described in various publications devoted to birds. Only a few bird lovers can hope to find such opportunities for the study of the night habits of birds and of those who have had the opportunity not one has ventured to swing a hammock among the trees and await the comedies and tragedies that very likely have place there.

For birds dream, as men do. They tumble off the perch as children roll out of bed. They rouse themselves enough to imagine that a murderous robber is among them, and the robber often does come in the shape of a silent-winged, big-eyed owl. But one does not need a great roost for his study; almost any copse will do. And there at varying intervals of the night he may hear a bird cry aloud from sudden fear. The scream will cause a stir throughout the grove, for all will be awakened, and then will be heard the whisperings of many voices as the birds, whether mates or mere acquaintances, talk about the event.

The writer was once camping on the bank of the West Canada Creek in the Adirondacks when an owl dashed into a clump of second-growth timber near by and then flew away with something in its claws—presumably a robin. There was a wild scream as the owl entered the tree and then a wave of sound swept in widening circles through the grove. Birds screamed in answer to scream and peeped and chattered and dashed wildly from place to place in the brush. The cause of the alarm was gone in a moment, but for nearly an hour the commotion continued among the deeply alarmed songsters. They were so nervous that the least motion made by one seemed to startle all the rest and screams of fright were

heard at frequent intervals on this account. Between these screams, chatter and whisperings were heard continually. It seemed for a time as if the birds were trying to assure each other that the danger was over and then at last as if they had gotten into a reminiscent mood and were telling owl and hawk stories as the guides tell nervous campers about bears, panthers, and ghosts.

Olive Thorne Miller in her vivid descriptions of bird life tells of two notable instances of bird whisperings. In describing a pair of common bluebirds that she kept in a bird room for a time she says, "Often at night I heard much low, tender talk, almost in a whisper. . . . Certain notes plainly had a specific meaning even to others in the room. One was peculiar and low, but upon its utterance every bird became instantly silent and looked at the cage, while the bluebirds themselves were so absorbed, gazing apparently into blank space, that I could easily put my hands on them before they observed me. For several minutes this low note would be repeated, and all the birds stare at nothing, till I began to feel almost uncomfortable, as I have done at similar staring at nothing on the part of animals. One can hardly resist the feeling that these creatures can see something invisible to our eyes."

Therein lies a mystery and one, happily, that cannot be solved by the gun or the scalpel.

Last of all is the whispering of the cat-bird, the mocking, frolicking imp that always serves as endman in the bird minstrel show. The writer tells how the bird fitted about as she watched him "now running madly across the walk as though a legion of enemies were after him, now pausing at the edge to see what I would do next, then retiring a short distance under the bushes, and having a lively frolic with last year's leaves—digging into them with great spirit and throwing them far over his head. Suddenly he flew with tail wide-spread, across the walk and disappeared in an althea bush. I was about to pass on, when, fancying I heard a faint twittering in the shrub, I approached quietly till near enough to put my hand on him be-

fore I saw him. There he sat on a branch about as high as my head, looking at me sharply with his intelligent black eyes, but not in the least agitated. I stood still and he went on with his song. It was a most extraordinary performance. The sweetest solo given with every trill and turn the bird can execute, with swelling throat, yet

not a note louder than a whisper."

It is so that the catbird sings to his mate to cheer her as she sits on her nest and it is so that he will sometimes sing to those rare gentle spirits among the human race in whose faces he can read the kindly intent of the heart and an appreciation of his own marvelous powers.

### THE TRAVELER.

BY CLARA B. MILLER.

THE American has become a traveler. Everyone possessing a bank account considers travel of some sort imperative. "Americans are exploring every quarter of the globe; we find them not only on established routes of travel and in familiar Old-World haunts, but in out-of-the-way nooks and corners where tourists of other countries seldom, if ever, penetrate. They scour all seas; they throng the sites of buried empires and dig for relics of civilizations which perished in the dawn of time; they study the monuments on which is writ the history of the primeval man and his struggles; there is no obstacle that can arrest, and no peril that can appall them, in their search for new fields of conquest."

The result is apparent. Although we are young as a nation, we are collecting the best specimens of works of art and woven materials that are to be procured for money in the Old World. We are also acquiring education and culture in a surprising degree; all as a result of the nomadic spirit that moves us.

It is no longer a fad or fashion but has become the custom to travel. One goes to Europe now-a-days as one used to go into the country—for a change of air and surroundings.

Travel has been indulged in by the well-to-do to such an extent that the question of where to go sometimes becomes a perplexing one. The greatest number of people prefer the most highly civilized places, because they are visited by people of fashion, and because there they find all the conveniences

and dissipations to which they are accustomed. A few prefer places that are less cultured, that allowed more freedom from the restrictions of society, and more chance for the study of nature and the riding of their particular hobbies. A very restricted class select for their travels the barbarous and uncivilized portions of the globe, for the reason that they receive fresh impressions and meet with the unexpected.

Whether one goes to Europe in a Cunarder, accompanied by a respectable pile of baggage, or on an exploring tour with a grip, the contents of which consist principally of field glasses and a sketch book, does not matter. "One man's food is another man's poison," a saying which can be applied to the doings of man in all its phases, but is particularly applicable to traveling.

A young woman once remarked to me that she went to Paris as a duty to be fitted for a new lot of gowns. To the readers of "Trilby," for instance, who have not yet been abroad, and wish to explore what is left of the Latin Quarter, this must seem like *ennui* gone to seed.

I think we ought to look upon a certain amount of travel as a duty. I had a dream which impressed this idea upon me. I thought I went to heaven, and among my strange experiences was that of finding myself talking to a group of beings from another planet—I will say Venus, for convenience. However it was, they looked upon me with a great deal of curiosity and began asking me a number of questions about Earth, about our means of locomotion, sustenance,

vegetable and animal growth, etc. I found that my knowledge of the world at large was very meager, and their questions were so framed that they comprised things in their breadths, more than details. I felt they must consider me in the light of an impostor, my remarks about the planet on which I was supposed to have lived were so constricted.

Since then I have looked upon the subject of travel in an entirely different light. I have heard of people who lived among the mountains of Tennessee who have never been twenty miles from home, and refuse to believe that there is aught beyond their mountain boundaries. Such a condition of things seems to us very narrow, but all things are mere matters of comparison. And I presume when travel is made by air as well as land and water, our present modes will be looked upon as too slow for anything.

A tour is in the general mind associated with the idea of visiting foreign parts and an ocean voyage is necessarily a part of it. The subject of cost is a subject of weight to most of us. It is safe to say, speaking generally, that one can travel on almost any passenger vessel that sails the seas, at an average rate of five dollars a day.

Excursions occupying eight or ten weeks can be made from New York to Palestine and return, taking in Gibraltar and other points in Spain, Algiers, Nice, Genoa, Rome, Cairo, and the Pyramids, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Athens, and other historic places, for a matter of about five hundred and fifty dollars; and these can be extended to the first cataract of the Nile, a luxurious tour of twenty-one days from Cairo, for one hundred and fifty dollars additional. Such an excursion as this not only brings the tourist into touch with forms of life which reflect the spirit of forgotten ages, but broadens, inevitably, his field of vision as to the comparative progress of the older nations; and, to any person of ordinary intelligence and habits of observation, cannot fail to be immensely instructive.

A European trip costs, of course, in accordance with the length of time you are

abroad, and the territory you visit. A four months' trip to Europe can be taken at a moderate cost, say five hundred dollars, which includes the stopping at the best hotels. If the tourist is familiar with French and German this sum can be reduced. On the other hand, expenses can be run up into the thousands for the same length of time, but it is doubtful if the pleasure received exceeds the more modest outlay. As a fair average expenses may be placed at five dollars per day, not including, of course, the purchase of clothing, curiosities, souvenirs, etc. I know of a young man who was abroad five months with his bicycle and paid out just one hundred and sixty dollars, exclusive of his ocean passage.

One can go to Alaska, sailing from San Francisco, at an expense of only one hundred and fifty dollars for the trip, which takes about five weeks, including the time spent there, with the steamer for headquarters, for there are no hotels, properly speaking, in Alaska.

If one joins an excursion the expense of travel is lessened about one fourth, and a great deal of the inconvenience is dispensed with. The transfer of luggage is attended to by a courier for the entire party, as well as the settlement of hotel and general traveling.

There are some people who assert that one should not travel abroad until our home country has first been visited. As to nearly excursions, they are practically innumerable, especially during the winter season. Within six or seven weeks one may journey across the continent and the Pacific to Japan and return, or "do" Cuba, the Bahamas, and the rest of the West Indies, or explore Mexico and the Pacific coast, gathering from each particular field rich sheaves of pleasure and instruction. A month will suffice to test the delights of Florida, with a short sea-voyage thrown in, and all the more attractive points from Washington to the Gulf can be visited and studied more or less satisfactorily within a like space of time. It is the beneficence of travel that it enriches and enlarges both the mental and the spiritual natures, and no people have larger

facilities and opportunities in this direction than our own.

The South is a very enjoyable place for a visit. The effects of the Civil War have disappeared as far as unpleasantness is concerned, and northerners are welcomed with that warm hospitality for which the South has ever been credited. All along the Gulf coast are little towns, some resorts that are worth visiting, and the mild climate during the winter months makes a visit at that season of the year most desirable.

It is the small details of travel that often rob it of some of its pleasure, so it is well to study a trip beforehand. Analyze your reasons for going, whether for amusement, instruction, health, to obtain sketches, or to follow some particular line of thought and research; make up your mind thoroughly, and then form your plans so that you may derive as much particular and general benefit as possible.

The subject of baggage is an important one, and I wish to impress this particularly upon foreign travelers. Other countries are different from America in this respect, and as a rule, all baggage, except the valise which you carry in your hand, is so much additional trouble and expense. All baggage should be labeled with your name and home address as well as the destination for which you are bound. Baggage sent on board a steamer should be labeled "wanted" or "not wanted." The latter is stored. A steamer trunk can be disposed of without inconvenience in the stateroom, and the clothing worn on the steamer together with the rugs, etc., which go to make one comfortable, can be all packed away and held by the steamer company till wanted.

Old clothes are best for the steamer. A gossamer for a woman and a mackintosh for a man, and heavy shoes, and coarse, warm, and comfortable clothing for both, should be provided. Women's skirts should be short, so as not to draggle over the wet deck of the steamer. For comfort and general utility, a dress of dark blue flannel serge or waterproof cloth will be found to answer all purpose. Let it be made up simply, with no flounces and a limited

amount of ornamentation in the shape of military braid. Avoid tight-fitting waists. A little lead or shot in the hem of the dress should not be overlooked, as there is always more or less wind when at sea. Thick boots, hoods, or close-fitting hats, together with thick veils, should not be forgotten.

Men will find warm clothing and an overcoat in order for an Atlantic passage. A suit of old clothes to lounge around the deck without fear of spoiling, and a soft felt hat or smoking cap will be found serviceable.

Many Americans make themselves ridiculous abroad by the elaborate character of their wardrobes. Few experienced tourists will consent to burden themselves with evening dress, or with superfluous things of any kind. Speaking generally—for women—a complete traveling costume of wool, with suitable hat, shoes, and gloves, a becoming silk dress, and three changes of underwear, both silk and muslin, with plenty of hosiery, will answer every ordinary demand. The toilet accessories should be looked after; also means of making a record of the trip. This may be in the form of a note-book, camera, or sketch-book.

A man will require a plain black coat with tweed or gray trousers, a tweed suit, a pair of shoes and slippers, and a supply of hosiery. The most important item in both outfits is a strong pair of shoes for climbing.

If you intend (as you no doubt will, and certainly should) to climb upon and take a run over a glacier, you will find much advantage in having spikes in your shoes, and a stiff cane with a good ferrule on it, or else a regular alpenstock. It is best for several to keep together in climbing. A little hatchet and small rope in charge of some one of the party would be very handy in case of an accident, which is always possible if people are careless, but not probable if they are careful.

To prevent seasickness the following rules should be observed: 1. Have every preparation made at least twenty-four hours before starting, so that the system may not be exhausted by overwork and want of sleep. This direction is particularly im-

portant to women. 2. Eat as hearty a meal as possible before going on board. 3. Go on board sufficiently early to arrange such things as may be wanted for the first day or two, so that they may be easy of access; then undress and go to bed before the vessel gets under way. The neglect of this rule by those who are liable to seasickness is sure to be regretted. 4. Eat regularly and heartily, but without raising the head, for at least one or two days. In this way the habit of digestion is kept up, the strength is preserved, while the system becomes accustomed to the constant changes of equilibrium. 5. On the first night out take some laxative pills. Seidlitz, or the citrate of magnesia, taken in the morning on an empty stomach, is bad in seasickness. 6. After having become so far habituated to the sea as to be able to take your meals at table and go on deck, never think of rising in the morning until you have taken something, such as a plate of oatmeal porridge, or a cup of coffee or tea, with some biscuits or toast. 7. If subsequently during the voyage the sea should become unusually rough, go to bed before getting sick.

For health, pleasure, and rest, an ocean voyage surpasses that on land, and as one, wrapped in a rug and extended comfortably in a steamer chair, drinks in the pure air and watches the changing beauties of water and sky, he feels new life coursing through his veins. For the busy person who is seeking relief from the cares of business, and from the noisy hum of the human bees in town, this trip, on which neither letter or telegram can reach him, gives a rest which is both necessary and enjoyable; and if any one who may take a sea voyage does not feel repaid for his time and expenditure, I shall feel sorry for him as a person who lacks the power of enjoying much of anything in life.

A table of phrases and ciphers for cablegrams will be found extremely useful and a saving of expense when cabling to friends from abroad. It suffices for all ordinary communications whether of business or friendly character. Before starting on a trip the traveler should see that his friends

to whom he may wish to cable are provided with copies of the Cable Table. Cable addresses can be registered at the head office of the telegraph company patronized. No charge is made for registration. Nearly all bankers and hotels have registered cable addresses, and messages sent in their care will be promptly delivered. The rate per word for cablegrams to Great Britain, Ireland, France, and Germany from New York is 25 cents; from Washington, D. C., 28 cents; from New Orleans and Chicago, 31 cents; from San Francisco, 34 cents; and from Canada and Northwest Territories 37 cents.

Most travelers expect to bring back purchases with them, and it is well for them to inform themselves upon the subject of duties as any attempt to avoid the payment of duty results unpleasantly if not disastrously. The courts have decided that travelers are entitled to bring into the United States without duty, any quantity of wearing apparel that their means and station in life entitle them to—*provided it has been worn.*

On arrival at the port of New York the customs officers board the vessel in the upper bay, after she leaves quarantine, and immediately repair to the saloon, where declarations are made and signed by the passengers as to the contents of their trunks, etc.; the baggage is examined on the dock when the vessel arrives. The principal express companies have representatives in attendance who issue receipts to passengers desiring to send their baggage through to destination in bond; this saves all delay or annoyance on the dock.

The next thing to a tour is the coming home. Having arrived home you will find your eyes clear and sparkling, your appetite keen, your step more elastic, your general health immensely improved, and, in case you were not up to a proper and healthy standard when you started out, your avoirdupois increased anywhere from five to thirty pounds. You will be delighted at having made the journey, and will have lots of stories to tell of your experiences which will make you the lion of your social gathering and the envy of those who stayed at home.



## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR THE AMERICAN YEAR.

THE new year of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle which begins in the autumn of 1895 is that in which the major subjects for reading and study are American. Generally described, the plans contemplate the study of American history, literature, and institutions, together with the beginnings of civilization and the laws of the human mind. It will be seen at a glance that the prescribed literature is broadly comprehensive, the whole course abounding in diversity; and while academic in a degree, as all serious provisions for the attainment of education must be, the popular element has not been sacrificed in any sense.

The prescribed literature, embracing five books and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, will present the latest and most authoritative discussions of the selected topics so conducted in point of popular treatment and practical suggestiveness as to afford the greatest facility to the large army of readers who will pursue the course.

Professor H. P. Judson, in the "Growth of the American Nation," the first book to be read, will present in fresh form and from a comparatively new point of view the facts of American historical development, devoting special attention to the national period of our history.

The real value of the plan followed by the C. L. S. C. in having the required books specially prepared for its members by recognized authorities is emphasized in the second book entitled "The Industrial Evolution of the United States." Col. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor, is the author of this volume. He stands to-day as the leading expert on the history of industry in the United States and the simple announcement of his name as the author of this new book guarantees that it will meet the needs of the time for an

authentic account of our industrial development and receive a cordial reception and wide reading.

Professor Henry A. Beers is well known to the Chautauqua constituency as a popular and authoritative writer upon literary topics. In his book, "Initial Studies in American Letters," the author is at his best and the result is a scholarly presentation of the literary development which has taken place in the United States, pleasing in its smallest detail. Of inestimable value to the reader is the brief anthology of American works which follows the narrative portions of the book, comprising representative selections from many of the best American authors.

In an illustrated volume of 300 pages, entitled "Some First Steps in Human Progress," Professor Frederick Starr describes in an untechnical and lucid way the habits and customs of primitive men, their environment, mode of living, ways of building houses, domesticating animals, weaving, and clothing themselves; in brief, he discusses generally the beginnings of civilization.

The fifth book and one calculated to meet a real demand is that bearing the unique title, "Thinking, Feeling, Doing." Professor E. W. Scripture of Yale University is the author. It is a popular treatise on the laws of the human mind, the pioneer book in the field of experimental psychology in the production of which all technical terms have in the main been avoided. Under the expert and skillful touch of the author, the subject of mental philosophy is rendered fascinating and full of lively interest.

These five books the publishers have made exceptionally attractive and valuable by the employment of many maps and illustrations, nearly five hundred in number. The artistic and substantial bindings and the bright, clear typography add also very materially to the superior excellence of the set.

The remaining portion of the Required Readings, one half in amount, will be published as usual in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, which enters upon its twenty-second volume with the number for next October. This part of the prescribed literature will embrace nine series of articles running through nine numbers. No American magazine today has a larger or more eminent list of contributors than THE CHAUTAUQUAN and this will be drawn upon during the new year in order that a great variety of topics may be treated by the men and women who are best suited for the work by reason of their eminence as specialists and their ability as popular writers, a rare combination, and one upon which this magazine places a high estimate.

The general plans for the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN have been announced with the confidence that they will find ready appreciation at the hands of those who follow the C. L. S. C. course during the American year. Their character and scope are best evidenced by the titles of the forthcoming articles, a few of which are given: The Story of the American Constitution, four articles; American Art and Artists; American Sculpture and Sculptors; The Republic of Mexico, two articles; The Queen's English, three articles; Relation of Science to Industry, three articles; American Humorists; American Poets of To-Day; The Old South; The New South; Social Life in New England, the Central West, and the Far West, three articles; Chapters in the Legislative History of the United States, nine articles, relating to Suffrage, Pensions, War in Legislation, etc., etc.; Masterpieces of American Literature, seven descriptive and critical articles; The American Character in Politics; Intellectual Life of the American People; Growth of American Morals; and the American Press and Pulpit.

Among the writers of distinction who will contribute one or more articles in the Required Readings are the following: Prof. Albert S. Cook, Ph. D., of Yale University; President Charles J. Little, LL. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, Northwestern

University; Prof. N. S. Shaler, Ph.D., of Harvard University; Prof. John W. Burgess, LL. D., of Columbia College; Prof. Henry E. Bourne, of Western Reserve University; Mr. Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*; Mr. Maurice Thompson, the literary critic; Prof. Sidney Sherwood, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University; Bishop John H. Vincent, chancellor of Chautauqua; Prof. F. A. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas; President Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst College; Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University; Prof. L. A. Sherman, of the University of Nebraska; President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University; Mr. Lorado Taft, of the Chicago Art Institute, and many others.

In addition to the Required Readings THE CHAUTAUQUAN will contain each month the usual number of brilliant popular articles and stories. The high standard of the *Woman's Council Table* will be conscientiously maintained, to the end that it may continue to merit the generous appreciation which has always been accorded it in the past. The department of *Current History and Opinion*, which has met with pronounced success during the year, will be conducted on the same broad lines as at present, the aim being to make it of the greatest practical value to those who would keep abreast of the times. The special C. L. S. C. departments, *Editor's Outlook*, and the pages devoted to a review of the new books will complete the magazine, which is not alone educational in character but with its variety of popular contents is a well rounded home periodical.

It is believed that the prescribed reading as generally outlined contains those elements which will make of it a pleasing, interesting and valuable course to pursue. The most careful discrimination has been practiced in the selection of topics, the broadest and best scholarship has been enlisted, and the faithful execution of the great variety of plans is confidently counted upon to increase the efficiency of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle as an institution for popular education, the permanency of which is evidenced by its continued growth and widen-

ing influence during a period of seventeen years.

In the short interval which precedes the opening of the new year, every local circle, every home in which the C. L. S. C. has been a factor during the last few months, every individual whose name has been enrolled as an active reader, may become the center of a radiating influence for the immediate extension of the C. L. S. C. work, which means nothing if not the achievement of a broader outlook in life.

The new Class of 1899 which will be formed during the months of the summer and early autumn promises to be unprecedentedly large and its members together with those of the present classes are to be congratulated that the course of reading for the American year has so many points of excellence and attractiveness.

#### THE SUBSTITUTES FOR HORSES.

THE highest compliment paid by civilized society to an animal is the use of the term, "horse power." We measure the force of our machinery by the muscular energy of the horse; from the smallest engine up to the monster engine of an ocean greyhound, the unit of power is a horse. That fact is typical of the age of steam. Hardly less significant of the world just ahead of us is the development of a new term for electrical power which is measured in *volts*. Are we entering upon a "horseless age"? Many things point in that direction. For the first time in the progress of invention, the new things diminish the use of the horse. Up to 1890, or thereabouts, all inventions which increased the power of a man also increased the demand for the animal whose empire has covered the areas of progress. The camel ruled in the desert; the reindeer and the dog in arctic lands; but the advancing part of the world more and more demanded the horse.

The railroad was feared as an enemy of the horse; but the steam horse increased the usefulness of the living horse; and in general wherever steam multiplied products, the horse was called upon for more labor in transporting products for short distances.

The first dishonor put upon the noblest of beasts came through an invention which substituted the legs of a man for the legs of a horse. The bicycle did not for several years disclose its hostile mission; it had to be perfected through a decade of use and experiment; but in 1894 it became apparent that the man-motored carriage was making great ravages in the empire of the horse. Almost as early the electric car-lines began to threaten the horse's domain and the threat was executed even earlier. For already in 1893, the horse market showed that "downward tendency" which by the end of 1894 had become a panic and almost a general bankruptcy.

It is not easy to form a judgment respecting the immediate future of the bicycle. How far is its popularity a fashion or a craze? At this point manufacturers are in doubt. A scheme to build four hundred thousand for the market of 1896 is under consideration at Chicago, the machines to be sold at fifty dollars, half the price of this year. A carriage manufacturer of national repute is reported to have expressed a doubt respecting the durability of the "passion" for bicycles and a fear that there might be no market for a half million or more machines already under contract in manufactories. There may be a halt in the movement, but there is small room to doubt that the march will be resumed and that men and women will more and more wheel themselves at the expense of the horse market. No one expects a return of the horse to the street car lines where hundreds of thousands of them suffered and died in two or three decades.

Things were bad enough from a horse's point of view when this year began. But a worse thing has come. The horseless carriage, propelled by electric power, has become a certainty. There was a race with these new carriages recently in France, from Paris to Bordeaux; and the machine is rapidly becoming a familiar sight on the streets of Paris. The bicycle had a sharp limit to its domain in human laziness; the electric buggy comes to fill all that region and to shut the horse out of it.

Still, we are not yet in sight of a horseless world. On the farms where he is born the horse is still in power. The short-distance transportation, in towns, of goods of all kinds still requires horses. But even here invention has its steam plow and steam wagon; and very probably it may soon have its electric everything. The carrying of goods through towns by wagons—no matter how propelled—is a nuisance which inventive brains are striving to abate, and it is probable that some device will succeed in this department. Perhaps the struggle for this end may last long enough to make the departure of the horse from among us less abrupt than has been anticipated.

There will remain, however, unless human nature undergoes an unexpected change, an honorable field for the genius of the horse. The horse car with its abused horseflesh, the carters and hackmen with their "crowbaits," may disappear. The dispirited and melancholy nag is doomed to oblivion. All the wretched and incomplete and tormented horses may leave us never to return. But the ideal horse, well-formed, perfectly muscled, equipped with intellectual and moral character, will stay with us as long as men "know a good thing when they see it." In short, the best horse will survive, not on the principle of the struggle for existence—for on that ground the thing we measure by volts has demonstrated its superiority, but—on the principle that civilized men will retain the use of innocent luxuries. For poor and defective horses there may be no market except a French dinner table. For the best horses there will be as wide a market as the supply can fill up. Of course human tastes may change and defeat this reasonable expectation; but with rare exceptions, the best men have always loved good horses and we expect a survival of the best men.

To those interested in the horse market the change which is coming so swiftly may seem like world-wide disaster. It is really less ominous to prosperity than it seems. It has not usually been a good business to raise poor horses; and it is mainly the defective

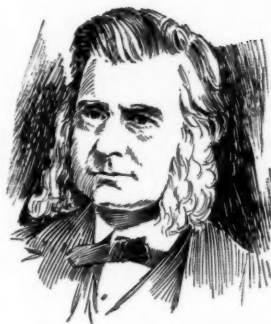
horse which is doomed. Requiring a good article is commonly a benefit to the producer. Since millions of people have stopped using poor butter the dairy business has gained in prosperity; and the cases are somewhat alike. Then we may well remember that horses are not as large an industry as they have seemed to be. On the farm, the horse business is, like the chicken crop, an annex rather than the business itself. Nor are horses so numerous as might be thought. In populous Great Britain, a recent census found only one horse to each sixteen acres of the "tight little island." In our most populous states, there is, probably, not more than one horse to each twenty acres. It is true that in 1890 about one sixtieth of our wealth in the United States was in horses—according to the census-takers—but we might easily have as much horse-wealth and a much smaller number of horses.

In so far as the decadence of the common horse is an economic fact, a just view will see that the new industries furnish more profitable employment than horse-raising furnishes. Making bicycles and electric appliances affords a larger aggregate of employment than these machines will displace. It is not so precisely "a loss to the farm and a gain to the city"; for with less opportunity to open new lands will come an imperative demand that our farms be put to more profitable use than rearing ordinary horses—in other words a demand for more labor in producing human food. The growing city means a growing demand for farm industry. All the new men called to the towns to make horseless buggies must be fed by new labor on the soil.

From a moral and esthetic point of view the disappearance of the suffering horse may be expected with satisfaction. The human brute may be less in evidence; the abused beast certainly will be. The surviving horse like the surviving dog and cat—whose practical uses vanish in advanced societies—may be a greater source of pleasure as a high-class and petted servant and companion of man.

## CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.

### PROFESSOR THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.



PROF. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

THIS distinguished scientific leader of the world died June 29, at Eastbourne, England, after an illness of three months. He was born at Ealing, Middlesex, England, in 1825. He studied medicine and in 1846 entered the English navy as a surgeon. He laid the foundation of his career while in service on the exploring voyage of H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* in 1847-9, making studies as a naturalist on the coasts of Australia, New Guinea, and the Louisiade Archipelago. In 1851, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society and soon after became its president. After 1851, he added each year to the literature of science and he maintained for many years a vigorous debate in a long succession of articles and lectures in support of his doctrine of agnosticism in religion, the latest series being embraced in a recent book on "Science and Christian Traditions." He was honored with about all the literary and scientific titles there are in the world. His principal works are: "Theory of the Vertebrate Skull" (1858); "The Oceanic Hydrozoa" (1859); "The Glyptodon" and its "Osteology"; "Man's Place in Nature" (1863); "Lessons in Comparative Anatomy" (1864); "Lessons in Elementary Physiology" (1866); "Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews" (1870); "Critiques and Addresses" (1873); "American Addresses" (1877), and a sketch of "Hume" (1879); author with Mr. Tyndall in 1857 of "Observations on Glaciers."

#### *The Herald. (New York, N. Y.)*

Huxley's name will stand with those of Tyndall, Darwin, and Spencer at the head of English science of our generation. His true fame was based on his work as a scientist pure and simple, and as such he will be honored in the annals of scientific research and literature.

#### *The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)*

Huxley belongs in the category of physical students who become pessimists by too close and persistent contact with low forms of existence.

A believer in evolution as applied to all species but man in the moral order, Huxley was a tory in politics and society. He detested the people in the mass, and he flouted General Booth's scheme for helping the submerged tenth. He had no faith in democracy, little in charity.

#### *The Dispatch. (Pittsburg, Pa.)*

In comparative anatomy he was fully the equal, if not the superior, of Buffon, although the latter's place as a light of science in the past has heretofore been more clearly recognized than Huxley's. The studies and discoveries of the more modern anatomist will certainly give him a high place in the records of natural science.

#### *The Leader. (Cleveland, Ohio.)*

The great lights of the scientific world which began to shine a generation ago are fast being put out by death. The loss of Tyndall, Von Helmholtz, Huxley, and others of much fame and power, within about a year and a half, makes wide gaps in a most

brilliant array of great investigators, teachers, and discoverers.

#### *The World. (New York, N. Y.)*

No other man has done so much or half so much for the popularization of science, yet no man was ever less a sensationalist. Science to him meant simple truth, and he was persuaded that the plain people were capable of understanding simple truth and profiting by it. He did not think it necessary in his lectures to workmen to present truth in any startling way. He dealt with them with as much of candor and simplicity as he brought to bear in his work as a professor or his learned deliverances before the great scientific societies.

#### *Harper's Weekly. (New York, N. Y.)*

To ask, after all, the main question, "What did this man do?"—the answer comes in part when his works are studied. His many volumes treat of physiology, biology, physiography, anatomy; of science, general and special. Then there are his essays, many of which, and his best work, are not entirely scientific. It is in the rôle of a great teacher that Huxley's fame will be perpetuated. Posthumous fame will belong to Huxley as one of the great teachers of the last half of the nineteenth century, not because he broke from tradition, but for the reason that, following Plato, he believed that the acquisition of wealth, the possession of mere cleverness, and acquiescence to dogma were things which were mean, "and not worthy to be called education at all."



## PUBLIC CONVENTIONS AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

The Illinois Democrats held a State Convention June 4 and resolved in favor of free coinage at sixteen to one. The Silver men held a National Bimetallic Convention at Memphis, Tenn., June 12 and 13 and adopted resolutions in favor of the free and unlimited coinage by the United States of silver dollars at the ratio of sixteen dollars of silver to one of gold. June 19 the National Republican League held its Annual Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, and declined to pass any resolutions on the subject of the currency. The Kentucky Republicans and Democrats held their Conventions to nominate a governor and other officers on the 4th and 5th of June. Both Conventions adopted "Sound Money" platforms.

## OPINIONS ON THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE CONVENTION.

(Ind.) *The Times.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The free silver craze has suffered a serious setback in the National Convention of the Republican League. The measure of the defeat of the free silverites can be appreciated only when it is remembered that large delegations from the southern and western states were especially sent up to attend this Convention, to storm it with a deliverance in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver on the basis of 16 to 1.

(Ind.) *The Republican.* (Springfield, Mass.)

The way the Convention managed to dodge the silver question is extremely funny. There had never before been any question about the right or expediency of putting forth a platform at these Annual Conventions of the clubs, but when the silver question came up and got too hot to be comfortable, it was suddenly discovered that the League's constitution forbids the attempt to instruct the party in the way it should go.

(Ind.) *The Herald.* (Boston, Mass.)

Speaking as an independent, we cannot but think that the victory is a sorry one, and that the guarantee given by it is of little value. A more courageous attitude on this paramount issue would have been far more becoming to the League Convention, and greatly more serviceable to the Republican party.

(Ind.) *The Journal.* (Providence, R. I.)

The Convention cannot be said to have thrown any new light on the condition of the Republican party as regards the perplexing silver question. The proceedings have simply confirmed the belief that there are enough free silver men in the west-

ern branch of the party to fill the sound money men in the eastern branch with nervous timidity and alarm.

(Labor.) *The Times.* (Washington, D. C.)

As an artful dodger the League is a howling success. The course of the Cleveland Convention indicates a disposition to make the tariff again the leading issue of the next presidential campaign and to subordinate all other questions to it. How far this policy of playing 'possum will benefit the party a few months will tell.

(Dem.) *The American.* (Nashville, Tenn.)

A gathering claiming to be thoroughly representative of the most advanced thought of Republicanism completely backs down when called upon to announce what their position as advanced Republicans is.

(Rep.) *The Globe-Democrat.* (St. Louis, Mo.)

The Convention manifested its good sense by quietly but firmly declining to take action on the silver question or any other troublesome issue. That is to say, it refused to give aid and comfort to the enemy by violating its own constitution.

(Rep.) *The Pioneer-Press.* (St. Paul, Minn.)

The Convention fell back upon the assertion of its incompetency to make platforms for the Republican party. We had supposed that the principles of the Republican party had already been clearly enunciated. The Republican League, whatever else it may be or ought to be, is a propagandist of the recognized principles of the Republican party. If it has not the courage to say what those principles are on the most vital and burning question of the day, it is clearly not destined to a very useful missionary career.

## OPINIONS ON THE MEMPHIS SILVER CONVENTION.

(Rep.) *The Journal.* (Kansas City, Mo.)

The cause of honest money will be advanced by the Memphis Convention in the degree that the people shall become convinced that the movement for bimetalism is championed by men of brains, personal influence and political power. . . . The free and equal coinage of both gold and silver is demanded by every American interest.

(Ind.) *The News.* (Indianapolis, Ind.)

The Memphis Convention emphasizes what we have more than once said, namely, that the money question has got so far that it must be fought

out. We believe, as some of the Memphis speakers said yesterday, that the people will no longer be satisfied with party declarations that mean nothing. The double-ender phrase about being in favor of a mixed currency, in which every dollar shall be as good as every other dollar, will no longer satisfy these people, and we are glad of it.

(Pop.) *The Rocky Mountain News.* (Denver, Col.)

The Bimetallic Convention at Memphis was a great gathering, but it is only a circumstance to what will come when the people get thoroughly aroused on the money question.

(Dem.) *The Journal.* (Atlanta, Ga.)

Nine-tenths of the delegates went from West Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, not more than 100 being present from all the rest of the country. The Convention was intended to represent the

unconditional free silver movement throughout the country, and fell so far short of its design that it can only be considered a farce. Several states which were said to be represented had only one delegate present.

#### OPINIONS ON THE ILLINOIS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

(Dem.) *The World.* (New York, N. Y.)

If the Convention truly represents the Democracy of Illinois it certainly does not represent the sentiment of Democracy in some other parts of the Union. Its action, if it is endorsed by the Democracy of Illinois, can result only in separating that Democracy from the men of the same party in other states.

(Pop.) *The Rocky Mountain News.* (Denver, Col.)

The example of Illinois will be followed by other states, and the beginning of the end is in sight. The Administration Democrats may force a goldbug candidate on the Democratic party, but if they do, it will be without hope of success and for the purpose of electing a goldbug Republican. There is every chance that they will not be able to dictate and that the Democratic nominee will be a free-coinage man.

(Dem.) *The Times.* (New York, N. Y.)

Of course, the Convention declared for the free

coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. That was what it was there for, but it was not a Convention of Democrats.

(Ind.) *The Times-Herald.* (Chicago, Ill.)

In spite of their spread of plumage and their pretensions to represent the party sentiment of the state, the Convention was only a one-winged affair, for the honest-money Democrats had no representation at the gathering. Whether the complete abstention of the sound element of the party was wise is open to doubt.

(Dem.) *The Inquirer.* (Cincinnati, O.)

It is only by the silver route that the electoral vote of Illinois can be delivered to any man the Democratic National Convention may nominate. The Democrats of Illinois and the Republicans who join them in the demand for currency reform in the interests of the people are entitled to the attention of both hemispheres when they speak.

#### OPINIONS ON THE KENTUCKY REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

(Rep.) *The Journal.* (Boston, Mass.)

Kentucky sets recreant Illinois a noble example. Kentucky Republicanism shows itself as sound and true as Illinois Democracy is unsound and perverted. The sharply contrasted action of these two states cannot but exert an important influence upon the trend of national politics, and help to make free coinage as clear cut an issue as free trade between the two great political parties in America.

(Dem.) *The Courier-Journal.* (Louisville, Ky.)

Now that the Republican Convention has come and gone it would be well for the Democrats

throughout the state to know the impression it made in Louisville. There is no denying that it was the largest and the most sanguine Republican convention that ever met in Kentucky. Moreover, it was composed of a better class of men than the average Republican Convention in this state.

(Ind.) *The Journal.* (Providence, R. I.)

Positively, the currency plank adopted by the Kentucky Republicans means nothing at all; negatively, it means that they were able, by adroit management, to avoid committing themselves to the free coinage policy.

#### OPINIONS ON THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN KENTUCKY.

(Rep.) *The American.* (Baltimore, Md.)

Free silver has been defeated in Kentucky, just as has been its fate in other states. It is, apparently, losing ground very fast. The result in Kentucky is a crushing defeat for Senator Blackburn, who made his canvass almost entirely on the free silver issue. Mr. Carlisle has won a victory, a result due more to his personal popularity, and to the feeling of state pride, which is strong in Kentucky, than to his connection with the president.

(Ind.) *The News.* (Indianapolis, Ind.)

Free silver men and gold men alike understood the indorsement of the administration as an indorsement of its financial opinions and policy. The lesson is plain, so plain that it cannot be mistaken. The only way to beat the silverites is by a direct and

manly appeal to the people in behalf of sound money.

(Rep.) *The Advertiser.* (Boston, Mass.)

Kentucky, a representative southern state, is now ranked as a supporter of sound money; and as a still stranger outcome, one of the Democratic leaders who has been numbered among the most prominent of the free coinage Democrats of Kentucky, consented to give up his former attitude and go before the people on a sound money platform.

(Ind.) *The News.* (Detroit, Mich.)

Senator Blackburn had every reason to believe that Kentucky would pronounce for silver by a voice practically unanimous. Gold organized the Convention, and gold carried the day. Behind the Louisville Convention has stood the whole money power of the country.

## THE WORLD'S NEW CANALS.

THE Baltic Canal, whose splendid dedication we noticed last month, is the third-artificial waterway between the North and Baltic Seas. The Stecknitz Canal, connecting Lubeck and the Elbe, was opened in 1398. The Eider Canal, from Kiel on the Baltic to Tonning on the North Sea, was finished in 1784. Both are for small vessels only. The new canal admits the passage of large ships, having a width of 210 feet and a depth of 30 feet. This continent has just finished two similar canals, and two others are under way. The completed ones are (1) the Sault Ste. Marie, opened on June 13, and (2) the Harlem opened June 17. The first connects, in Canadian waters, Lakes Huron and Superior by a channel 20 feet deep. The second connects, in New York City, the East and North Rivers by a channel deep enough for coastwise traffic. The two canals now building are (1) the Hennepin which connects the Mississippi (through the lower part of Rock River) and Illinois Rivers, and (2) the Chicago Drainage Canal connecting Lake Michigan and the Illinois River. These two are both in Illinois. The Chicago Drainage Canal is of great importance. It is being built by Chicago as a great sewer, thirty miles long, to be kept clean by the waters of Lake Michigan. Since 1870 the city has been imperfectly drained in that direction; the new and costly channel is an enlargement of existing channels. This channel will probably become a ship canal in the end. Fears that it may depress the level of the Great Lakes have led the other cities on their shores to ask the Federal Government to investigate the matter.

*The Globe-Democrat. (St. Louis, Mo.)*

The new canal connecting the Baltic and the North Sea represents the greatest triumph of German engineering, and one of the greatest achievements in the history of industrial progress.

*The News. (Fall River, Mass.)*

The Harlem Canal reduces by 12 miles the passage from the Hudson to Long Island Sound, and, what is quite as important, obviates the necessity of impeding the immense traffic in the waters which wash lower New York. The length of the Harlem Canal is six miles, its mean depth nine feet, and its width 50 feet, and yet its cost was only about \$2,500,000. It is anticipated that in time the depth may be doubled and the width increased to 350 feet, as an increasing commerce may demand such extension. The Sault Ste. Marie Canal gives to Canadian commerce a continuous waterway nearly 2,500 miles long, from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic, so that it will be possible to sail from the Province of Ontario to Australia without entering any body of water controlled by a foreign power.

*The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)*

It must be confessed that the boldness of the Chicago engineers, and the promptness with which

the city is proceeding to carry out their plans, are scarcely less than sublime. In olden times this project of Chicago might easily have become the occasion of a war between the East and the West, or between Canada and the United States. But there will be ample time to prepare for the remedy of incidental evils before the canal shall become a fixed fact.

*The Observer. (New York, N. Y.)*

The width of the Chicago Drainage Canal at the bottom is to be 160 feet, and though the rocky sections it is being cut to admit of a flow of 600,000 cubic feet per minute, the softer sections to have at first only half that capacity, but to be enlarged as demand may arise. The cost is to be about \$22,000,000, nearly one-half of which has already been expended; it is estimated that for \$20,000,000 more a depth of 14 feet can be secured from the canal terminus to the Mississippi. This would give a channel deep enough for the ordinary Mississippi and Lake steamer, and would secure a continuous waterway from the Gulf to Lake Michigan, and as the Drainage Canal will be completed in any event, the money for the remainder of the work is certain to be forthcoming.

## THE RACE QUESTION IN NEW YORK.

THE late Legislature of New York passed a law for the protection of colored people in their civil rights. It is made a punishable offense to discriminate against any person on account of his color at any hotel, restaurant, theater, or other public place. Some colored men are said to have systematically "tested" the application of the law by applying for meals and rooms at fashionable restaurants and hotels. In some places they were served, in others their patronage was declined on the ground that it would ruin the business.

*(Colored.) The Age. (New York, N. Y.)*

It is the most comprehensive bill of its character on the statute books of any of the states. It appears to cover all the points likely to be involved in the efforts of Afro-Americans to be treated as

other citizens in the matter of civil rights. We have been surprised at the interest displayed in this measure by people outside of New York with whom we have come in contact during the past thirty days. We trust it will stand the test. There is no

reason why we should not enjoy all the civil rights in New York that others enjoy, and if this bill helps on the result, as seems possible, we shall be under obligation to those who are responsible for it.

*The Eagle. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)*

All sensible colored people recognize that any unfortunate condition of exclusion to which they may be subjected, however unjust, cannot be combated or lessened by enactment, but that its cure must be left to time and to the good sense and mutual consideration of the intelligent of both races.

*The Journal. (Albany, N. Y.)*

There should be no discrimination under the law, but there is no denying the fact that racial antipathies still exist. This is so well known that self-respecting colored people take care to avoid all the places where for any reason whatever they feel that

they are not welcome. The new law will be of no benefit to such persons.

*The Press. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

The singular assertion is made in a New York newspaper that the attempt of a colored man to claim equal rights in hotels, restaurants, and theaters under an act just passed in New York State is an attempt by legislation to establish "a social relation which a law higher than all civil statutes declares to be forever impossible." This is nonsense. Social relations are not established by common carriers, innkeepers, or public entertainers. All that the New York statute does is to put in statutory form with an adequate penalty what is and always has been the common law. This may be just. It may be unjust. On this particular point we do not now argue. This is the law. It always has been the law. Its denial is a grievous wrong.

### DECISION IN THE SOUTH CAROLINA REGISTRATION CASES.

THE U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, consisting of Chief Justice Fuller and Circuit Judges Seymour and Hughes, has vacated Judge Goff's injunction against the election of delegates to a state constitutional convention under the registration laws of South Carolina. The opinion of Judge Hughes declares as follows: "It seems to me that it is a dangerous encroachment upon the prerogatives of the other departments of government if the judiciary be intrusted to exercise the power of interfering with the holding of an election in a state. Thus a single citizen in each county (and in the case at bar he is not even a qualified voter) can enjoin an election throughout the entire state, and thus deprive thousands of their right to vote. If a court has power to do this, free elections are at an end. If elections are improperly held, there are appropriate means provided by law for questioning their results and remedying wrongs, without the exercise of this dangerous power by the courts. A candidate who has been defeated may contest; a voter whose right to register has been denied may proceed to compel the enforcement of that right, and these privileges give what the Legislature deems sufficient protection to the injured; but, in my judgment, one citizen cannot, under the pretense of righting his own wrongs, disfranchise others. I do not think that a court has jurisdiction to interfere by injunction or otherwise with the enforcement of laws by officers holding and deriving their powers from these laws." The opinion neither upholds nor denies the validity of the registration laws, this question not being essential to the case as it came before the court.

*(Dem.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)*

There was quite a chuckling over the injunction by the Republican papers when it was rendered, and a great deal of fun poked at South Carolina, which, we were told, had again arrayed itself in antagonism to the Federal government; but it will not seem so humorous now that the Circuit Court of Appeals declares that the Palmetto State is right. Another assault on the rights of the states has thus been repulsed and the usurpation of the Federal judiciary checked.

*(Rep.) The Courant. (Hartford, Conn.)*

It is matter of regret but not at all of surprise that the decision of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond in the South Carolina case is based so largely on technical considerations and leaves so much undecided.

*(Ind.) The Journal. (Providence, R. I.)*

The vital allegation in the South Carolina cases was not of prevention from registration or from voting, but of the creation of obstacles to the exer-

cise of those functions. Certainly difficulties of that sort are not necessarily restrictions upon a good citizen's power to obtain the benefits of law for the sake of his civil rights and the protection of his property. This reduces the matter directly under discussion to a simple question, Shall the United States step in to lay down the voting laws to the citizens of South Carolina?

*(Rep.) The Transcript. (Boston, Mass.)*

Its effects may be to arouse a determination among decent white men of the Palmetto State that the negro shall hereafter have some constitutional rights that the Tillmanites shall respect. . . . The country as a whole will now have something to say as to a deliberate plan for making the negro again a practical serf by denying him the muniments whereby he could protect his liberties. In its present form it is really a new question, and the white citizens of South Carolina will act wisely if they so regard it. They have fully as much to lose in the end as the negroes.

(Dem.) *The Register.* (Columbia, S. C.)

The decision of Judge Goff was a direct blow at state's rights, and when its scope was explained, other states saw that they were as vitally interested in the outcome of the fight as was South Carolina, for a blow at her sovereignty was a blow at theirs. They will rejoice almost as much as South Carolina

at the action of the court.

(Ind.) *The Republican.* (Springfield, Mass.)

It may be on the whole a good thing that the injunction has been overruled, for it will throw the responsibility for these laws where it belongs, and compel the people of that state to correct them or bear their blame.

## FROM ROSEBERY TO SALISBURY IN ENGLAND.



LORD ROSEBERY.

JUNE 21, on a trivial question the English ministry was defeated by seven votes (132 to 125). This accidental defeat would have meant nothing if Lord Rosebery had possessed a real majority in the House of Commons. But the Liberals depended for their majority upon a group of Labor and Radical members and upon two groups of Irish members, and none of these groups has ever warmly supported Lord Rosebery, who succeeded to Mr. Gladstone, March 3, 1894. In view of their precarious majority, the Liberal leaders thought it wise to resign. Lord Salisbury, leader of the Conservatives, was at once authorized by Queen Victoria to form a new "government." He has organized a ministry which is a coalition of the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist parties, the latter consisting of those Liberals who in 1886 refused to follow Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy and are led by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. The new ministry, after some formal business, dissolved Parliament and issued writs for the election of a new

House of Commons. It is expected that Lord Salisbury will obtain a decisive majority in the new Parliament, but the Liberals are far from hopeless. The new ministry is a strong and influential one. The Duke of Devonshire is president of the Council and ranks next to the premier, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is secretary of state for the Colonies, and George J. Gosehen is first lord of the admiralty. These three men were strong Liberals until the Irish question separated them from Mr. Gladstone in 1886. Mr. Balfour is first lord of the treasury and will be government leader in the House of Commons.

*The Tribune.* (New York, N. Y.)

The crisis came because the government was on the down grade, and near the foot of the grade; and the government was in that plight because of its own vacillations, intestine wrangles, and general unworthiness.

*The Press.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Until a moral issue is presented to the electors of the United Kingdom, perhaps by the advance of Socialism, the English empire appears likely to be ruled by property and privilege—that is, by the Conservative party.

*The Press.* (New York, N. Y.)

Englishmen are tired of the Irish question in all its moods and tenses. The best authorities agree that, on the coming appeal to the country, the Conservatives will return a strong majority.

*The Inquirer.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The ministry promises to be a dazzling one. It is really a coalition ministry, and Disraeli once said that England hated coalitions. And yet, although she has had only two great parties for nearly two centuries the old order is changing, and each organization is breaking up into groups, such as are to be found in the parliaments of France, Germany, and Italy. This change is very pronounced in the Lib-



LORD SALISBURY.

eral party with its two wings of Irish Home Rulers, its Church and State iconoclasts, its Radicals, and others who cannot be distinctly classified. But even the Conservative party now lacks its old homogeneity and rigidity, the presence

in the party of the Liberals of nine years ago being strong evidence of the introduction into it of new elements.

*The World.* (New York, N. Y.)

The new ministry is strong by force of circumstances. It represents the strength of Salisbury's long and successful administration from 1886 to 1892. It has the assured support of royalty and of the whole influence of the royal family. It has the support of the peers and of the Established Church and of the publicans; it may have the good-will of



the Labor leaders and of the agricultural laborers. It certainly has what Tilden would call the usufruct of all the many blunders and failures of its predecessor.

*The Post. (Pittsburg, Pa.)*

Mr. Balfour is 47 years of age, and his entire political record does not cover 10 years. Yet he will take the place of leader in the House of Commons, and in doing so meets the general expectation of Conservative and Liberal, as he has been regarded as the coming man. There has been no such speedy rise to the first position in parliamentary leadership since Pitt became leader of the House in his 24th year.

*The Times-Herald. (Chicago, Ill.)*

The new Cabinet will recall a famous one of "all the talents"; but it is primarily a Cabinet of mutual hatred. The Liberal-Unionists are Liberals on every subject but one, Home Rule for Ireland. They abhor the true Tory with unconquerable loathing, but they must eat with him, sleep with him, trade with him, vote with him; and must make him, moreover, as Rosebery did England in the partnership of electorates, the predominant partner. No two men have hated each other in all history with profounder sincerity than Balfour, the nephew of the Cecil who is again to be premier, and Joseph Chamberlain, whose sinister throw Friday precipitated a crisis before the phlegmatic Salisbury was ready to ride upon it back to office. As Balfour hates Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, the whilom Lord Hartington, of the Commons, detests Lord Salisbury; yet to him he must pay an official respect he has not hitherto rendered to any but the mild-mannered Gladstone, the deferential middle-class representative of statesmanship in the golden age of Liberalism. Any Cabinet containing these four men embodies more of mutual animosity than could be well compacted into any but a temporary political contrivance.

*The Republican. (Springfield, Mass.)*

The alliance has the apparent drift of public

opinion against the Liberals to encourage it and give its leaders confidence of a victory in the



DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

coming elections, and a considerable lease of power following them, but it lacks clean-cut and positive issues for a platform. The people do not like the half-hearted way in which the Liberals have attacked the live questions they promised to answer, and their evident inability to accomplish anything. Not one promise of the Newcastle program has been completely fulfilled, and of late Liberal attempts to fulfil these promises have been half-hearted and temporizing. . . . The alliance is thus strong on the negative side, for the Newcastle program gives it plenty of matters to oppose, and Liberal management affords it plenty of opportunities for criticism, and it can go into the campaign as an opposition party attacking Home Rule for Ireland and all proposed Irish legislation, the Local Option law, Welsh disestablishment, the neglect of Scotland and the foreign policy of the Rosebery government, and it can pose as the defender of the Lords; but such a program does not seem to promise much enthusiasm among the voters. . . . The Liberals do not lack for positive and popular issues, and if they are wise they will press them in the most direct and uncompromising manner, thus compelling the alliance to adopt some of them in effect if not in terms. It would seem as though this last position would be a dangerous if not fatal one, while any attempt to steal radical thunder would be to the advantage of the Liberals.

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## CIVIL SERVICE REFORM APPLIED TO THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

ON June 13, President Cleveland signed an order placing the Government Printing Office under the rules of the Civil Service law. The order removes 2,500 employees from the control of partisan politics.

*(Labor.) The Times. (Washington, D. C.)*

From an economical standpoint, and as a measure to insure freedom from labor difficulties, the order will prove beneficial to the government. It will also make more permanent the positions of the 2,500 employees, but it prepares the way for the introduction of labor saving machinery, and it is doubtful if in that respect it will prove satisfactory. There is, however, no need of borrowing trouble on that question. Those of the employees who are most worthy

will always be given preference, and it is to be hoped that the government printing will increase so that it may never be necessary to reduce the present working force.

*(Ind.) The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)*

This order is one of the most emphatic demonstrations of the practical success of our system of civil-service reform that has ever been offered. In the first place, it is most significant that the president's act was a compliance with a request made

by the persons affected. Here is proof positive that civil-service rules not only do not work injustice, do not keep out of employment persons most fitted for the positions, and do afford protec-

tion to competent men when once their positions are secured. The signing of the order upsets that old-time complaint that civil-service reform is adapted only to college graduates.

### A YEAR'S STATISTICS OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

THE Seventh Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission just issued, for the year ending June 30, 1894, contains a valuable statistical statement from which we make the following abstract:

**MILEAGE.**—The total railway mileage in the United States on June 30, 1894, was 178,708.55, an increase during the year of 2,247.48 miles. The increase during the previous year was 4,897.55 miles. The percentage of increase in 1894 was less than for any preceding year for which reports have been made to the Commission. The State of Pennsylvania shows an increase of 300.20 miles; Florida, 234.82 miles; North Dakota, 195.54 miles; Ohio, 184.02 miles; Georgia, 162.71 miles; Maine, 125.60 miles; Missouri, 120.51 miles; West Virginia, 117.56 miles; and Minnesota, 116.49 miles. The number of roads abandoned was 16. The total mileage of all tracks was 233,533.67 miles, which includes 10,499.30 miles of second track; 953.16 miles of third track; 710.99 miles of fourth track, and 42,661.67 miles of yard track and sidings.

**CLASSIFICATION.**—The total number of railway corporations on June 30, 1894, was 1,924, an increase during the year of 22. The number of roads not in operation was 77, of which 60 were independent roads; 10 were subsidiary roads, parts of systems, and 7 were private roads. The movement of consolidation during the year on the basis of mileage involved has been greater than for the year previous; 15 roads, representing 1,734.64 miles have been merged; 22 roads, representing 2,351.99 miles, have been reorganized; and 14 roads, representing 1,590.34 miles have been consolidated. 90 roads operate 72.90 per cent of the entire mileage of the country.

**EQUIPMENT.**—On June 30, 1894, the total number of locomotives was 35,492, an increase during the year of 704. Of these, 9,893 were passenger locomotives; 20,000 were freight locomotives; 5,086 were switching locomotives; and 513 were unclassified. The total number of cars reported was 1,278,078. Of these, 33,018 were in passenger service; 1,205,167 were in freight service; and 39,891 were caboose, derrick, gravel, officers, pay, and other cars in the company's service. These figures do not include cars owned by shippers or private individuals. The increase in the number of cars during the year was 4,132, as against an increase of 58,854 during the previous year. During the year 1,579 locomotives and 30,386 cars were fitted with train brakes, and 1,197 locomotives and 34,186 cars were fitted with automatic couplers. While the gain

in the use of both these safety appliances is largely in excess of the increase of equipment during that year, it cannot be considered as showing a marked tendency toward compliance with the law, as 74.80 per cent of the total equipment is still without train brakes and 72.77 per cent without automatic couplers. The law requires that all equipment shall be supplied with these safety appliances before January, 1898, while it requires that all cars shall be provided with grab irons or hand holds and drawbars of a standard height by July 1, 1895.

**EMPLOYEES.**—The total number of railway employees on June 30, 1894, was 779,608, a decrease, as compared with the number on June 30, 1893, of 93,994, or 10.76 per cent. This is a smaller number employed than in any year since 1890. A new feature in this report is a table giving a comparative statement of the average daily compensation of the various classes of railway employees for 1892, 1893, and 1894. For 1894 the average daily compensation was, for general officers \$9.71, other officers \$5.75, general office clerks \$2.34, station agents \$1.75, other station men \$1.63, engineers \$3.61, firemen \$2.03, conductors \$3.04, other trainmen \$1.89, machinists \$2.21, carpenters \$2.02, other shopmen \$1.69, section foremen \$1.71, other trackmen \$1.18, switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen \$1.75, telegraph operators and dispatchers \$1.93, and employees of floating equipment \$1.97.

**VALUATION.**—The total amount of reported railway capital on June 30, 1894, was \$10,796,473,813, or \$62.951 per mile of line. This is an increase in the amount outstanding during the year of \$290,238,403. The amount of capital stock was \$4,834,075,659, of which \$4,103,584,166 was common stock, and \$730,491,493 was preferred stock. The funded debt was \$5,356,583,019, classified as follows: bonds, \$4,593,931,754; miscellaneous obligations, \$456,277,380; income bonds, \$242,403,681, and equipment trust obligations, \$63,970,204. The amount of current liabilities was \$605,815,135.

The amount of stock paying no dividend was \$3,066,150,094, or 63.43 per cent of the total amount. The total amount of dividends was \$95,575,976, or an average rate on the dividend paying stock of 5.41 per cent. The amount of bonds paying no interest was \$650,573,789, or 14.17 per cent. The amount of miscellaneous obligations paying no interest was

\$53,426,264, or 11.71 per cent, and the amount of income bonds paying no interest was \$210,757,554, or 86.94 per cent.

**PUBLIC SERVICE.**—The number of passengers carried was 619,688,199, an increase over the previous year of 26,127,587. This increase was occasioned by the World's Fair travel. The passenger mileage was 14,289,443,893. The average number of passengers in a train was 44, and the average distance traveled by each passenger was 23.06 miles. There was a large decrease in freight traffic, the number of tons carried being 638,186,553, as against 745,119,482 in 1893, a decrease of 106,932,929 tons.

**EARNINGS AND EXPENSES.**—The gross earnings of the railways for the year ending June 30, 1894, were \$1,073,361,797, a decrease as compared with the previous year of \$147,390,077, or 12.07 per cent. Passenger revenue decreased \$16,142,258, or 5.35 per cent, and the revenue from freight traffic decreased \$129,562,948, or 15.63 per cent. The amount of operating expenses was \$731,414,322 a decrease of \$96,506,977, or 11.66 per cent. The net earnings were \$341,947,475, a decrease of

\$50,883,100 as compared with the previous year. The amount of fixed charges and other deductions from income was \$429,008,310, leaving a net income of \$55,755,970 available for dividends, a decrease as compared with the previous year of nearly 50 per cent. The revenue derived from the carrying of passengers was \$285,349,558, or 26.58 per cent of gross earnings, and the revenue derived from freight traffic was \$699,490,913, or 65.16 per cent of gross earnings.

**ACCIDENTS.**—During the year 1,823 railway employees were killed and 23,422 were injured as compared with 2,727 killed and 31,729 injured in 1893. The number of passengers killed was 324, an increase of 25, and the number injured was 3,304, a decrease of 195. Of the total number of fatal casualties to railway employees, 251 were due to coupling and uncoupling cars, 439 to falling from trains and engines, 50 to overhead obstructions, 145 to collisions, 108 to derailments, and the balance to various other causes not easily classified. One employee was killed out of every 428 in service, and 1 injured out of every 33 employed.

### PROGRESS OF THE CUBAN REVOLT.

NEWS from Cuba is very untrustworthy. It is still denied, in some reports, that "President" Marti is dead. The conflicts are unimportant skirmishes. The main facts are that the revolt has not been suppressed, that Spain continues to send troops and that the sickly season has begun with its fearful havoc of the lives of the Spanish boys sent over as soldiers. Our government is trying hard to prevent the departure of armed bands from our coasts, but it is practically impossible. It is alleged that more Cubans are in armed revolt now than were in the field during the whole ten years of the first revolution (1868-1878).

*The Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)*

The United States cruiser *Raleigh* is on her way to Key West to keep an eye on Cuban filibustering expeditions. It is probable that the reports of such enterprises are greatly exaggerated, but, as they most likely put out in small parties from remote streams, it is not easy to see how the presence of the *Raleigh* at a port perhaps hundreds of miles away can act as a deterrent.

*The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)*

Meanwhile, there can be little doubt that the rebellion, far from being almost put down, is spread-

ing and becoming more formidable. Captain General Campos has had to call for more troops and money. He is finding his task almost as difficult as Lord Howe found his in this country. The insurgents cannot stand against regular soldiers, but in that very fact lies the mischief. The rebels will not be caught in the open for a pitched battle, to put their fortunes to the touch at one stroke, but run off into the interior fastnesses, whence they emerge in sporadic bands of guerrillas to tire the Spaniards out with marching up and down to overtake an ever-fleeing enemy.

### THE AMERICAN LINE STEAMSHIP "ST. LOUIS."

THIS splendid new vessel has made successful voyages to Southampton, England, and back, and the success of the new liner has called out many comments. In the House of Commons, Sir Julian Pauncefote, English ambassador in Washington, who crossed in the *St. Louis* on her first trip, was criticised for praising this American ship, partly because Liverpool suffers by the success of an American line to Southampton.

*New York Tribune. (London Correspondence.)*

The ship has been very much admired for her lines, her cabin arrangements, and her tasteful decorations. She is regarded by experienced shipbuilders

as an improved *Paris* and is expected to be the fastest ship of her line. Sir Julian Pauncefote is loud in his praises of the vessel. The appearance of the new transatlantic liner revives the question

whether faster and larger ships than the *Campania* and *Lucania* are likely to be built in the next few years. Experts consider it doubtful if any immediate advance will be made. They predict that the next White Star ship will be an improved *Majestic*, just as the *St. Louis* is an improved *Paris*.

*The Globe-Democrat.* (St. Louis, Mo.)



CAPT. W. G. RANDLE.

The steamer *St. Louis* is considered to be the finest existing specimen of maritime architecture. In 1883, our government entered the field with its own contracts for the building of a new navy, and in the eight years following added to the shipping of

the country to the extent of about 113,500 tons. Then a large mail subvention was voted to establish

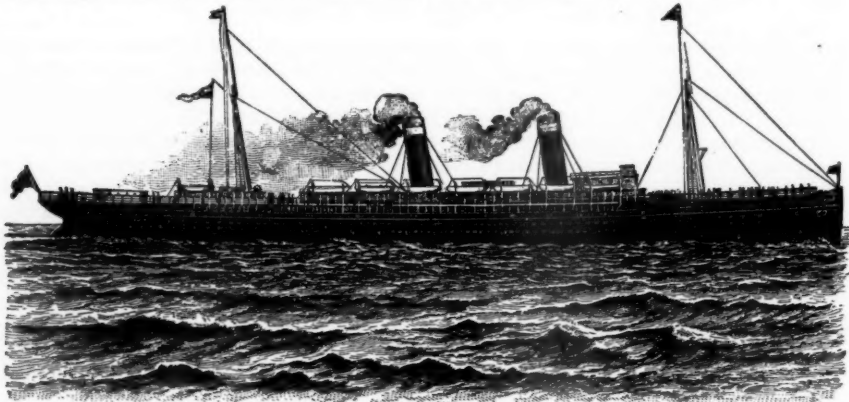
an American line of Atlantic steamers, and as a result two foreign-built vessels, the *Paris* and the *New York*, have had their registry changed so as to be permitted to fly our flag, and two others, the *St. Louis* and the *St. Raul*, have been built in and launched from American shipyards.

*The Commercial Appeal.* (Memphis, Tenn.)

Britannia must now look to her laurels, for the ingenious Yankee, with money to spend, has declared his purpose to reap his due share of the ocean harvest, and with his methods to meet, British shipowners may expect smaller dividends. The rule of the waves is to be divided.

*The Record.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The maiden voyage of the huge American liner *St. Louis* has proved an indisputable triumph for American enterprise and skill, as well as a happy augury for the speedy revival of the American merchant marine of which she is the pioneer. Swift-ness was not the chief essential sought in this new leviathan of the deep; the main requirement was a powerful motive energy of unfailing reliability for a great carriage capacity. This has not only been achieved, but there has also been an almost entire lack of the usual disturbing vibrations.



THE AMERICAN LINE STEAMSHIP "ST. LOUIS."

## SPELLING REFORM.

A CONFERENCE to discuss irregularities in English orthography, which are "an inconvenience to all who read and write our language, a burden upon education, and an obstacle to the spread of Anglo-Saxon thought," was recently held in Columbia College, New York City. A society for the simplifying of orthography was formed, of which Professor Lounsbury of Yale University is president. The recommendations of the society have furnished a topic for discussion upon which the press of the country is found to have pronounced opinions.

*The Globe.* (Boston, Mass.)

We all know that it would be hardly possible to make more ridiculous and absurd work of twenty-six letters than is seen in our English spelling. It

makes reading and writing more difficult for our children than for those reared in any other language. It means waste for publishers and chagrin for the great army of poor spellers. The German language

has a far more elaborate grammar than ours. Yet a poor speller in Germany is almost unknown. Every German word is spelled exactly as it is pronounced, and there is no mistaking the spelling when the word is once articulated.

*The Critic.* (New York, N. Y.)

One orthographic society after another will wrestle with the problem, but it will sooner or later give up in despair. The process of reforming here and there, in spots, by individual experimenters will probably be the only improvements achieved until some great congress of the English speaking nations brings permanent order out of existing chaos.

*The Journal.* (Providence, R. I.)

The main argument which the thoroughgoing reformers use is the difficulty which our present system of spelling offers to the learner. But this is an argument which has less force than most of us unthinkingly—or mistakenly—admit. That our spelling is in some cases difficult cannot be denied. But everything that is worth learning has to be acquired with effort. We doubt very much if the reformed alphabet which the philologists urge would be a real relief, and if the dangers of spelling according to sound would not be fully as many as the dangers of spelling according to sight.

*The Journal.* (Minneapolis, Minn.)

It will be better for the spelling reformers to go

very slow in this business. People will accept "catalog" and "program" and "dialog" and "pedagog" and "stenography" and "telegraphy" and "quartet" and "avalanch" and "demagog" and "cue" and "rime" and "tho" and "altho," and kindred words whose force and historicity are not destroyed by dropping a few final letters; but no reform which badly obscures the etymology of the language ought to be encouraged. Some of the spelling reformers propose to make an entirely new language for us. To this then there is serious objection.

*The Sun.* (New York.)

The sense of humor is a consideration which does not appeal strongly to some philological reformers, but it is nevertheless operative in the public mind. There is something inherently and irremediably ludicrous in aw for awe, fantom for phantom, and skul for skull. As to the last-mentioned change, it will be a long time before people learn that skul means the cranium, and not the place where children are educated; inasmuch as some projects of orthographic reform have already proposed skule for school. Buxum is comic. Thret is trivial. The words belonging to the class of tho, altho, thru, and thruout, have never ceased to appear grotesque when so printed. We do not like whiskey without the "e" in it; and as for bluf, with one "f," in the words of the late Artemus Ward, "This is 2 mutch!"

## PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS IN MANITOBA.

THE struggle over school laws in Manitoba dates from 1871. Manitoba came into the Canadian confederation in 1870. About one-tenth of the 200,000 Manitobans are Catholics. Up to the date of the Union there were only private schools, but in 1871 the Provincial Legislature adopted a public school system under which the Catholics had separate schools and their proportional share of school funds with boards of their own to manage their schools. In 1890, on the plea that the Catholic schools were very inefficient, the Legislature did away with separate private schools giving opportunity for religious instruction by priests or pastors on permission of any local school board. The Catholics applied to the courts and an appeal reached the English Privy Council. In 1893, this appeal was rejected, but on a second appeal last year the Catholic complaint that rights were denied which existed prior to the Union, was justified. Under this decision, the governor general of Canada issued a remedial order requiring that Manitoba shall allow the Catholics separate public schools and a proportionate share in all school funds. Manitoba has refused to obey this order.

*The Independent.* (New York, N. Y.)

Judicially the decision thus far is with the Roman Catholics; but it looks as though the will of the great majority of the people, among whom are a number of Roman Catholics, would in one way or another triumph—it may be by the withdrawal of the Province from the Confederation or by maintaining with great firmness its contentions. It is the ecclesiastical element that is making the war; and of course this element has great influence with the Dominion government.

*The Globe.* (Toronto, Canada.)

It is explained that there are grave and peculiar difficulties in maintaining an efficient system of

primary education in Manitoba. There is a small population spread over a large territory; much of the land is free from school taxes. The people can ill afford to add to these difficulties by dividing their educational forces.

*The Sun.* (New York, N. Y.)

How can the order be enforced provided the Manitoba Legislature shall sustain the provincial Executive's refusal to obey it? It is extremely doubtful whether the Imperial Privy Council would sanction a recourse to violent measures for such a purpose. The advisers of the British Crown would be more likely to acquiesce in the secession of Manitoba from the



Canadian Dominion, and its reversion to the status of a separate autonomous province like Newfoundland. But if the process of disintegration once sets in, where will it stop?

*The Spectator. (Hamilton, Canada.)*

It is a noteworthy fact that every conference,

synod or union, representing a Protestant denomination, which has met in Canada this summer, has passed a resolution condemning either directly or by implication any interference by the Federal Government with educational matters in the provinces.

### TURKISH MISRULE IN ARMENIA.

THE Christian Powers of Europe are slowly approaching decisive action toward Turkey's atrocious brutality in governing Armenia. The sultan's government has thus far played its customary game of denial, half admissions, counter charges, and fatiguing delay. But if, as seems probable, England, France, and Russia are really in agreement, Turkey will have to assent to the government of Armenia by a European commission in some guise. England is said to have given notice of the sending of an armed fleet to Constantinople, and Russia has massed an army on the Armenian frontier. It is also rumored that the sultan has accepted the reforms proposed by Europe.

The plan proposed by the Powers provides for reforms in courts and in the collection of taxes and in many minor matters. It modifies the existing system but does not make a new government. It seeks to give Armenia honest and efficient local administration. Governors are to be appointed by the sultan but must be approved by the Powers and irrevocable for five years. These governors will select the sub-officials. Finally, the plan creates a high commissioner, to be approved by the Powers, with full authority over provinces, and he is to have an assistant not of the same religious faith. Behind this high commissioner is a permanent committee of control sitting at Constantinople, appointed by the sultan but in relations with the embassies of the Powers. This committee is to consist of three Christian and three Muslim members. The new ministry in England will have to take decisive action upon this Armenian question.

*The Observer. (New York, N. Y.)*

If the commissioner is a man with a high sense of duty and a heart for his work, much can, of course, be done. But the only absolute assurance that he will be such a man must be in the appointment of a Christian and a European, responsible to the Powers alone. To this end, all Christendom will hope that the sultan may reject the scheme submitted to him.

*The Congregationalist. (Boston, Mass.)*

It is high time that such an anachronism as the Turk, especially in Europe, came to its inevitable end. The recent dispatch of two American men-of-war to the coast of Asia Minor produced an immense

and immediate change for the better in the treatment of missionaries and other American citizens. Our navy must not be far away when events culminate.

*The Evening Post. (New York, N. Y.)*

The situation can have but one ending. The more the sultan resists, the stronger and more imperious will be the demands made of him, and he will have to come down as gracefully as he may. What is most to be feared is, that he will play his old game of assenting to reform, promising to reform, and then letting things go on precisely as before while he amuses himself with the leisurely exchange of diplomatic notes.

### BISHOPS DOANE AND COXE ON "THE NEW WOMAN."

AN exciting discussion has been stirred up by certain uncomplimentary references to "the new woman" by Bishops Doane and Coxe of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In a public address, at Albany, N. Y., Bishop Doane said: "When a new Bible shall have been translated into a denial of the original record of creation—a really 'reversed Scripture,' as one once called the Revised Version—when constitutions shall have been altered to disturb the equipoise of the relation between man and woman; when motherhood shall be replaced by mannishness; when neglected homes shall furnish candidates for mismanaged offices; when money shall buy the votes of women as it does now themselves; when the fires of political discord shall be lighted on the hearth-stone of domestic peace; when the arrogant assertion of demanded rights shall have destroyed the instinctive chivalry of conceded courtesies; when woman, as has been well said, 'once the superior, has become the equal of man'; then the reaped whirlwind of some violent political reaction will be gathered in tears, by those who are sowing the wind in the mad joy of the petroleuse of the French revolutions. Never in any age, nowhere in any land, and nowhere in America so much as now in our own Empire State, was there such absolute unreason for the clamor which seeks to distract women from the duties of the vocation to which they are called, in the mad pursuit of the greatest wrong that can be done to their sex, their country, and mankind." Bishop Coxe, in a recent address, said: "The

effort to establish the 'new woman' has, it must be said, been accompanied by a desire on the part of the agitators to emancipate themselves from religion. When I read from day to day of the utterances of this new cult, giving forth startling 'truths' and disseminating odious principles from the lecture platform, I am inclined to cry: 'Oh! shame, where is thy blush?'" These episcopal deliverances have been sharply rebuked by some leading women of the country and others are said to be "too indignant to say anything."

*The Advertiser. (Boston, Mass.)*

It is too late now to say that women should not meddle with public affairs. If American women had declined to do anything but kitchen and nursery work thirty years or more ago, it may be doubted whether the United States would have been in existence to-day. The work of the sanitary commission called for greater effort than the political campaigns of a decade would demand; but nobody grumbled then about the "neglected homes" or the "fires of political discord" as "destroying womanhood." It is exactly in those states where the Sanitary Commission was strongest thirty years ago, it may be added, that the equal suffrage movement is strongest to-day.

*The Journal. (Providence, R. I.)*

While it is still true, despite an effort on the part of the agitators to deny it, that for most women marriage and domestic life must be the ultimate aim, it is also true that to many women the demand or the necessity comes for living and striving alone, and that for them the impulse toward greater freedom has been of the utmost advantage. But the trouble is that now the cry is rather for license than freedom. But so long as there is true womanhood in the world a reaction is bound to come; and in this address the bishop has struck a note which most men and a very large number of women will echo gratefully.

*The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)*

Women are now about the same as they have

always been. They still continue to be the mothers of the race, and in spite of Mugwump reports to the contrary, the early impressions of goodness derived from them are yet prevalent. The New Woman of whom this venerable ecclesiastic speaks, is a mere creature of his imagination. The old woman, who sinned in the Garden of Eden, under the temptation of the serpent, remains now as she has been always in the past, the mainstay of the church and the parent of the mankind for whose salvation the church was established.

*The Recorder. (New York, N. Y.)*

It is grotesque on its face to say, as Bishop Doane does, that women with ballots to cast would corrupt political life and make a wreck of American homes. There is no ground-work of fact or probability in such wild assertions. The fact is known to all men, and ought to be particularly well known to all clergymen, that women are represented in greater numbers in the churches and in fewer numbers in the prisons than men. Our criminal statistics are positive proof that the instincts of women are law abiding and virtuous. The ratio of female to male offenders is about one to five, or less. By what preposterous line of reasoning Bishop Doane has argued himself into the belief that to add by far the most peaceful, orderly, and well-conducted half of the population to the voting lists would greatly increase public demoralization and private immorality is a riddle past solving.

## ADJUSTMENT OF THE FINANCES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

*The Observer. (New York, N. Y.)*

Newfoundland has at last effected a loan by which immediate obligations may be met, and time gained for the consideration of some permanent adjustment of the colony's affairs. Relief was first sought through union with Canada, the assumption being that Newfoundland could still enter the confederation on the basis of the agreement of 1869, which provided that Canada should be liable for the debts and liabilities of the colony existing at the time of union. But as the public debt of Newfoundland, with the sum required to complete the railroad, now amounts to a total of nearly \$16,000,000, the bulk of which has been contracted since the negotiations of 1869, and as Canada has a heavy debt of her own, the Ottawa government declined to abide by its original offer. It proposed, however, to assume \$10,350,000 of Newfoundland's debt, to maintain a good

mail service between the island and the outer world, and to pay yearly allowances for legislation, etc., while leaving the executive and legislative form of government of the colony untouched. But these terms were rejected by the Whiteway government, partly because they were not liberal enough, and partly because of the opposition of a considerable section of the colony to the sacrifice of independence of action and the loss of the free market with the world involved in union with the Dominion. As Newfoundland is a self-governing colony, exporting its principal products to the markets of Southern Europe and importing nearly everything it consumes, the maintenance both of its political independence and the freedom of its markets gives it a very great advantage. Should it enter the Dominion, it could still sell its products in the highest markets, but it would have to buy mainly in Canada, which, under

a protective policy, would cost 25 per cent more than in Great Britain, in which the bulk of its purchases are now made. In view of this loss, and the refusal of Canada to assume its entire debt, the colony declined to enter the union, and turned to England for aid, practically asking the mother country to pay its debts without demanding anything in return. As the London government was not able to do so unless Newfoundland surrendered its constitution and became a crown colony, the only recourse remaining was to effect a loan in Montreal and London, of \$2,750,000 at 4 per cent. With this sum the semi-

annual interest on the bonded debt, which falls due this month, can be paid, with other obligations maturing during the summer, and the colony temporarily saved from bankruptcy and reduction to the status of a crown colony. . . . So far as appears, the alternative for Newfoundland lies between entering the Dominion or becoming a crown colony. With a debt of \$16,000,000 and a population of only 207,000, with times growing harder, the fisheries becoming yearly more unprofitable and exports decreasing, it is simply impossible for the people to bear the taxation necessary to meet their loans.

### APPROVAL OF THE ORGAN IN CHURCHES.

THE United Presbyterians and the Reformed Presbyterians were until recent years quite unanimous in rejecting instrumental music in worship. That a change has come is proved by the fact that at the late session of the United Presbyterian General Assembly only one minister openly opposed the use of the church organ.

(United Presbyterian.) *The Christian Instructor, and United Presbyterian Witness.* (Philadelphia, Pa.)

Is it any pleasure to Christ that men will persist in making noise the main part of worship? How many sing the Psalms without serious thought of their meaning? How many go over a set form of words in so-called prayer when they have no distinct understanding of the meaning, and much less a real desire for the things asked for? To many the noise of the music is the all in all of praise. It is not the sense but the sound they are after. This is evident from their willingness to mutilate the Word of God for the sake of sound, without regard for sense. Tunes must not be spoiled, even

if nonsense is made out of the Word of Christ. Surely this can never be spiritually profitable.

(Udenom.) *The Independent.* (New York, N. Y.)

There is one obstacle less to Christian union. For this we are devoutly thankful. If we were to enumerate all that are left, there would still be quite a formidable list, for such obstacles. The idea of praising God by machinery was hateful, both to the Scotch and Irish mind; and Irish combativeness and Scotch obstinacy combined to offer a most gallant resistance to the innovation. But the "kist o' whistles" has outwinded its opponents, and won a place for itself in the United Presbyterian Church.

### THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION IN LONDON AND OTHER TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

A MAGNIFICENT exhibition of the woman's movement for temperance was presented in Memorial Hall, London, June 14, at the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention. On the Sunday previous, delegates to this convention filled 272 pulpits in Great Britain. The W. C. T. U. was organized in 1874 and is now by far the largest and most aggressive temperance organization in the world. In her address, Miss Frances E. Willard, the president, said: "We used to speak of intemperance as the cause of poverty; now we say that poverty causes intemperance, and that the under-paid and under-sheltered wage-earning teetotaler deserves a thousand times more credit than the teetotaler who is well paid, well fed and well sheltered. In the slums they drink to forget; we would make life something they would gladly remember." The famous polyglot petition, which now weighs 1,400 pounds, is to be presented to the British government.

*The Inter-Ocean.* (Chicago, Ill.)

There is hardly a corner of the civilized globe that does not feel the impress of these great bodies of noble-spirited, high-minded women, and it is no small honor to Chicago that this city was the home of the originators of the union. Its creators were Chicago women, and quite proper is it then that Chicago should have the largest representation in London, and we feel sure that the delegates and visitors from here will reflect honor upon the congress.

*The Advance.* (Chicago, Ill.)

An important victory for the temperance cause in Iowa was gained by the decision of Judge Spurrier in the Pressman saloon injunction case at Des Moines. He decided that the consent petition under which the Des Moines saloons were running was not valid. The law requires that the petition asking the opening of saloons shall be signed by a majority of the voters at the last election. This would require 5,147 signatures in Des Moines. The saloon men claimed

to have 6,059, but their petition was outrageously stuffed. Some names were signed two and three times; others were fraudulent; others were of men who had not voted at the last election. On these grounds 1,494 names were objected to and the court decided the petition to be fraudulent.

*The Christian Advocate.* (New York, N. Y.)

The ravages of alcohol in Belgium are probably worse than in any other country in the world. A royal commission has been appointed to inquire into the causes thereof. This commission was rendered necessary by the following series of awful facts:

First, the licensing system has proved utterly inefficient. Second, the suppression of thirty-eight

thousand public houses has resulted only in the creation of an equal number of clandestine establishments. Third, the sale of alcohol has increased in alarming proportions. Fourth, the poisonous nature of the liquor sold, said by chemists to be seven times more deadly in its effects than pure spirits, is an additional evil. Similar clandestine establishments exist in the United States, known as "Speakeasies," "Holes in the Wall," etc. No license system in this country diminishes in any appreciable degree the opportunities or temptations of the people to debauch themselves with liquor and intoxicate themselves. Increased attention should be given to the sowing of total abstinence principles in the minds of children.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

### HOME.

June 11. The general plans for a suspension bridge (to cost \$25,000,000) from New York City over the Hudson River approved by Secretary of War Lamont.—Iowa Populist Convention rejects a proposition to make silver the sole issue at the next election.

June 12. Wages voluntarily increased by employers at Cuyahoga Falls, O., Allentown, Pa., Lewiston, Me., and Knoxville, Tenn., from 7 to 12 per cent.

June 13. Alfred Merritt obtained at Duluth, Minn., a verdict of \$940,000 against J. D. Rockefeller on account of Mesaba Range iron ore deals.—Wages voluntarily advanced 10 per cent at Oswego, N. Y., Bessemer, Ala., and Chicago, Ill., for about 4,000 men.

June 18. Wages voluntarily increased 10 per cent from August 1, at Bellaire, O., for 1,000 persons, the second increase of 10 per cent since April.

June 20. The 250th anniversary of the Roxbury, Mass., Latin School celebrated.—Increase of wages announced in several places.

June 21. Connecticut Legislature creates a State Board of Arbitration.

June 22. A man in Rochester, N. Y., resuscitated after 2,800 volts of electricity had passed through his body.

June 25. Editor Dana wins in his legal resistance to the attempt to make him defend a libel suit in Washington, D. C., because his paper is sold and read there.

June 26. U. S. Treasury reserve of gold above one hundred millions.

June 29. The wages of 10,000 miners in Alabama raised 14 per cent.

June 30. Excise laws rigidly enforced in New York City by closing all saloons.

July 1. City Civil Service Board sworn into office and County Civil Service Board appointed, at Chi-

cago, Ill.—Dr. Buchanan executed at Sing-Sing prison, N. Y., for poisoning his wife.

July 5. Eleven persons killed in a cloud-burst at Winona, Mo.

July 7. Storms in the West. Six lives lost by the capsizing of a steam launch on Geneva Lake, Wis.

July 8. Wages in woolen and worsted mills of Rhode Island to be increased from 7 to 12 per cent.

### FOREIGN.

June 12. A French paper says China has ceded to France a port in the Pescadore Islands.

June 14. War between Italy and Abyssinia said to be inevitable. The Mahdists have been badly defeated on the upper Nile by Congo Free State troops.

June 19. Reported that the czar will grant a refuge in the Russian Caucasus to 40,000 persecuted Armenians.

June 24. An insurrection breaks out in Macedonia against Turkish rule.—First Legislature of the Republic of Hawaii convened.—Emperor William visits the U. S. warship *New York* at Kiel.

June 27. An International Railway Congress opened in London, Eng., with an address by the Prince of Wales.

July 2. King Humbert of Italy bestows the title of prince upon Premier Crispi.

### NECROLOGY.

June 25. Philip Phillips, famous as "the Singing Pilgrim." Born 1834.

June 29. Gen. Green Clay Smith, war veteran and once Prohibition candidate for president. Born 1832.—Professor Daniel C. Eaton of Yale University, an eminent authority in botany. Born 1834.

July 3. John Meyer, speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives. Born 1852 in Holland.

July 5. Alexander Hessler, the Chicago photographer, widely known through his first pictures of Lincoln.

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

"Bessie Costrell." Departing from her usual custom of prolixity Mrs. Ward has made her newest book one that can be read at a sitting. Once begun, there will be no desire to lay down the volume until it is finished, such is its sustained strength and impression of reality. She has not chosen to delineate an attractive theme, neither is it new,—the history of a weak will dominated by an uneducated conscience. A small English village is the scene and humble folk the actors. Bessie is the wife of Isaac Costrell, a religious dreamer whose "nassty" temper "might pull him down a bit when the last account came to be made up, but on the whole one might wish to stand as well with the powers talked about in chapel every Sunday as he did." Bessie persuades him to give his consent to storing in their cottage a box containing her old uncle's hoarded savings. Indifferent and unobserving, Isaac does not notice, what all the neighbors are commenting on, her sudden reckless use of money and her wild dissipation at the village tavern. When the theft is discovered, it is not of her he thinks, but of his own downfall, for "through many hard-working and virtuous years he had counted among the righteous men of the village, and this pre-eminence had come to be part of the habitual furniture of life and thought. To be suddenly stripped of it made another man of him; made him wicked, as it were, perforce." His declaration, "I'll have no thief for my wife!" and his refusal to listen to her pitiful appeals for forgiveness lead to the tragedy of the closing pages. The story is told simply and with an absence of self-consciousness, which adds greatly to its power.

Biography. A minute personal account of one who served through the wars of the Empire and was early promoted to the rank of general, is to be found in "An Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon."† Renowned as a warrior, a politician, and a writer, Count Ségur had within himself all the necessary qualities for producing a complete history of that time. In a most unassuming manner there is related in this work—which comprises only that part of his large history published first in 1873, which was devoted to his personal memoirs—the story as it unrolled itself before the eyes of this

witness of those stirring events which shook the empires of the world. Napoleon is studied dispassionately. His mistakes, his successes, his personality, all speak for themselves. The author's form of commenting is to present to the mind of the reader the actual word pictures of the events as seen through his eyes.

A late volume in the Great Commanders series is one devoted to the life of General Sheridan.\* It is a clear, compact, and accurate account of the great soldier's career. Seeking the truth above everything else, its pages are devoid of everything of a sensational character, even the famous account of "Sheridan's Ride" being stripped of much of its poetic setting and clad in the sober garb of actual reality. The book forms a very important sidelight on the history of the Civil War.

The life of Louis XIV., as presented in a new volume† of the series *Heroes of the Nations*, is a most commendable one. The exciting period so fraught with great changes for France is treated in a critical, dispassionate manner. The picturesque history of the Fronde and its failure, a review of the policy of Richelieu, and the history of the reign of Mazarin form the earlier portions of the work. Great pains are taken to give the reader a just appreciation of the atmosphere in which the young Louis grew up, and a thorough understanding of the policy adopted by him after his long minority. The work questions deeply into the causes of the king's action regarding the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Among the strikingly interesting parts are the full accounts of Madame de Maintenon and the founding of Saint-Cyr.

A life sketch very clearly cut against the complicated background of the history of his time is that of "Julian the Philosopher."‡ As does the author, one might question the propriety of classing the Apostate among national heroes, but no one can question the fact that the author's attempt to do so has ended in a very engaging, intelligible account of a deeply involved period of history. The final triumphal emergence of the Christian system of religion from the troubled, surging sea of paganism, though delayed by the efforts of Julian, could not be prevented. As one reason for his strange course, the author suggests that the emperor foresaw, in

\*The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 180 pages. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan and Co.

†An Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon. By Gen. Count de Ségur. Revised by his grandson, Count Louis de Ségur. Translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin. 440 pp. \$2.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

\*General Sheridan. By General Henry E. Davies. 332 pp. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

†Louis XIV., and the Zenith of the French Monarchy. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. 444 pages. \$1.00.—‡Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity. By Alice Gardner. 364 pages. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



the triumph of Christianity, the Dark Ages, and wished to do all in his power to avert that period. His objections to the Jewish and Christian doctrines are clearly set forth at length, and his policy against the Christians is fully described. The place he occupies in history and all the relations growing out of his course are carefully marked.

Of the contents of a new book\* on Abraham Lincoln, the best idea may be given by an extract from the Introduction. "It is a portfolio of portraits . . . vivid and striking snap-shots by men on whose memory some single interview had impressed itself as a great event in their lives." There are forty-two of these scenes in which President Lincoln is the prominent figure, each one being described by a different person, and all of the writers being well-known men in literary circles. Lights from so many different sources bring out the character of the great man with singular distinctness and form a book of deep interest. Among the contributors are George William Curtis, William O. Stoddard, Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. Neal Dow, Henry M. Field, and Charles Hamlin.

The story of the Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima† reads like a romance. A pure, stanch, sweet soul, seeking the light of truth, and not to be swerved from his purpose, he pursued investigations under the most forbidding circumstances, even to the stealing away in disguise from his native Japan, when it was still "the hermit nation," in order to find in America the opportunity of obtaining an education which could help him in his quest. His life here, his study and graduation at Amherst College, his return to Japan, and his founding in Kyoto of the famous Doshisha University, his sickness and death are all effectively told in this volume.

#### Religious.

"Religious Progress" ‡ deals largely with the theories which have been held regarding the question, and the motives influencing people in their search after truth. It examines the subject both from the standpoint of the individual and of the organic church. True progress demands a close searching, "a living down more deeply into the past and a bringing together in living unity the contradictions which have hitherto distracted or weakened its energies." The work is a thorough and critical study of the question viewed both from a historical standpoint and from the practical life of the present day.

\* Abraham Lincoln. Tributes from his Associates. With Introduction by the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D. 295 pp. \$1.25. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

† A Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima, LL.D. By Rev. J. D. Davis, LL.D. 156 pp. \$1.00. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

‡ Religious Progress. By Alexander V. G. Allen. 137 pp. \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Deep questions concerning the relation existing between science and religion are considered in the volume entitled "Thoughts on Religion."\* The work shows in emphatic manner the tendency of the study of Christianity to a belief in Christianity, as the questioning, rather skeptical bent of mind with which the author begins his work, settles down at the close into a conviction of the truth of the Divine revelation.

A book directly answering the wants of many Bible scholars is "Christian Creeds and Confessions."† In narrative style and clear manner it gives the origin and history of the different church creeds, and then proceeds to a careful study of the doctrines of the various creeds and sects. In small compass it contains what one would have to seek elsewhere through many volumes.

The volume called "Christ and His Friends"‡ is a series of revival sermons, thirty-one in number, which, when they were delivered, resulted in a great work of grace and the conversion of hundreds. Each discourse stands out clearly defined, simple and direct in its statements, and made effective by being presented as an object lesson. Brief, forceful, attractive, they cannot fail to awaken attention.

Parents and teachers should have their attention called to "The Kindergarten of the Church."§ That many well meant efforts in Sunday school teaching are misdirected, are only too evident. A thorough-going plan for earnest work is laid down in this book, as well as full directions for carrying out the details. The whole work is a strong plea for the better education of the little ones in the service of their Master, and it should be answered by prompt, decisive action on the part of the universal church.

A book of curios is the one bearing the title "Christ in Myth and Legend."§ The whole field of the marvelous has been searched and a careful selection of the strange records made. The accounts are terse, clear, and vivid, and full of strange interest. A very complete narrative of the Wandering Jew is given.

The "History of the People of Israel,"¶ by Renan, is too well known to need any comment. Those parts including the rule of the Persians and the Greeks over Judea, which comprise Books VII. and VIII. in the complete work, make a very dis-

\* Thoughts on Religion. By George John Romanes. 183 pp. \$1.25. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

† Christian Creeds and Confessions. By G. A. Gumlich, Ph.D. Translated from the German by L. A. Wheatly. 136 pp. \$1.00.

‡ Christ and His Friends. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. 382 pp. \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

§ The Kindergarten of the Church. By Mary J. Chisholm Foster. 227 pp. \$1.00. ¶ Christ in Myth and Legend. By John W. Wright. 130 pp. 50 cts. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

¶ History of the People of Israel. By Ernest Renan. Books VII. and VIII. 354 pp. \$2.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tinct history in themselves. The bold and graphic style of the author, his compact and epigrammatic sentences, and his ability to impart his own impressions show at their best in this work. Rankly heterodox in its religious teachings, in all other aspects, literary, historical, and moral, this work takes the highest rank.

A little volume setting forth in plain, clear terms the basal truths of the Christian faith, bears the title, "Fundamentals."\* The book forms an excellent foundation work on Christian doctrine.

In "Sermon Stuff"† there are given the distinct, comprehensive, and exhaustive outlines of sixty-five sermons. The admirable framework is the result of great research and thought. While the scheme does so much to help those who may be in need, it leaves ample opportunity for the great exercise of originality in the filling out of the discourses.

"Thoughts for the Occasion"‡ is a compilation of the best selections adapted to religious anniversaries. These selections comprise first, a history of each occasion, and then, speeches, essays, or poems concerning it, by the best authorities.

#### Miscellaneous.

The frankness of M. Paul Bourget furnishes Americans with a fine opportunity "to see ourselves as others see us." In his "Ostre Mer"|| this bright Frenchman, the author of "Cosmopolis" and a member of the French Academy—who, had he this same power of reflex vision, might have found in himself the definition of the American use of this word *bright* which puzzled him so—has drawn a brilliant series of pen sketches just distorted enough from having passed through the lens of his foreign mind to have about them a certain added attraction, like that of the home tongue almost perfectly spoken by a foreigner. True to the proverbial trait of character applied to his nation, he is too polite to give offense. On the other hand, he is too honest to stoop to flattery. He often soars into sentiment, but it is usually sentiment of a good order, never dropping into sentimentalism, though it sometimes takes queer turns. For instance, he speaks of American women in a beautiful tribute he is paying her, as "a living orchid, the unexpected masterpiece of this civilization," and then proceeds to say that "this woman can do without being loved; she has no need of being loved." There are strong bits of expression comparing America and Europe; deep, earnest studies of the poorer

classes, of education, of American pleasures, and of life in the Southland. It is an eager inquirer who is prying into all these questions, and the decisions he comes to are of value to all readers.

A book of charming reveries is "From a New England Hillside."\* In the form of a diary written in a quiet, suburban home, to which the author withdrew every day after the business hours in a large city, it is full of those restful, happy, dreamy thoughts, and those loving studies of nature which are at once valuable both for the pleasure and the instruction they impart.

The difference between life and mere existence and the element that marks this difference are the themes of the book entitled "Life Power."† In six well written chapters the author discusses in practical and pleasing way the principles, the secrets, and the purposes of a successful life, and the outside agencies which help to mold it.

"Beckonings from Little Hands"‡ is a series of strong, sweet studies in child life. Lessons of deep import gathered from these little ones are retold in manner so impressive that they cannot fail to sink into the hearts of the readers and better prepare them for their duties toward these children, their little teachers.

"Four Years of Novel Reading"§ contains the history of a remarkable club. In a little English village a number of people banded together to make a study of fiction. Their plans and methods, the books they read, and the special form of study carried on for each one are all given in detail. Twenty-five novels were read in four years, all of which are specified in the volume together with the points to be noted on each, which points were suggested by some literary specialist. The work forms an excellent text-book for all who are disposed to attempt like study.

A straightforward, readable account of a year spent abroad, chiefly devoted to study in Germany, is given in "Foreign Experiences of an American Girl."§ It is a very courage-inspiring book for other girls, who either alone or in companies of two or three, are contemplating foreign travel, as it assures them they may go everywhere in perfect safety and find plenty of enjoyment, knowledge, and experience.

\* From a New England Hillside. By William Potts. 305 pp. 75 cents. New York: Macmillan and Co.

† Life-Power; or Character, Culture, and Conduct. By Arthur T. Pierson. D.D. 214 pp. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

‡ Beckonings from Little Hands. By Patterson DuBois. 167 pp. Philadelphia: John D. Wattle & Co.

§ Four Years of Novel Reading. Edited, with an Introduction by Richard G. Moulton, Ph.D. 100 pp. 50 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

§ Foreign Experiences of an American Girl. By Elizabeth E. Miller. Meadville, Pa.: Published by the Author.

\* Fundamentals. By W. Fisher Markwick. 276 pages. 75 cts. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

† Sermon Stuff. By S. D. McConnell, D.D. 228 pp. \$1.00. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

‡ Thoughts for the Occasion. Compiled by Franklin Noble, D.D. 516 pp. \$1.75. New York: E. B. Treat.

|| Outre-Mer. Impressions of America. By Paul Bourget. 425 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

